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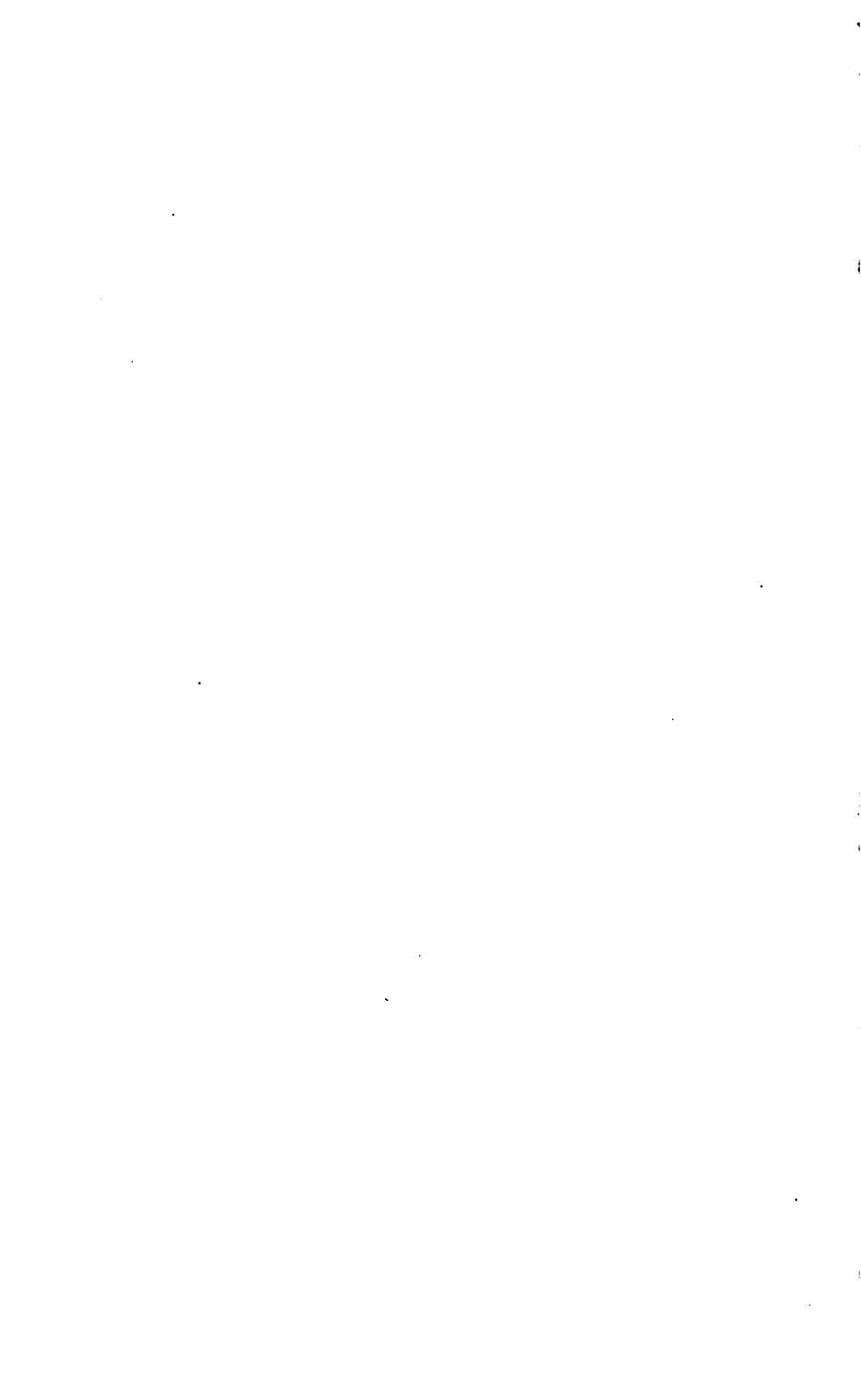
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THE
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THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1859.

ART. I. — *Poems of Walter Mapes* — *Walter Mapes de Nugis Curialium* — *Political Songs* — *Chronica Jocelindi de Brakelonda* — *Rishanger's Chronicle* — *Polydore Vergil's Histories* — *Apology for the Lollards* — *Suppression of the Monasteries*. Being some of the Works of the Camden Society.

THE student of English history in the present day has this great advantage over his brother-labourers in the same wide field of past generations, that whereas the latter were compelled to be satisfied with the compilations of others, which were necessarily meagre, and were besides sure to give partial narratives of events, to reflect mere private opinions, or to lay down as historical facts what were only the conclusions of the individual authors; the liberality of different societies has given, and is giving us, those works which form the source of all written histories: the original authorities to whom former historians have had recourse, but which, until now, have been locked up from the use and knowledge of the world at large. We of these days do not need any second-hand account of what was done in a given age. We can read, weigh, and conclude for ourselves. We can go to the original sources of information. We can judge our judges.

We have prefaced our article with a few works of the society which derives its name from the well-known antiquary, Camden, because, among the volumes already issued, there are many which throw light on different historical periods, illustrate characters, and show how the men of their own times regarded the personages, the acts, and the measures which have hitherto formed, as it were, the debateable land of history. Our remarks will, we fear, be thought rather discursive; for it is not our intention—indeed, it would not be in our power—to go regularly through the many volumes of this Society. Whenever

we think that any of them aid us in forming an opinion on obscure passages of history we shall bring them before the attention of our readers.

Passing over the period of the Saxon Heptarchy, and the rule of the Danes, which we have lately discussed at some length, we turn to the condition of England after the decisive battle which Polydore Vergil describes as 'the exceeding 'occision of either parte. . . . wherein the whole Englishe 'puissance and imperie camm to ruine.'

In these times, when the learning and intellectual ability of the nation were confined to the Church, the political condition of the island necessarily followed the ecclesiastical; and although the Conquest may have put a virtual termination to the political difficulties of the kingdom, it was beyond the power of William or his successors—if, indeed, it were within their care—to correct the palpable and gross abuses which were rampant in the Church, or to still the indignation with which they were filling the minds of the better sort, both of clergy and laity. There was evidently rottenness at the core: open, allowed immorality among the clergy themselves. The nation never had, as a whole, submitted willingly to the sway of Rome; but had been compelled, by the twofold supremacy of the Pope, to stifle her murmurs, and accept that which, if left to herself, she would unhesitatingly have rejected. The spiritual supremacy, administered as it was in part by threats, and in part by bribes, kept the clergy subdued or quieted; the political supremacy prevented the kings from coming to the assistance of the nation; and thus, both kings and people being bound hand and foot, they had nothing to do but to take what they had no power to refuse, and to make the best of their circumstances. A widespread degeneracy soon succeeded. Rome was in no manner beyond the influence of gold; and her voice once given for an offender, however gross his crime, there was no further authority to whom to appeal.

It is true that outwardly, and in the pages of some of the formal historians of these times, things look fair, and there seems to be little or nothing to complain of. But when we can get behind the scenes, the state of the country is discovered to be very different. Matthew Paris speaks his mind very freely, and does not hesitate to paint an immoral or a usurping Pope in his true colours; and one of the earliest and most vigorous of our satirists and poets, Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford in Henry II.'s reign, has gone to the bottom of the whole matter, and given us a full picture of the times in which he lived. The volume of his poems is one of the most interesting of the publications of the Society. It is true, that all the pieces contained

in it may not be by Mapes; but this simply strengthens our position. Not only he himself, but probably his predecessors, and certainly those who took him for their model, bear witness equally with him to the fact of the great national decline in virtue in their times, and agree in the causes to which it was to be assigned: the unscrupulous and immoral use of power, spiritual and secular, by Rome, which acted upon and affected with an evil leaven the Church of this country. Learning and goodness being disregarded and dishonoured, decayed, and at length almost died out of the land; and in their stead ignorance and sloth, avariciousness, and open immorality, raised unblushingly their brazen foreheads. We crave our reader's pardon if we linger somewhat too long over a volume which, with much beautiful poetry and many noble thoughts, contains one of the most complete disclosures we know of the state of the Church and realm of England in the middle ages. In the year 1074, Gregory VII. issued his edict against the marriage of the clergy. It excited throughout almost the whole of Europe, in Italy, Germany, France, and England, most serious tumults. Milan openly separated from the communion of the Pope; and the schism threatened to extend to other parts of the Church. The result was, that although the papal rule was never formally rescinded, its execution was eventually found to be impossible. Lanfranc, the Archbishop of William the Conqueror's time, made a futile attempt to compel the clergy to celibacy; and Anselm, thirty years later, took the matter up vigorously; but their efforts were alike without success. The clergy still continued to marry; and the result of the loosing of the bond of marriage was found to be the lowering, and not the raising of the standard of morality. Many of those who had no wives substituted, it is to be feared, kept-mistresses. Things continued, it appears, in this state to the time of the fourth Lateran Council, in 1215; soon after which Pope Innocent III. sent directions to England that the wives of the clergy should at once be put away.¹ A universal consternation was the consequence. Walter Mapes has four poems on the subject. The first, entitled '*De Concubinis Sacerdotum*,' commences in a semi-ludicrous manner:

'Prisciani regala penitus cassatur,
Sacerdos per hic et hæc olim declinabatur:
Sed per hic solummodo nunc articulatur,
Cum per nostrum præsulem hæc amoveatur.'

¹ The Editor of this volume (p. 172.) alludes to the Fourth Lateran Council under Innocent III. A.D. 1215, as having condemned the wives or concubines of the Clergy. The Council condemned the concubines, but not the wives; on the contrary, the 14th canon, which mentions the subject, allows them to be retained in those countries into which the custom of celibacy had not yet been introduced.—*Harduin*, vol. vii. p. 38; and see Collier, fol. l. p. 424.

But it soon proceeds to treat the subject in a bolder manner and more serious tone:

‘Ita quidam presbyter cæpit allegare:
Peccat criminaliter qui vult separare
Quos Deus conjunx erat, fœminam a mare,
Tales dignum duximus fures appellare.
O quam dolor anxius, quam tormentum grave
Nobis est dimittere: quoniam suave;
Hoc, Romaue pontifex, statuisti prave:
Ne in tanto crimine morieris cave.

* * * * *
‘Non est Innocentius, immo nocens vere,
Qui quod Deus docuit, studet abolere;
Jussit enim Dominus fœminas habere,
Sed hoc noster pontifex jussit prohibere.

* * * * *
‘Paulus cœlos rapitur ad superiores,
Ubi multas didicit res secretiores,
Ad nos tandem rediens, instruensque mores,
Suas, inquit, habeant quilibet uxores.’

The second ‘Consultatio sacerdotum’ represents certain clergy assembled in chapter to consult as to what should be done in these circumstances:

‘Clerus et presbyteri nuper considerare,
Tristes in capitulo; simul et dixere,
“Nostras vult ancillulas præsul remove,
Quid debemus super hoc ergo respondere?”’

Their unanimous decision was expressed by the last speaker:

‘Ultimus canonicus sic argumentatur.
“Vir ad impossibile nullus obligatur;
Clero pudicitia scitis quod non datur,
Retinere famulas ergo concludatur.”’

Their decision is communicated to the clergy of the city, who in their turn hold a meeting, and twenty-one voices are unanimously added to the former. We gladly admit that some of the forbidden women mentioned in this poem were wives; but it is evident from the terms used of them that the majority bore no such relation to their protectors. The speakers are described simply by their numbers, and there is nothing to distinguish them, except, perhaps, that one gives his vote a little more angrily or loudly, and another speaks somewhat quietly; but certainly modesty in avowing their sentiments was wholly unknown to them. The sixteenth speaker was evidently a kind of Philosopher Square:

‘Doctus sedecimus in philosophia:
Omne quare “ait” habet suum quia.’¹

¹ Or a Hudibras,

‘For every why he had a wherefore’, &c.—*Canto i.* line 130.

A preaching monk has the last word. His opinion does not differ from that of the rest. Indeed, he, having, we suppose, more of the gift of eloquence, fortifies and supports their decision by sundry Scripture and other arguments.

Of a similar strain is the shorter piece, 'De Convocatione Sacerdotum,' except that the number of assembled priests was infinitely greater.

'Partibus ex omnibus ruit hic et ille,
Sacerdotes numero plus quam decem mille;
Non tam spissæ nubibus imbris cadunt stillæ,
Nec volant ab ignibus tam spissæ scintillæ.'

There might possibly have been among this vast number of priests some of the higher dignitaries of the Church; at least, it was not by any means unheard-of that such should offend like their brethren of more humble degree. It was not safe, however, for even an archdeacon and favourite of the king to describe their doings in his own person; and therefore our author has left many pieces under the pseudonym of Golias. In the 'Revelatio Golias,'—a piece of such popularity in the thirteenth century, as to have been more than once translated into the vernacular language,—he is supposed to see as in a vision what had happened, and was to happen, in the seven churches of England. The four beasts appear first; and of these the lion is the Pope, whose description thus commences:

'Est Leo pontifex, summus, qui devorat;
Qui libras sitiens, libros impignorat;
Marcam respiciens, Marcum dedecorat,
In summis navigans, in nummis anchorat.'

Thence he passes to the bishop, the archdeacon, and others. The archdeacon is expressly said to have his 'focaria.' This word has given rise to much controversy as to whether it refers to a married or unmarried female-companion to the priest. Giraldus Cambrensis, the contemporary and friend of Mapes, speaks of the focariæ as if they were wives; but they are mentioned by other authorities in a manner to forbid our according them that relationship. Among the moderns, Collier, for the sake of morality, considers that they were wives: Fuller that they were not. It would appear that in some cases they might have been such, but that in others, *e. g.* the above passage of the Apocalypsis Golias, they had no claim to that title. If such were the lives of the clergy, and the sole cause of their wickedness was the prohibition of that union which Apostles and the early Fathers had both sanctioned and practised, what after-benefit, we cannot help asking, can be thought to have accrued to the Church, at all commensurate even with the mere hindrance and embarrassment to its government and temporal well-being,

to which the prohibition in question undoubtedly gave rise: to say nothing of the open scandal of the habitual infraction of the law of purity, by those who ought to have been its most jealous guardians; or of the secret inward mischief which must have resulted to the souls of the faithful, and for which no temporal advantage of any kind can be in the least degree a compensation?

For the law of Gregory was not made for a few, but for the many; and we may be quite sure, for it is according to all experience, and the nature of things, that when a high standard of any kind is erected, whether in intellectual, or in moral attainments, the mass will fall below, and only the very few will even attempt to come up to it. Gregory had no doubt many high and great gifts; and the great object of his life was the restoration of the failing and almost lost power of the Church; but at the same time, a Pope wise in human nature, would have known, that when he was forming a rule so difficult of attainment to the many, he was, in fact, only sowing the seed of a future harvest of wickedness. No doubt, the unblushing effrontery with which Walter Mapes makes the clergy avow their vice to one another, and the worse than indifference with which their admissions were received, each being as criminal as the last, was also too true a feature of the case.¹

Wherever one dominant vice has sway, others are pretty certain to follow in its train. To this gross scandal these ecclesiastics too frequently added sloth, ignorance, intemperance, and avarice. Thus speaks the old English version of part of the 'Revelatio Goliæ,' which touches on abbots and their monks:—

'And when the abbat dothe amonge his brethren suppe,
Then tossed are the cuppes with quaffing to and froe,
And then with bothe his handes the wine he holdeth uppe,
And with a thunderinge voice these wordes he doth out blowe.

* * * * *

'And they make a law, to which eche one must stand,
That nothing shal be left within the cuppe to spill;
And thus, without the rest of bellie or of hand,
They draw one vessell out, and then one other fill.

'Then of a moncke a right demoniacke he is made,
And everie moncke dothe chatte and jangle with his brother,
As poppingaye or pie, the which are taught this trade,
By filling of their gorge, to speak one to an other.'

Such a passage reminds us of the case of those worthies, the Abbot and Prior of Gloucester, on whose achievements of a

¹ 'Tunc in consistorio omnes corrisere,
"En ! noster cellarius non est stultus vere,
Quod pro cute pessima, quam nequit consilere
Senioris lepidam cogitat habere."—*Consultatio Sacerdotum*, p. 175.

similar kind an ancient Latin song, written in imitation of their peculiar style, is still extant. The abbot, prior, and convent were holding a festival, the unlucky narrator of the scene standing 'inter rascabilia.' After a time, the prior proposes to rise from table for the compline service, and then to return, and finish their carouse.

'Surge cito recedamus,
Hos'tes [hospites] nostros relinquamus,
Pro termino jam precamus,
Ibimus in claustra;
Post Completum redeamus,
Dixit abbas ad prioris,
Tu es homo boni moris,
Quia semper sanioris
Mihi das consilia.
Post completum rediere,
Ad currinum combibere,
Potaverunt usque flere.'—*Fosbrooke*, p. 154.

Really father Drono, Rowena's chaplain, who wrote that moving epitaph on Ivanhoe, beginning with

'Hic jacet Wilfridus, belli dum vixit avidus;
Cum gladio et lancea, Normannia et quoque Francia,
Verbera dura dabat'

had more reason to 'pique himself upon his Latinity,' than we should have supposed.

That the avarice and venality of Rome was the original cause of this most lamentable state of things, is clear.

'Roma capit singulos et res singulorum;
Romanorum curia non est nisi forum:
Ibi sunt venalia jura senatorum,
Et solvit contraria copia nummorum.
'Hic in consistorio si quis causam regat,
Suam, vel alterius, hoc in primis legat,
Nisi det pecuniam, Roma totum negat,
Qui plus dat pecuniæ melius allegat.
* * * * *
'Nummis in hac curia non est qui non vacet;
Crux placet, rotunditas, et albedo placet,
Et cum totum placeat, et Romanis placet,
Ubi nummus loquitur, et lex omnis tacet.
* * * * *
'Solam avaritiam Roma novit parca,
Parcit danti munera, parco non est parca;
Nummis est pro numine, et pro Marco Marca,
Et est minus celebrijs ara quam sit arca.
Cum ad papam veneris, habe pro constanti,
Non est locus pauperi, soli favet danti;
Vel si munus præstitum non est aliquanti,
Respondet, hæc tibi sic non est mihi tanti.

'Papa si rem tangimus, nomen habet a re,
Qui quid habent alii, solus vult papare;
Vel si verbum Gallicum vis apocopare,
Paez, paez, dit le mot, si vis impetrare.

'Papa quærit, chartula quærit, bulla quærit,
Omnes quærun: et si quod des uni deerit,
Totum mare salsum est, tota causa perit.

'Des istis, das aliis, addis dona datis,
Et cum satis dederis, quærun: ultra satis.
O vos bursæ turgidæ, Romam veniatis;
Romæ viget physica bursis constipatis.'—Pp. 37, 38.

The same venality was found in the Ecclesiastical Courts at home. Samson, made Abbot of S. Edmund's in the reign of Henry II., was however an honourable exception. 'Maledicta 'sit curia abbatis;' exclaimed a disappointed suitor; 'ubi nec 'aurum nec argentum mihi prodest ad confundendum adversarium meum.'

In one instance, we think our author has exercised his satirical powers at the expense of the terrors of the Church; and, perhaps, has a sly hit or two at his friend Archbishop Becket, who was great in wielding them, and was especially apt to betake himself to excommunication. Collier gives us under the reign of Henry II. an ancient form of excommunication which it had been the custom to pronounce against obstinate offenders: and in Mapes we have a semi-comic piece, 'In raptorem bursæ meæ,'¹ which seems to be intended as a kind of burlesque of it. The ancient form commits the excommunicated person to the society of Dathan and Abiram, of Nero, Simon Magus, and Judas Iscariot. Mapes seems to parody it thus:—

'Raptor mei pilei morte moriatur,
Mors sit subitanea, nec prævideatur,
Et pœna continua post mortem sequatur,
Nec campis Elysiis post Lethen fruatur.

'Raptor mei pilei sæva morte cadet,
Illum febris, rabies, et tabes invadat;
Hunc de libro Dominus vitæ sanctæ radat;
Hunc tormentis Æacus cruciandum tradat.

'Ei vita brevis sit, pessimusque finis!
Nec vivat fœlicitur hic diebus binis;
Laceret hunc Cerberus dentibus caninis,
Laceratum gravius torqueat Erinnyes.'—Pp. 75, 76.

But his writings are not all of a comic cast. Among his serious pieces are some real gems. Of this class is his address 'Ad Christi Sacerdotis.'

¹ Chronica Jocellini, p. 25.

² Bursa. The case for the corporal.

- ‘ Vos estis Catholicæ legis portatores,
Sal terræ, lux hominum, ovium pastores,
Muri domus Israel, morum correctores,
Judices ecclesiæ, gentium doctores.
‘ Si desit protectio legis, lex labetur :
Si sal evanuerit, in quo salietur ?
Nisi lux appareat, via non sciatur :
Nisi pastor vigilet, ovile frangetur.’

He was no mere jester who could write such lines as those !
He is also the author of a fine Latin version of that poem which
was so popular in the middle ages : ‘ The dialogue between the
‘ soul and the body.’ The soul is represented as standing by
the body after death, and upbraiding it for the sins which have
consigned itself, and will hereafter consign the body with it to
torment.

- ‘ Ego quæ tam nobilis fueram creata,
Ad similitudinem Domini formata,
Et ab omni crimine baptismo mundata,
Iterum criminibus sic sum denigrata
Per te caro misera, sumque reprobata.
Vere possum dicere, heu ! quod fui nata !
Utinam ex utero fuisset translata
Protinus ad tumultum ! et sic liberata
A pœna tartarea mihi jam parata.
‘ Non est mirum, fateor, quia, dum vixisti,
Quicquam boni facere me non permisisti,
Sed semper ad scelera pessima traxisti,
Unde semper erimus in dolore tristi !
‘ In pœnis miserrima sum et semper ero !
Omnes linguæ sæculi non dicent pro vero.
Unam penam minimam quam infelix fero ;
Sed magis me cruciat quod veniam non spero.’—Pp. 96, 97.

The body replies, by referring back the blame as it well might,
to the soul. It has often struck us that Coleridge may have
owed to Mapes the idea in the ‘ Ancient Mariner,’ which he has
expressed so finely, of the dead men standing up to work the
ship.

- ‘ Tandem post quam spiritus talia dixisset,
Corpus caput erigit, quasi revixisset ;
Post quam vero gemitus multos emisisset,
Secum quis interrogat locutus fuisset :
‘ Esne meus spiritus, qui sic loquebaris ?
Non sunt vera penitus omnia quæ faris ;
Jam probabo plenius argumentis claris
Quod in parte vera sunt, in parte nugaria.’

At last fiends come and seize the soul, which they treat with
every species of indignity, and finally drag down to their own
place of torment.

The last piece of this extraordinary writer of which we will

make mention, is perhaps the best, if not the finest of all. Its title is 'Prædicatio Golizæ:' and its subject is chiefly the Incarnation. Our readers who may not happen to be acquainted with it, would thank us, if we transferred the whole to our pages. This, however, is impossible, and we must be content with a brief specimen of it.

- 'Sui magnitudine superant ignarum
Notiones singulæ trium personarum :
Quid Pater, quid Filius, patet mihi parum ;
Quid sit unde Filium Pater habet carum.
- 'Una est substantia tribus in personis,
Unitatis regula plus quam unionis ;
Nunciat in angelis, judicat in thronis,
Ad eternæ seriem dispositionis.
- 'Cum Creator temporum non sit temporalis,
Factus est sub tempore res materialis :
Pater est efficiens, Filius formalis,
Utriusque Spiritus causa est finalis.'—P. 31.
* * * *
- 'Est inenarrabilis ista genitura ;
In persona simplici duplex est natura ;
Ipse qui Creator est ipse creatura,
Ligans dissimilia stabili junctura.'—P. 33.
* * * *
- 'Incipit in sæculo factor sæculorum ;
Vitæ panis esurit, sitit fons hortorum ;
Mortis sompno clauditur oculus cæcorum,
Plebis fit abjectio Deus angelorum.
- 'Sol in nube tegitur, dies obscuratur ;
Trepidat securitas, virtus infirmatur ;
Disciplina cæditur, salus execratur ;
Vita crucifigitur, ordo conturbatur.
- 'Parum nobis proderet redemptorem mori,
Ni rediret iterum vita redemptori ;
Liber inter mortuos redditur honori,
Et a dextris assidet natus genitori.'—P. 34.

According to Rabelais, monk and blockhead were, in his day, nearly synonymous terms ; and Mapes before him was of nearly the same opinion. To the White Monks, or Cistercians, he was especially hostile. He terms them one of the two great afflictions of the land ; and describes them as given up to gluttony, wine-bibbing, pride, sloth, and in a word, to every species of debauchery.¹ To distinguish themselves as widely as possible, from the Black Monks or Benedictines, they wore a white, or

¹ 'You seem very fortunate,' said a monk who, we may suppose, was somewhat gulosus, and perhaps a little lazy, to S. Thomas à Kempis, 'You sing with as much unction as if the Psalms (psalmi) tasted like salmons' (salmones). 'Yea,' was the reply 'the Psalms, thank God, are salmon to me ; and they too not rarely become nauseous and deadly, whenever I see the idle not attending to what they are about, and sparing their voices.'—*Life of S. Thomas.*

grey habit; and Giraldus, the friend of Mapes, applies to them the line of Ovid:—

‘Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.’

He also records, that when Mapes was lying ill of a dangerous disease, a Cistercian abbot came to his bedside, and urged him to assume, without delay, the habit of his order. The archdeacon, upon this, called his chaplains and household around him, and gave directions, that if in the present, or any future illness, he should show a desire to comply with this demand, they should treat him as insane, and prevent him, if necessary, by personal restraint, from carrying the design into practice. He then sternly and peremptorily forbade the abbot ever again to intrude upon him, under this, or any other pretence.

In his work, ‘*De Nugis Curialium*,’ a collection of *Ana* published by the Camden Society, and full of much curious information about the persons and events of his day, Mapes has, himself, given us an account of the institution of some of the monastic orders: the chief of which are the Carthusians, the Monks of Grandmont, and the Cistercians. The first, it appears, owe their existence to divine interposition. The Bishop of Grenoble (1086), saw in a dream seven suns coming together from different points to Mount Chartreuse, and there remain stationary. He could make nothing of his dream, but the next day, six clergy, all men of noble mien, with Bruno their master, the seventh, sought of him a spot on which they might build themselves an oratory. The Bishop was delighted at this fulfilment of his dream, and built them, according to their own design, a church and cells. Their rule was a severe one. The chief of their diet was bread, herbs, and water, and they always wore sackcloth: but the order soon degenerated.¹ That of Grandmont, so called from Grandmont, in Burgundy, was founded by Stephen of Auvergne (1076). The monks were never to increase their original property, nor to go abroad, except when compelled by actual hunger, when two of them might take their stand by the nearest road-side, and accost the first traveller they saw, saying, ‘The brethren hunger.’ If they gained nothing the first day, they were, on the next, to acquaint their Bishop with their state; and if he would not help them, they were to pray to God. Disputes soon arose between the priests and the lay-brothers: for the former were allowed to sit at home at ease, while the latter were employed abroad in worldly business. They appealed to the Pope, but he gave no decision; because, as Mapes says, the purse did not help on the judgment.²

The original founders of the Cistercians were, it seems, four

¹ Dist. 1. xvi.

² Dist. 1. xvii.

runaway monks who deserted the rule of their abbot at Sherborn, in Dorsetshire, and passed over to France, in which country Mapes describes their selection of a place of residence: one which, unlike that of the primitive hermits Paul and Hilarion, was fair to see, fruitful, and abounding in wood and water. He says that on one occasion, when he was sitting at table with Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, two Cistercian abbots directed the conversation, among other things, to the miraculous powers possessed by the great Bernard, who had been a member of this order. One of the guests, by name John, mentioned a miracle, which he said he had himself seen S. Bernard perform; and when required by the archbishop to describe it, stated that it referred to a demoniac, whom S. Bernard had exorcised and freed from restraint. But it happened that the man possessed, when he found his hands at liberty, treated the good abbot as the galley slaves did the Knight of La Mancha; saluting him with a shower of stones, till he was compelled to do what the brave Spaniard disdained—betake himself to flight. John tells a long story: the archbishop, when he had finished his narrative, turned to him, and angrily exclaimed, ‘So these are your miracles, are they?’ John replied, that the people who saw it called it a notable one, because the man had always been gentle with all others, but only dangerous to a hypocrite: and he thought that this was a punishment to S. Bernard for his presumption. On another occasion, two other abbots were enlarging on the same subject before the Bishop of London, when one of the company replied, that however true their statements might be, he, himself, had seen this miraculous gift fail its possessor: for on one occasion he had been entreated by a Burgundian nobleman to come and heal his son. We came, said the narrator, and found him dead. S. Bernard then prostrated himself on the body, and prayed; but life did not return. ‘On this,’ continues Mapes, ‘I said, ‘then was S. Bernard the most unlucky of monks; for I never ‘yet heard of any one of them casting himself on a dead body, ‘but it was sure to be restored to life.’ The two abbots blushed, and some of the company ran out to laugh. It is curious to open an elegant quarto volume, neatly lettered and done up in cloth, and find the author speaking of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London as his personal friends, and describing what took place at their tables, as if it happened yesterday:—and suddenly to call to mind that the said Archbishop and Bishop were no less persons than S. Thomas à Becket, and the notorious Gilbert Foliot!’¹

¹ De Nugis 1 sect. xxiv.

Every one knows Chaucer's account of the monk who formed one of the pilgrims to Canterbury :—

' A monk there was fayre for the maistry,
An outrider that loved venerie;
A manly man, to bee an abbot able,
Many a dainty horse had he in stable;
And when he rode, men might his bridle here
Gingling in a whistling wind as clere
And eke as lowd, as doth the chappell bell
Ther as this lord was keper of the cell;
The rule of St. Maure and of St. Benet,
Because that it was old and soundele streit,
This ilke monke let old thingis to pace,
And heldin after the new world the trace.

* * * *

I seide his opinion was good,
What shuld he study, or make himself wood,
Upon a boke in cloystre alweie poure,
Or swinke with his hondis, or laboure,
As Austin did. How shall the world be served?
Let Austin have his swinke to him reserved.
Therefore he was a prikasoure aright;
Greiounds he had as swift as foule of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost would he spare.'—

Chaucer, Prologues.

Our readers will remember the love-knot in his 'full-curious gold pinn,' his well-conditioned horse, and ruddy look, his comeliness, and curious dainty taste:

' A fat swann loved he best of any rost.'

not all of which can be strictly taken as proofs of a deeply mortified unworldly spirit. The objection of its author's Lollard tendencies, which has been urged against this description, cannot at least apply to Mapes, from whose account of the monks it does not differ; except that the latter, as a dignitary of the Church, speaks, as might be expected, more deeply and indignantly than a secular person and court poet would be likely to do, of the shame and scandal brought upon religion by those who professed to conform more strictly than others both to its letter and spirit, and yet lived in such open contradiction and defiance of both. Evils these, of which we of the present time have fortunately little or no conception.

"Let us spoil the Egyptians," they say. "We are the true Hebrews." Our Lord bids us beware of false prophets who come in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. These stand in the corners of streets and pray: these make broad their phylacteries. He did not do so who said, God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. They do not glory in the cross of Christ who crucify others for their own glory; but they do make broad their phylacteries who term themselves the

only Hebrews, and the rest Egyptians. They say with the Pharisee, "We are not as other men;" but they cannot say with him, "We give tithes of all that we possess." If God listens to the proud and does not regard the humble, then they are the true Hebrews, and we are the Egyptians. But they say they love in the Lord. To love in the Lord they define to signify the wishing the salvation of the souls of their neighbours: of assistance to the body they take no thought. Assuredly I myself love all my enemies, for I wish them to be at rest, and to be with Christ. . . . How have they forbearance if they persecute a brother that is in need? . . . How does that love seize its neighbour's good, which seeks not its own? . . . They say the earth is the Lord's, and we alone are the sons of the Most Highest, and besides there is none worthy to possess it; but they do not say, "Lord, I am not worthy to be called thy son: I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof." They do not say, "Whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose." They do not say that they are counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake; but to possess all things. They do not say, "Of whom the world is not worthy;" but "who are worthy of the world." Our God says, "He that forsaketh not all things for my sake is not worthy of me." Their God says, "Whoever does not gain all things for his own sake is not worthy of me." Our God says, "He that hath two coats, let him give to him that hath none:" theirs, "If you have not two coats, take from him that has." Our God says, "Blessed is he that careth for the poor and needy:" theirs, "Blessed is he that maketh the poor and needy." Ours says, "No one can serve God and Mammon:" theirs, "No one can serve God without Mammon."—*De Nugis*, p. 45, vi.

The next citation shows a remarkable and hitherto little-known feature of their character:

'Their laws commanded them to inhabit desert places; such, that is, as they either find or make desert. Hence it appears, that into whatever part you invite them, they follow the multitude, and soon reduce the place to a solitude, seizing the lands of orphans and widows, and the religious; not caring how they obtain, but only studying how they may keep them; and as they have no regular parishioners, they raze mansions, turn out parishioners and churches, overthrow God's altars, and level all by the ploughshare; so that, if you were to look on what you once saw, you would exclaim,

"Nunc seges est ubi Troja fuit."

In a word, that they may be alone, they create a solitude; and as it is not permitted them to have parishioners of their own, they are permitted to destroy those of other men. Their rule allows them not to keep: it commands them to destroy. They are more destructive than an invading army: worse than a hostile king. "It is not rapine," they say, "it is not violence that we do: it is peace and obedience. The earth is the Lord the King's, and we are his labourers: this is our reward. They are unworthy who unjustly oppose the King; but we are worthy who labour in his commandments." Are such the words of those who take tithes, who call themselves Hebrews and sons of light, and us Egyptians and sons of darkness? In one thing, certainly, we are Egyptians: we are spoiled by them. . . . But they are Hebrews in many respects: in despoiling as in Egypt; in swearing as at the rock of Horeb and the waters of strife; in lusting as against the command of Moses that the homer should not be kept till morning; in covering the just Ur with spitting; and in many other ways; for it is said, "For forty years they do always err in their hearts."

With such a description of monks before us, written by one who knew them so well, it is little wonderful that the day at last arrived which was to witness their total extinction. If the other orders resembled these Cistercians, the nation must have been long-suffering indeed to endure them for so many centuries; and for no reason but only because they pretended to live and act in God's name. One wonders that it did not rise in a body, and expel or exterminate the whole race.

But, however true may be Mapes' description of the state of these Cistercians or white monks, the Benedictines or black monks do not share, at least universally, in the odium. This we know from the '*Chronica Jocelini*,' a work which contains an account of the Benedictine Abbey of Bury S. Edmunds; of which Jocelin was a member and officer, during the reigns of Henry II., Richard I., and part of John's; that is, during and subsequently to the time of Mapes himself.

If our readers wish for a more full account of this work than our space will allow us to give, there is a translation of the work, and Carlyle's interesting but scarce trustworthy '*Book*' on it, in his '*Past and Present*.' His observations—part narrative, part commentary, and part sermon—are composed in the eccentric and erratic style which so much delights him; but they are so amplified by his imagination, and coloured by his fancy, that, on returning to the veritable Chronicle, we can scarcely recognise it as the source of his fine pictures and sage reflections. The '*Book*' contains not a few sneers at the past, and much ridicule of the present; and the author seems thoroughly contented with no one but himself. In one instance he endeavours to make a point where there is none whatever, and in another we fear that he has somewhat sacrificed truth to wit. He draws the following vivid picture of the contrast between the circumstances of Abbot Samson before and after his election:

'He that went away with his frock-skirts looped over his arm, comes back riding high: suddenly made one of the dignitaries of this world. Reflective readers will admit that here was a trial for a man. Yesterday a poor mendicant, allowed to possess not above two shillings of money, and without authority to bid a dog run for him, this man to-day finds himself a *Dominus Abbas*, mitred Peer of Parliament, Lord of manorhouses, farms, manors and wide lands; a man with "Fifty Knights under him," and "dependent, swiftly-obedient multitudes of men." It is a change greater than Napoleon's; so sudden withal.'—P. 136.

The truth is that Samson travelled to court just as any other monk would have done, on foot, and returned (as a newly-elected abbot might) in somewhat more state. As to his '*looping his frock-skirts over his arm*,' what is there more remarkable in a monk of those times doing that than there would

be in a clergyman or any other person of these days, perhaps Mr. Carlyle himself, who had just got out of a train, throwing his great coat over his arm? Samson's return was, in fact, marked by anything rather than pride: when he came within sight of the monastery, he dismounted, drew off his boots, and entered barefoot, between the prior and sacristan, who, amidst the singing of the quire, led him to the high altar.¹ Again, although the ordinary monks of this monastery (albeit no 'poor mendicants,' for they possessed many a broad acre of their own) were only allowed to possess the sum of two shillings: yet the '*obedientarii*,' or officers—who, by the way, were men of very considerable authority, and by no means in a position 'to be unable 'to bid a dog run for them,'—had each his salary in money; and Samson had been one. So that the contrast described so graphically, and to which the author more than once recurs, simply falls to the ground. We must say what we can find room for on the original work, in a more sober, but, we trust, not a less truthful style.

This Chronicle contains much new and interesting matter. The abbey seems to have been somewhat like a college in our own times, of which the head was in advance of the fellows, and rather too strict. There were, consequently, parties among them; and heartburnings, secret complainings, and little underhand oppositions, which sometimes blazed out into open warfare. There is much that is new and instructive, as to the everyday life and government and general economy of a religious house of those times, in this work. It commences with the death of the Abbot Hugo (A.D. 1180). Hugo was an aged man, nearly blind, and quite unfit for business or the duties of his post, and he left the affairs of the monastery in most woeful confusion. Debts abounded on every side, and there were literally no funds available: so that his successor, whoever he might be, would be sure to find his office any but a sinecure. It is at once amusing to see how the matter of his successor was canvassed by the monks, and instructive to learn the actual process of election. One said,—'Such a one is a good monk, and approvable; well read in the orders and customs of the Church: and if he is no very perfect philosopher, like some others, he may make a good abbot notwithstanding. 'Abbot Ordinger was downright illiterate, yet he governed us wisely; and the fable says it is better to have a log for a king than a serpent, which will at first hiss venomously at his subjects and then fall to and swallow them.' 'But,' replies another, 'how can this be? How can a mere blockhead

¹ Page 18.

'make a speech to us in chapter, or a sermon to the people on 'holidays?' A third says,—'Such a brother is a good husband (*bonus hosebondus*) as is seen from his ward (*a Warda sua*), 'and the buildings and improvements he has set on foot, and is 'somewhat of a divine, though, certainly, over-much learning 'will never make him mad: let him be abbot.' 'But,' says another, 'God will never have an abbot who cannot read, or 'sing, or celebrate the holy offices; and is, besides, wicked and 'unjust, and a flayer of the poor.' One is proposed, and negatived because he is given to over-much eating and drinking, and thinks it a virtue to sleep as much as he can, and would fain have perpetual abundance, and takes no thought of anything but how to get rid of his time. A monk who held himself unusually wise, prayed honestly that the new abbot might be a fool and driveller, to compel him to have recourse to the brothers for mental assistance. Jocelin's own standard of what was required for so high an officer (who, by the way, was a mitred abbot, and one of the twenty-six of his class who had the privilege of sitting as barons in parliament, and were privy councillors)¹ was not extremely high. He merely thought it necessary that he should be moderately skilled in dialectics, and able to distinguish truth from falsehood. The king, however, Henry II., soon sent a citation to the prior to appear before him at Waltham, with twelve of the convent, for the purpose of electing a new superior. The twelve were chosen; when it occurred to one of the monks to ask what they should do if the thirteen did not agree in the choice of an abbot. To avoid this possible opprobrium, it was determined that six of the senior members of the abbey should make a sealed list of three persons especially eligible for the office, which might be opened before the king. If, however, he would not allow them to choose one of their own number, the list was to be brought back unopened, and returned to the authors. This plan was adopted. The prior then asked what they should do if the king refused to receive either of the three so named. The answer was, that they would receive whoever the king wished for. The thirteen then, after a rather less than usual allowance of dreams and pre-significations as to who and what manner of person the future abbot was to be, set out for court.

The king received them very graciously, and professed his determination to do everything in accordance with the will of God and the honour of the Church. He then directed the Bishop of Winchester and the Chancellor to nominate three members of the convent. On this the prior and brethren drew

¹ Fuller's Church Hist. book vi. §§ 1—4.

out their sealed list, opened it, and found that it contained the names of Samson the sub-sacristan, Roger the cellarer, and Hugo the third prior. It seemed strange that Hugo should be both the elector and the elected: so, to obviate this difficulty, they put his name first on the list. The king inquired if these three were all natives of England; and as he did not know them, directed that three others of the convent should be named with them. These were, the prior, the sacristan, and Dionisius. The king then, for the honour of the kingdom, required them, to their terror, to nominate three members of other houses. This they did, with the proviso that none should be received as abbot without the consent of the convent. He then required three of the names to be withdrawn, which was done, those of the strangers being selected. William the sacristan voluntarily retired; two of the five names that remained were withdrawn, and then one of the three. The contest now lay between the prior and Samson; and the election, by universal consent, fell on the latter:

‘The king’s nuncios aforesaid were called to the counsel of the brethren, and Dionisius, speaking for them, began to commend the prior and Samson, saying that they were both scholarly, both good, both of praiseworthy life and correct opinions; but always putting forward Samson as being strict in life, severe in correcting excesses, apt to labour, prudent as to secular cares, and tried in divers offices. The Bishop of Winchester replied, “We understand what you mean. The prior appears to you a little remiss, and you wish to have Samson.” Dionisius answered, “Either is a good man; but, if God will, we wish for the better of the two.” “Of two good men,” said the bishop, “the better is to be preferred: speak openly; do you wish for Samson?” The majority exclaimed, “We do;” and no one opposed it, though some from motives of policy, and to avoid offending either party, held their peace. Samson was therefore nominated to the king, before whom, after a brief consultation with the brethren, they were all called. He said, “You have presented Samson to me: I do not know him; if it had been your prior, whom I do know, I would have received him: as it is, I will do what you wish. Only take care: by the very eyes of God! if you have done amiss, I will visit you.” He then asked the prior if he both assented and consented. He replied that he did; for Samson was worthy of a much higher honour.’

Samson was elected in the early part of the year 1182. The king received the new abbot, who fell at his feet and kissed them, and then hastened to the altar, singing the *miserere* with the brethren. When the king saw his erect port and unabashed countenance, he exclaimed to the bystanders, ‘By God’s eyes! this newly-elect seems to me a man worthy of protecting the rights of the abbacy!’ The Bishop of Winchester placed the mitre on his head, and the ring on his finger, and gave him the benediction. The new abbot kept three of the brethren with him, and sent the rest home to their convent, whither he himself arrived on the following Palm-Sunday. He slept at

Kentford the night before, and the next day, surrounded by a vast multitude, proceeded to the convent, where he was received with due honours: a procession, the ringing of bells, and chanting. The *Te Deum* and other canticles were sung, and he received the kiss of peace from the prior and convent in order. He then gave them thanks in chapter for their choice of himself, and received from the clergy and soldiers promise of their service and assistance; the kingly charters of the bestowal of the abbacy were read, and the abbot retired, passing the rest of the day with more than a thousand guests in great rejoicings.

Thus was an abbot elected and installed in the twelfth century. Some of the convent, when the news of the appointment was first brought to them, thought that it was well. Others feared that they had been deceived. His rule was, in truth, somewhat lordly. In the government of the abbey, he relied, he said, solely on the help of God and his own resources. He soon alienated from his counsels the magnates of the abbey, both lay and clerical, and the brothers of the order, who had thought that without their aid its affairs could not go on; and they, in turn, condemned his supposed arrogance. But he proved himself a first-rate executive officer. He repaired such buildings as were ruinous, and erected new ones; made parks; took lands into cultivation; farmed himself the estates belonging to the abbot; and would have improved those of the convent by the same means, but for the clamour raised against him by the monks for attempting to benefit them against their will. On one occasion, he gave rise to much dissatisfaction, by depriving William the sacristan of his office. The complaints of the disaffected reached his ear. He said nothing at the time; but the next day in chapter he produced a bag full of deeds now cancelled, to the amount of upwards of 3,000*l.*, besides an unknown amount of interest accruing to those to whom, with the privity of the late abbot, the prior, and other officers, the sacristan had pledged the copes, dalmatics, &c. of the convent. This, of course, was unanswerable; but the abbot added more to the discredit of his officer: still, however, for the credit of the culprit, keeping back the worst. He soon after caused the buildings of the sacristan in the cemetery to be razed, 'thinking it,' says Jocelin, 'unworthy to remain on the earth, after the numerous debauches and other things not to be mentioned, which he had seen go on in them, with grief and regret, when he was sub-sacristan.'

He did not seem to find the office of abbot a bed of roses. At one time he declared that if he had but had five or six marks to

live upon in the schools, he would never have been a monk. At another, he said, with an oath, that if he had had any conception of the arduous nature of the duties of his office, he would rather have been master of the almonry, or librarian: a post which, he said, he always wished for above any other. He introduced a good reform, of allowing what the chiefs of the convent, in the time of his predecessor, had prohibited: any cloister monk to have at any time free access to him.¹ He knew at the same time how to administer due discipline in the house; for soon after this permission, he required all private seals, except those of the prior and sacristan, to be given up to him. On another occasion, he demanded the keys of all boxes, aumbries, desks, &c., and allowed nothing of the kind in future without a dispensation. The pocket-money possessed by the monks was not, of course, anything very great: in fact, as we have seen, it was not allowed to exceed two shillings; and the money must be given in the way of alms, expended on indigent parents, or other charitable uses. There was, however, no lack in the abbot or convent of becoming hospitality, the guests being shared between the two according to their rank and station.²

The abbot was possessed of a somewhat martial spirit; for he wanted to take the Cross under Richard I., and on his captivity offered to go in search of him. He also excommunicated all who should, during the king's absence, wage war or cause disturbance in the kingdom, fearing, says Jocelin, neither John nor any one else. The same boldness induced him to gain from the Pope an exemption for himself and his successors from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury; fortified by which, he set at defiance alternately the Bishop of Ely, as Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Pope's legate, and even the king himself. The two former were compelled to yield to him; but Cœur de Lion seems to have mastered even Abbot Samson.

We learn incidentally that an ancient abbot, like a modern bishop or lord chancellor, had no lack of claimants for clerical patronage. A petitioner of this class once came before him; and the abbot showed him letters from seven 'apostolic men,' asking the same favour for their respective *protégés*. 'When I have satisfied these,' said the abbot, 'I will do what I can for you; but he who comes first to the mill ought to have the first grist.'³

We learn from Jocelin that the old grudge which had existed, long before Abbot Samson, on the part of the monks against the clergy, was by no means extinct in his time. Cellarer after cellarer had been appointed, and none during his year of office

¹ P. 28.² Pp. 28, 29.³ P. 41.

could keep out of debt. Twenty, and then fifty pounds were added to their fund, but still with the same result. The abbot, wishing the benefit of the convent, and knowing that at last all its debts would revert to him as the father of the house, joined a chaplain of his own household to the cellarer, at once to assist that officer in keeping his accounts, and as a warrant that the money had been rightfully expended. Loud murmurs thereupon broke out among the monks. 'Who ever heard of such a thing!' they exclaimed. 'The abbot has placed a cleric above a monk. He has made him master and keeper over the head of the cellarer, so that no good can be done without him. Is a cleric a better man, a wiser, or more honest than a monk? And now this abbot, or the next, will be placing a cleric with the sacristan, and another with the chamberlain, and a fourth with the sub-sacristan, and will make us a laughing-stock to every body.' Jocelin himself seems to have had more sense than the rest; though he confesses himself unwilling either to condemn the abbot, or to defend him in the matter. The remedy, however, was found insufficient, and the abbot eventually took the office of cellarer into his own hands. A characteristic scene took place in chapter, when he first intimated his intention of so doing. 'You know,' he said, 'that I have often threatened to do this, and I joined my chaplain to the cellarer; but neither he nor any monk will venture to tell me the cause of this debt. It is said to be the result of the immoderate convivialities in the prior's inn, and that he, the cellarer, and the hospitaller are to blame in the matter.' Many of the cloister-monks were pleased at this, and said it was true. The prior laid the blame on the cellarer, the cellarer retorted it on the hospitaller, and each excused himself. 'We knew the truth,' says Jocelin, 'but we said nothing, because we were afraid.' The abbot met them again the next day, and continued the subject, asking their advice how these offices could best be managed. One single monk only gave any reply. He declared that there was no waste in the refectory which ought to cause such a debt. On the next day again, when none of the monks would give him any advice, but looked to him as their head to direct them, he declared that, as they were plainly unable to govern themselves, it was his duty to govern them, and to take into his own hands the office of cellarer and provider for the guests. He then deposed the cellarer and the hospitaller, and appointed two other monks, with the names of sub-cellarer and hospitaller, joining with him his chaplain, 'Master G.,' without whose assent nothing could be done by them in expending or receiving. The ancient purveyors in the market were removed; the provisions were purchased by the chaplain, and the existing

deficiencies were made good from the purse of the abbot; and although the necessary hospitalities were maintained as before, all superfluous expenses were retrenched in every direction. Some of the monks complained of such innovations; but the greater number approved them. The people, too, were divided about it. One wondered that the convent suffered their affairs and revenues to be so mixed with the abbot's, which ought to be kept separate, and thought that it would go ill with them, if the abbot should die, and the king found them in such confusion. Another said, that as the abbot alone had the sense to rule the convent, he ought to do it. A third declared, that if there had been a single wise monk who knew how to rule the house, such things would never have been attempted. The abbot, however, was obliged to make a subsequent alteration. He promoted the sub-cellarer to be cellarer, and made another monk sub-cellarer; but alas! *quis custodiet ipsos custodes*—the chaplain turned out to have a most unfortunate propensity for one who was put in control of the cellar; and when he had 'exceeded the bounds of temperance in his refreshments,' as Jocelin mildly and politely expresses it, he would go staggering about, declaring that he was 'Bu——' (the cellarer), and would take charge of that office, laying hands on the securities of the convent, and receiving and expending the income. This came to the ears of the abbot, who thereupon cited him and the officer whose duties he had usurped, before him; and having apparently little reason to trust the skill of the cellarer, and none at all to rely on the sobriety of the chaplain, he gave the latter to understand that in future he was not to take on himself the office of the other, but was merely to assist him, and be near him as a witness and adviser acting under him.¹

In one instance, the conduct of the abbot offered a favourable contrast to the grasping avarice which has been ascribed to his order. A man of some wealth in Bury S. Edmund's died without a sufficient will. The abbot very severely blamed his brother who was his heir, and the widow, because they had not fetched some one else to the dying man, wishing themselves to get all he had. 'I,' he said, 'was his "bishop," and had the 'care of his soul; and lest God lay the ignorance and incompetence of his confessor to my charge, since I could not 'advise him when he was alive, I will now, though late, do my 'duty by him.' He then commanded that an account should be taken in writing of all his debts, and moveable chattels to the value of two hundred marks, and one portion should be given to the heir, a second to the widow, and a third to his poor

¹ P. 64, &c.

relations and others who were in need. The dead man's horse, which was led before his bier, and had been given to S. Edmund, he commanded to be redeemed and restored: since it was not becoming that the Church of the Saint should be defiled by the gift of one who died intestate, and who had the report of having been used to lay out his money in usury; and he swore 'by God's face' that if in his time such a thing ever happened again, the man should not be buried in the churchyard.

This good abbot bore as strict and just a rule over the people of Bury S. Edmund, as he did over the members of his house. For some of the former and his servants on one occasion chose the day after Christmas-day on which to have a serious brawl; wounds were inflicted, and blood was shed. The abbot thereupon at once issued against them all the greater excommunication; and that he might not be suspected of partiality, he began with his own servants. The whole band, in number above a hundred, stripped to the waist, prostrated themselves before the host, and swore to abide the judgment of the Church. On the next day, the abbot gave them canonical penance, received them again into communion, and held feast with them for the following days of the season. He prohibited them, however, in future from holding assemblies and shows in the churchyard.¹

There once happened a determined resistance on the part of the monks to his authority; and a scene ensued in chapter such as cannot easily be imagined as taking place in these days between the head of his college and his fellows, or between a dean and the chapter. Great things, indeed, were threatened at first; open downright rebellion seemed imminent; secret murder was hinted at; the prior almost got mobbed, and the abbot took himself away from the convent. Fortunately, the dispute eventually terminated in nothing worse than an address of the abbot to his monks, which appears to have been part sermon, part scolding, and a copious shedding of tears on either side: to which both parties appear to have been unusually subject. The cause of this formidable *émeute*, it should be added, was nothing less than the mulcting of the janitor of certain portions of his salary, not including his corrodies, or monk's loaves, which were proved by charter to belong to his office. The heads of the case are as follows:—In the absence of the abbot at London, a complaint was raised by the convent against Radulph, the officer aforesaid; for which the prior directed him to be punished in the manner stated. He complained to the abbot, on his return, of the thing as done without his know-

¹ P. 69.

ledge, and to the prejudice of his dignity. The convent replied unanimously, that it was done by the prior, with consent of the whole chapter. The abbot ordered Radulph's salary to be restored, and forbade the cellarer to drink anything but water till it was done. And Jocelin tells us, in a most heroic spirit, but in very indifferent Latin, that rather than oppose the wishes of the convent, this martyr-like individual, with a high sense of duty in his heart, and a supply of good wine at his elbow, actually preferred to confine himself for the space of a whole day to that beverage which we are quite sure was the favourite of his illustrious contemporary, Friar Tuck, when Richard was not his guest, and made it his duty to play the part of a good host, and which formed the solace of the monks of Melrose, and other holy men like them. The abbot, however, insensible to such singular virtue, ordered him next day not to touch anything whatever, till he had done as he bade him; and with that left the convent. No sooner was he gone than the cellarer rose up in chapter, took the keys in his hand, and declared that he would rather give up his office than go against the chapter. Thereupon a complete tumult was raised. The younger monks cried out that the abbot's orders were not to be obeyed, and forcibly interrupted the prior in the psalms; but the elder and wiser members, in the end, prevailed on the rest to yield. The abbot, for his part, sent word that he would never return to the convent; but not finding it convenient to carry out his threat, he came back a day or two after, excommunicated one of the monks whom he suspected of having been the ringleader, and punished three others. We cannot help thinking, that as the prior was undoubtedly the proper officer to administer the discipline of the convent in the absence of the abbot, the latter was quite out of order in interfering as he did with his decision. But upon these vigorous measures of the abbot, the convent gave in, the monks received in order the kiss of peace, both parties (as usual) shed floods of tears, the excommunicated were absolved, Radulph got back his dues, and peace was restored.¹

When the abbot was once paying a visit to London, the prior was taken ill, and died; and, on the abbot's return, a successor was elected: but as this was very much a repetition of the election of the abbot, the latter acting the part of the king, and the former that of the abbot, we will not risk wearying our readers with any lengthened account of the ceremony, but will here bid our author farewell. His work is written with much *naïveté*, and sometimes with real wit. He now and then, it must be confessed, raises a smile where he had no intention of doing

¹ P. 86, &c.

so: and he is sometimes rather ludicrously perplexed between his feeling for his brother monks, and his duty to the abbot, whose chaplain he was. Nor does he object, Boswell-like, to make himself appear a little ridiculous, if he can thereby exalt the glory or wisdom of the abbot. The work ends abruptly in the lifetime of Samson. It is written throughout in Latin, which is often of the most barbarous kind. The labour of the Editor has appended a glossary, which if he had made it ten times as long would have proved a real help to the perusal of the book; as it is, a very interesting and instructive work will, we suspect, remain, in its original language, to the majority of readers, a sealed volume. To those, however, who are interested in its subject, it will well repay the trouble of perusal; and for having given it to us, our thanks are especially due to the Society.

The state of the Church is ever the clue to that of the nation. When the clergy lived holily, the laity followed their example; but if the latter saw their guides living in disbelief, or open and habitual violation of that law of which they professed themselves the guardians and interpreters, how could it be expected that they would have faith, or would make any attempt to rule their lives by evangelical precepts? And when their confidence in their lawful, although worthless, teachers was shaken, they were likely to set up others for themselves. Hence their devotion to miracle-mongers, and other spiritual pretenders, and to successful soldiers. Led by the latter, the populace was ready at any time to rush into war, and harass and devastate the kingdom: whereas if they whose duty it was to set the people a good example, and to teach them sound and correct principles, had not proved false to their trust, the ambition of turbulent nobles would have been nipped in the bud, and much confusion and bloodshed spared to the unhappy nation. As it was, loyalty had fallen to a very low ebb; and the cause of the conqueror being regarded as the just one, the governing maxims of state were often resolved back into the vulgar saying of 'Might makes right;' or, as the poet expresses it with more dignity—

'The simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.'¹

A striking illustration of the truth of these assertions is seen in the reputation enjoyed during his life, and still more after his death, by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in the reign of Henry III.: as described in the Chronicle of Rishanger the Benedictine, and the successor, as historian, of Matthew Paris.

¹ Wordsworth.

Matthew Paris himself speaks in praise of Montfort, certainly, but with moderation, and not according to the popular phrenzy on the subject. Rishanger is, throughout his Chronicle, his thorough partisan, and does not fear to apply to him, even when he was in arms against the king, the words of Solomon: 'The just is bold as a lion, and having his hope in the Lord, shall be without fear.'¹ But what we have to judge by is his actions; and they speak for themselves. If there is such a crime as treason, he was guilty of it. His history is known to all. He first insulted his sovereign to his face, and then waged war upon him. He heaped strange indignities on the queen, seized and kept in durance the person of the heir apparent to the throne, and made himself the head of that faction which for three years deluged the land with blood. That diligent and curious chronicler, Speed, calls him plainly a 'rebell;' and Hume charges him with cruelty and hypocrisy, ingratitude, tyranny, rapacity, and treachery; and concludes that his death was the most fortunate event which could have befallen the country. Yet, for all that, so deluded were the people, that a man who died in battle, sword in hand against his sovereign, was actually elevated by them into a saint and a martyr. To the chronicle of Rishanger is added no less than forty quarto pages of miracles supposed to have been wrought by his remains; from which we learn that he who during life was a man of ambition and bloodshed, possessed after his death—a penalty incurred by his open rebellion, and demanded by just and stern necessity (for experience had proved that there could be no peace for Henry or the realm while he lived)—the power of healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, curing the wounded, and even recalling to life the dead. Very dim indeed must have been the light of the Church which did not point the true road to the people better than this! Had the clergy taught their flocks the reverence due to God alone, and His attributes, His righteous jealousy, His hatred of evil, and the punishment due to those whose feet are swift to shed blood, how could such phrases as 'Deo et Sancto Simoni,' or 'Ora pro nobis beate Symon,' have entered their minds, or crossed their lips?

We may adopt of Simon, though in a different spirit to that in which his partisan, the author, wrote them, those lines in the political songs of Henry III. (Camden Society)—

'En Symon obediens spernit dampna rerum,
Pœnis se subjiciens, ne demittat verum,
Cunctis palam prædicaus factis plus quam dictis,
"Quod non est communicans veritas cum fictis.
Væ perjuris miseris, qui non timent Deum!
Spe terreni muneris abnegantes eum."—P. 82.

¹ Prov. xxviii. 1. Nearly, but not exactly, the Vulgate version.

As to the credit which is soon after claimed for him, of his having pledged himself to keep the statutes of the parliament at Oxford, very little can be due to him on that account: for the statutes in question were made when the King was no free agent, and the barons knew it. Simon was at their head; and the words of his panegyrist amount only to this: that he was resolved to maintain by force, and in the King's despite, those laws which he had framed without the King's free consent.

And if it be answered that these remarks tend to condemn not less heavily, those who have taken the field against constituted authority since the Reformation, *e. g.* in the rebellion of Cromwell, we answer, that the difference between the cases is at once obvious. The followers of Montfort, and others in his position, did not intend to do anything against the Church: they thought that they were doing God service, and declaring against his enemies. Whereas the roundheads—their leaders at least—knew well what they were about. They knew that rebellion was a sin, and they wilfully committed it; and because the voice of the Church opposed them, they proceeded by the strong hand of power to gag and silence it. Their forefathers, on the contrary, either believed that Heaven itself interposed by resistless power, unequalled sanctity, miraculous gifts, or other like means to point out its chosen champion: or some prelate or other Church dignitary was found on their side (as Archbishop Arundel in the deposition of Richard II., and Scrope in the war of Percy on Henry IV.), whose presence served to assure them, unreasoning as they were, of the justice of their cause.

From the numerous and deep-seated abuses which clearly existed both in Church and State, sooner or later a reaction was sure to come. There were, from time to time, many premonitory symptoms that it was not far off; but at last, 120 years after the events just described arose, in Wicliffe, the true herald of that change. It was he who prepared the way for the reformers, and who even did much of their work for them. At the same time, they could by no means rely on him as a guide, either in questions of doctrine or discipline; for his ardent and impetuous temperament was ever impelling him to perilous extremes of opinion, and his isolated position in his day as a theological teacher resulted in his many singular and untenable conclusions. Very various have been the judgments given on his actions and teaching; but in examining both, we should never lose sight of the state of things (civil and ecclesiastical) in the midst of which he lived. By weighing the two together, we shall see that even the wildest and most unreasonable of his opinions were but the counterparts of some crying abuse of his

age; and whilst, viewed in themselves, they appear little else than the ravings of fanaticism, if not of actual insanity: thus tested they receive, not indeed their justification, but at least their historical elucidation. Wicliffe seems to have been more of a scholar than a man of practice and practical experience; and the principles upon which he acts in religious teaching frequently differ widely from those which he adopts when laying down laws for the guidance of the rulers of Church or State. Hence a wide distinction must be made between his opinions on these two great subjects. In the former, he not rarely followed primitive examples: in the latter, he seems to have known no safer guide than his own individual opinion, nor any better, or more effectual method of extinguishing a vicious principle, or putting a stop to an objectionable practice, than by flying into the opposite extreme. Of course, in this manner, the way to reform Christianity will be to abolish it: and thus, if he carried out his principles, he would come in time, as some, calling themselves his followers, actually did come, to the point reached by the Roundheads when they began to

‘Decide all questions by
Infallible artillery.’¹

Nor is he free, nor can any one who sets himself up as the dictator in Church and State, and with his own immediate followers proposes to remodel everything from the foundation, be free from the fanaticism which is again described by the satirist:—

‘Whate’er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i’ th’ right:
’Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none see by but those who bear it.’²

There is, undoubtedly, this fault in the position which Wicliffe assumed for himself, as there must ever be in that of those who, instead of reforming abuses, and correcting the wrong results of right first principles, endeavour to do away the principles themselves, supplying the want by innovations of their own.

We preface with these few remarks our notice of the Society’s valuable reprint of the work entitled ‘Apology for Lollard Doctrines,’ which, as being found in a collection of his acknowledged writings, has been ascribed to Wicliffe himself; and, if not by his own hand, is at least the composition of one of his immediate followers. It cannot be wondered at that he should have endeavoured to overthrow the exorbitant and abused power of Rome to begin with; but it does seem extraordinary that he should have proceeded on such a root-and-branch principle.

¹ Hudibras, Canto i.

² Ibid.

All dominion, according to him, was founded in grace, and the ruler vacates his office when he ceases to rule well: he not merely forfeits the name of a good governor, but simply ceases to be the officer (spiritual or temporal) which he was before. This is his first grand axiom. Accordingly, with him an evil Pope, or a negligent one, or one who perverts, or exceeds his authority, ceases to be Pope. As he expresses it in formal terms, 'He ' that hath not the Spirit after wit or deeds, he is not of the ' body of Christ.' On which he comments.

'If any chosen of God Himself, or of the people, into pope or prelate, and ordained into vicar of Christ to his office on earth, and he promise it, when he filleth not in deed, but doth contrarily to his behest in degree, he seemeth not to be vicar of Christ indeed.'¹

And what holds good of the Pope, applies also to each individual of the clergy. The sinfulness of the priest, he said, disabled him from executing the priestly offices; in fact, voided his ordination, reduced him back to the rank of the laity, and exempted the latter from all relative duty to him. They were not only not justified in paying him tithes, but they were guilty of mortal sin in attending his ministrations: nay, even ignorance of the priest's true character does not ordinarily excuse them.

'I rehearsed the decree of the Church, bidding that no man hear the mass of the priest that he wot, doubtless, hath a concubine, or a woman-suspect privily brought under. Then said any thus to me, "But what if I wot him not such, what sin have I then?" I answered, "Friend, perchance thou haltest to wete and inquire; when thou dost not, how wilt thou be excused?" And to this I led him by a sensible example; and when he took it heavily and would not understand, I gave him this ensample: "If thou come to a friend, and he set raw meat before thee and say, it is roasted enow or sodden, if thou eat it and take thy death, how art thou then not dead?"'²

And he relies on S. Paul, 1 Cor. v. 11: not remembering apparently, that the Apostle had just previously anticipated his objection, and overthrown his conclusion: 'I wrote unto you in an ' epistle not to keep company with fornicators: yet not altogether with the fornicators of this world, or with the covetous, ' or extortioners, or with idolaters; for then must ye needs go ' out of the world.' 1 Cor. v. 9, 10.

Grace, like nature, abhors a vacuum; and accordingly the second step is what might be expected in a scheme conducted on such impossible principles.

'The pope, cardinals, bishops, and other prelates beneath, are subjects of Antichrist, and sellers of merit. * * * * Wherefore shepherds clept the person of the very Shepherd Jesus Christ, not showing the gospel, though they eked (added) not other malice over; they are antichrist and sathanas transfigured into an angel of light; thieves privy and open slayers and traitors of the sheep, making the house of prayers a den of thieves.'³

¹ P. 4.² Apology for the Lollards, p. 87.³ P. 53, 54.

And blaming the Church of Rome as the cause of these evils, he makes it personally guilty of, and answerable for them.

‘For he that giveth the cure of souls til an unmighty or unkenning, or not willing to keep, is guilty of all those, though any schape (escape); as he that giveth the government of a ship til an unwitty, unkenning, or not willing govern it, is guilty of the ship and all things contained her in; and he that letteth not such giving when he is holden and may, is constrained by the same guilt.’¹

If, then, the existing governors of the Church have so entirely forfeited their character, and by their own act and deed voided their offices, who are their true substitutes? The author does not attempt to avoid the question.

‘Another point that is put is this,—that there is no pope, ne Christ’s vicar, but an holy man.’²

his meaning in which assertion is not, as appears at first sight, that the holy man is the only priest, being made by his holiness to be such, which is his sole ordination; but that, of those who are ordained by laying on of hands, none receive the office of the priesthood but the holy; just as, according to his example, those who receive the other sacraments (‘for busily it is to note ‘that the Sacrament of priesthood before other more worthily ‘and with cure (care) is to be given and tane’), unless they are holy and pure, receive no good from them, for ‘silk (such) they ‘are to ilk man as they are tane with hart, and conscience,’ ‘for,’ he continues with remarkable simplicity of thought,

‘It seemeth that he is not lightly or profitly Christ’s pope ne his vicar if he be holy: else why is he called holiest father?’³

He produces the words of S. Jerome, Symmachus, Gregory, and Bernard in proof of his point; but of course without success. They declare that a priest ought to excel in knowledge and holiness, but not that he is no priest if he does not: they are, therefore, in reality against our author as far as his favourite and peculiar opinion is at issue. But it is by no means true that all Wicliffe’s opinions are thus unsound. The work before us assuredly contains either his writing or his teaching, it matters not greatly which; and there is much in it that goes far to redeem these very grave errors, and to lessen his responsibility in having broached them. On those more abstract points on which his profound learning and thought can be brought to bear, and especially where he has other guides than his own feelings and imaginations to trust to; where history affords him light and example; where primitive times are his model; where his first principles are formed for him; and where he was, perhaps, free

¹ Apology for the Lollards, p. 56.

² P. 58.

P. 59.

from the bias of those who would have moulded his expressions, or influenced his conclusions to his own advantage: the hallucinations which seem to have held possession of his mind on the subject of political economy, and the government of Church or State, do not exist; and he often commands our respect and attention.

Thus he strikes as manfully as Luther himself afterwards did at indulgences, though he has some particular assertions on the subject which can hardly be justified. Holy Writ, he says, is sufficient for the government of the whole Church; and it makes no mention of indulgences. Apostles knew nothing of them: Christ did not teach them. In fact, they are a mere spoiling of the people, and have no such warranty of truth, as ought to attend whatever is purchased; for the Pope cannot insure a man's really enjoying the indulgences he grants him. Nay, he himself may be '*prescit*,' that is, foredoomed to damnation; in which case, as he can obtain no indulgences for himself, he can give none to others. Again, he may, at his own pleasure, by a mere *opus operatum* as it were, and for a performance of the easiest kind, grant an almost infinite period of pardon to any sinner whatever. Lastly, he says, it cannot be granted that the Pope is S. Peter's vicar; but even if he be, and S. Peter or an angel accept the papal binding or loosing, 'he may not do this, but in as mykle as it soundeth to the head of the kirk abouyn:' and he quotes with approbation the canon of S. Clement, which forbids pardoners to grant indulgences, dispense vows, give absolution, remit penance, or draw souls from purgatory 'as they feynun falsely.'

There is, however, a sense in which our author decides that 'popes, cardinals, prelates, priests, and other religious' may 'nedefully and graciously' sell indulgences, merits of saints, prayers, &c.; and that the people may 'blessedly' purchase them, that is if it be done by the rules of the Gospel, for love and grace, justly, and for the sake of the good deeds of the buyer, by God's pleasure. But if it be done simoniacally, from mere love of money, from earthly favour, or from dread of men, then the thing sold is sold wickedly, and the people buy it sinfully and unprofitably. The same rule also applies to such priests as excommunicate sinners, and put them to penance except they make a payment: but then release and absolve them, and admit them to communion, though they do not forsake the sin; and he concludes with a declaration of the covetousness that ruled in the high places, much in accordance with what we have already met with in Mapes and other early writers:—

'In how many great cases may it be, that now reigneth in the Church sinful merchandize: bring to witness; examine the saws: discuss the

deeds: open and common fame traveleth, that in the court of Rome may no man get no grace, but if it be bought, nor there is none granted, but if it be for temporal meed; for this that the pope reserveth to himself, and to the chamber, as granting of some benefices, and the first fruits of some other that he giveth; and translating of bishops; and all this is done, as it is said, for covetousness, and that is servant of idols; they that pursue for indulgences, exemptions, and privileges, see how they get nought without buying; which are commonly granted to the rich and mighty of the world.'¹—p. 12.

On Absolution, he teaches, contrarily to the received opinion of his times, that each priest, as well as the Pope, has authority to use the keys to any man at the point of death; but not in other circumstances, unless with the especial authority of the Church. And as he holds the Lollard error of bishops and priests having been originally one and the same order, he concludes that the bishop has no more power than the priest.

'And before that bates (strifes) were made in religion by stinging of the fiend, and was said in the people, I am of Peter, I of Paul, I of Apollo, [*sic*] I of Cephas, the churches were governed by the comyn (communion) of priests' counsel. But after that each man called him that he baptized his, and not Christ's, then was in all the world ordained that one of the priests should be made chief, and the seeds of schisms should be taken away.'—p. 29.

From this it is confessed, or rather insisted on, that the rite of Confirmation does not belong originally to the bishop as such at all, but 'that he appropriateth' it 'to himself, without 'ground of Scripture.' What is said of Confirmation must, of course, apply as well to Ordination.

He next proceeds to what was also the doctrine of the Lollards: that all priests, whether curates (*i.e.* having cure of souls) or not, are bound by their ordination to preach, whether with or without the Bishop's approbation. And here comes in their idea that office consists not in appointment by competent authority, but in the due discharge of its duties: for he deduces from S. Chrysostom (but of course very unfairly) that a distinction is to be observed in the ordination of priests; some being ordained verily by God, others by man alone; the former being true priests, the latter not; and the well or ill discharge of his office is made their test.

'And so of the thing issue is known who is ordained of God, and who of man; he that doth well his ministry, that seemeth that he is ordained of God, and he that doth it not well, is ordained of man, the which soothly as to God is neither deacon nor priest.'—p. 32.

There is evidently the fallacy already alluded to in this position. The author's words amount to the assertion that the

¹ We have modernised the spelling according to present usage, but have retained all peculiar and quaint terms.

insufficient performance of the duties of the priestly office is the cause of the individuals never having been endowed with the office itself.

On the Sacrament of the Altar Wicliffe speaks very plainly and correctly. He is neither a Zuinglian nor a holder of transubstantiation; but he acknowledges, in terms equally forcible and lucid, a very presence in those elements which do not cease by their consecration to be in substance what they were before.

‘In the sacrament of the altar after the consecration dwelleth the substance of the bread. And this is sooth, for the body of Christ, which is the bread that he gave for the life of the world, dwelleth therein, and therefore this substance of bread dwelleth therein.’—p. 45.

His proof is derived from the words of S. Paul; the venerable Bede, quoted by him in mistake for S. Augustin; S. Augustin himself, and others. And he argues that—

‘Since their words have been canonized and approved by Holy Church, either behoveth to grant their words, or to deny the canonizing and approving of the Church; and that seemeth not good. Therefore I say as these saints do, and trow as holy Church troweth and teacheth, that the sacred host is verily the body of Christ, for Christ sayeth so; and thus saith St. Paul:—“The cup of blessing, is it not the communion of Christ’s blood; and bread that we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord?”’—p. 46.

We leave the Fathers of the fourth Lateran Council and the Council of Trent, with their followers, to answer this argument.

On the doctrine of the Eucharist Sacrifice, also, he is no less clear and truthful.

‘This that we say, and in all manners strive to prove, the sacrifice of the Church to stand together in two things, and to be made in two things together: that is, the visible species of element, and invisible flesh and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; sacrament and thing of the sacrament, that is the body of Christ.’—P. 47.

Thirdly, our author is much opposed to the practice of image-worship; not only the worship of images as God, which is practised by the heathen, and which is spoken against by the prophets, but even that of those ‘worshipfull images’ to which, as Gratian’s decree says, ‘Christians do reverence, not indeed as God, nor as looking to them for any aid or profit, but only as ‘memorials of men departed.’ They who do this are not, he says, ‘very Christian men.’ It is also idolatry, he maintains, to ‘trust more to one image than another, as thinking it to be God, or that God’s virtue is subjectively therein.’ If men must worship images, he would have them adopt the advice of S. Clement, and do it by benefiting other men, who are the very image of God in them.

¹ 1 Cor. x.

'Therefore if ye will verily worship the image of God, we open to you this that is verrey, that ye do well to a man that is made to be image of God, and give him honour and reverence; give ye meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, ministering to the sick, harbour to the stranger, and necessities to the prisoner. And this is that shall be guessed verily done; these go so much in the honour of God, that he that doth not these things, if he may, shall be trowed to do despite to the image of God.'—Pp. 88, 89.

It is evident that this author thought, that whatever plausible distinctions may be raised by those who in any way practise image worship, they are at least in danger of infringing the second commandment, if they do not actually infringe it.

Lastly, as to religious vows, especially those of monks and friars. If they are made to God, and concern things good and profitable, and are made deliberately and of free-will, he allows them to be good and pleasing to God: otherwise he condemns them, as being contrary to the Gospel. Amongst the latter, he ranks the vows of the three following classes:—First, of begging friars: secondly, of such as refuse meats; for Christ directed His followers to 'eat such as men set unto them' and the apostle expressly condemns those who forbid them:¹ and, thirdly, of those who put their will under the will of man more than that of God; so that if there is any opposition between the two, the former, be it good or evil, must be done, and the latter neglected or even opposed. Nor will he allow the religious to be, as they were, idle. They ought to work, like our first parents, in Eden and after the curse, according to the fourth commandment and the apostolic injunctions. The Rule of S. Francis—which directs that friars should live, firstly of the labour of their hands, secondly of the things freely given them, and thirdly, that if these suffice not, they may beg—he would have their guide. This would evidently strike at the very existence of many of the orders of friars as they were in Wicliffe's time, and had been long before it.

'Wilful begging of stalworth men is forefended to ilk Christian man of the Apostle of Christ, and of God himself, of Solomon it is uggid (abhorred), and many fold reprovod of holy doctors; so that the alms of the poor shall not be given to them that are sufficient and mighty to travail, for they that are such ask alms unjustly, despising the bidding of the apostle, saying, "Worketh with your hands, as we have bidden you. And desireth nothing of no man."—P. 108.

Nay, it is evident that he looked on the different orders of religious mendicants with a kind of fanatical aversion; for he even goes so far as to deny salvation to such as live by begging.

'And since no man how (ought) to cast out from communion of Christian men, but for deadly sin, it followeth that he sinneth deadly, that wilfully,

¹ 1 Tim. iv. 3.

and wittingly, bindeth him to such a state contening travail, that he beg for ever. And it seemeth that one thus endured, is not in the state of men to be saved.'—P. 109.

We could give many instances, did our space allow, of the peculiar customs of the writer's times, and his own belief. It is impossible, with this work before us, to give way to anything like hero-worship of its author. It seems wonderful that any one mind should have mixed up two such irreconcilable lines of opinion; blending the strict conservative with the ultra destructive; and uniting so much that is most excellent with so vast an amount of the wild and impossible. One would think that the teacher who had so deep an insight into primitive times, and had drawn from them so much that is both pure and true, must have been too wise, too godly, and we must even add too sensible, to have given utterance to such mischievous, if not actually unholy tenets. We wonder that he should have been at once so far-sighted, and so blind. The work is certainly one of the most interesting and valuable of those published by the Camden Society; and in Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, Dublin, it has met with a most careful and able editor.

But before we wholly leave the subject, we would observe that there is a question connected with the great movement of Wicliffe, which is, we think, worthy of some consideration. Did its author intend that it should have from himself, or was he willing it should receive from others, a political bearing? Could he expect or wish the seed he was sowing, the political principles he was enunciating, to remain without fruit? Did he himself shape them, or was he induced by others to shape them, so that they might meet the peculiar features of the times in which he lived? 'Dominion founded on grace,' was one of his fundamental axioms; and if there is any credit due to the statements of those ancient writers who connect the tumults of the times with the teaching of Wicliffe, the followers of Straw and Tyler took the matter into their own hands with a suddenness and activity which must have surprised the simple-minded Vicar of Lutterworth. We are not ourselves, however, inclined to lay much stress on the statements of those who would connect Wicliffe with the rebels. Indeed, it seems pretty clear that their schemes had been in agitation nearly, or quite, twenty years before he obtained his notoriety. Yet Ball and the other ringleaders may have thought that when doctrines so novel, and apparently so favourable, or which might be made so favourable to attempts like theirs were being broached, the time was come to strike their blow.

But there was one person in the realm of a very different stamp to John Ball, or Wat Tyler, of whose freedom from evil

designs in the protection he afforded at first to Wicliffe and his followers, we are not so sure. This was John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward III. Every one knows that he was a scheming and ambitious man, and was at this time aiming at the crown: nor were his principles at all of a kind to prevent him from making use of any means that might present themselves for the attainment of his object. The doctrine that dominion is founded not on natural right, but on grace, may have appeared to him just the lever he required to overthrow the designs of the aged King; and as he knew that the clergy would prove the most obstinate opponents to any innovation in the succession, he may have thought it his best plan to pit Wicliffe against them. He certainly did, for a considerable period, act the part of an open partisan of his doctrines, and patron of himself, appearing as such when the Reformer was cited before Archbishop Sudbury and Bishop Courtenay. It is true that he subsequently changed his opinion as to the merits of Wicliffe, declared that he had been deceived in him, called his doctrine the doctrine of devils, and abruptly dismissed his friends Hereford and Rapyndon, bidding them submit themselves to the Archbishop of Canterbury;¹ but by that time his hopes of succeeding to the crown had been completely destroyed, the patronage of Wicliffe seemed likely to involve him in serious trouble with the ecclesiastical courts, and the rebels had sacked his palace. A great man is apt to be disgusted with one, who, instead of being a useful dependent, threatens to prove a dangerous acquaintance; and nothing was more likely to make the aspiring duke change his opinion of the simple vicar than his appearing even in the remotest degree connected with a band of patriots who had just performed the achievement of plundering his property, and burning his house over his head.

There is at least in this passage of our national history a very grave warning to reformers, even of the best intentions, how they meddle with first principles. They may mean well themselves; but they can never tell who may take up their opinions, or how they may be carried out, and they may thus become in a moment, the unintentional, but not innocent cause of an amount of mischief which ages cannot repair. We by no means deny that Wicliffe did much lasting good; but from whatever cause, whether from an inability to appreciate first principles of right, a want of congenial minds, or a disciplined spirit, he mixed with it an unusual amount of evil—evil which but for the firm and tolerant conduct of Archbishops Sudbury and Courtenay (especially the latter), might have been carried into effect, and

¹ Urry's Works of Chaucer: Life.

have produced as their harvest a state of things infinitely worse even than that against which he spent a life in protesting. Ball, the 'prophet' of the mob, who used Wicliffe's name, and endeavoured to connect the actions of himself and his followers with his doctrines, doubtless acted without his cognisance. Wicliffe may have been personally as innocent as an infant of those formidable tumults which all historians unite in affirming to have very nearly overthrown the constitution; yet his doctrines, unwisely conceived and incautiously published, may have been in some degree a cause of, or an incitement to them. And as for his abstract opinions about the Church and the priesthood, a tyro could say what an unhappy influence they exercised after his own time, and how it was even found necessary by the reformers to protest against some of them.

The change, when it did come, was not based on the principles of Wicliffe. The author of one of the letters in the Society's publication, entitled, 'Letters on the suppression of 'Monasteries,' speaking of 'own Master Latymer, a man notte 'unknowne,' represents that great instrument of the Reformation as one whose opinions were cast in a very different mould, and as being 'much more against the abusing of things' than 'against the thing itself.' In proof of this character we find a letter from Latimer himself to Cromwell, entreating that the priory of Great Malvern might be allowed to remain.¹ The work of which these are extracts is full of interest and information on the events then in progress. The letters are mostly written to Cromwell by the commissioners appointed by the Crown for visiting and suppressing the religious houses; and they bear on their surface much of the impress of truth. They state at length the causes which led to the monasteries being dealt with as they were: the temper and mode of life of the members: what part of their property was appropriated by the commissioners, and what was destroyed; and how some of the confiscated lands and valuables were disposed of. We have, moreover, at page 112, an abstract from the Cotton MS.; descriptive of the means used by Cromwell to induce Henry to commence the dissolution. Firstly, he persuaded the King that the state of his revenue required such an augmentation as the funds thus to be gained would bestow. Secondly, he strengthened the King's alliance with foreign Protestant powers by means of the marriage of Anne, sister of the Duke of Cleve, whose other sister had married the reforming Duke of Saxony; so that the Pope might not be able to oppose him in the field. Thirdly, he caused preachers to go and teach the people to stand by the King against the Pope, and to

Letter 71, p. 148.

acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the former. It is true that he was not always very scrupulous in the choice of his instruments, (witness Bishop, confessor to the nuns at Sion, who was a man of most profligate life). Fourthly, he made Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury, placed men of the same opinions in other sees, and packed the religious houses with preachers and teachers to inculcate the new system. Fifthly, he caused the King to forbear all payments to Rome, and to have the religious houses visited; the result of which was that well-known compilation, the Black Book: a production which contained an account of the criminal lives of their members, and did more to facilitate their downfall than King, Cromwell, and Commissioners together could have done. Sixthly, he prevailed on some abbots to resign willingly, and others to do so from fear of being called to account for their past lives: parliament upon publication of the Black Book, easily giving consent to the suppression of the rest, and to the bestowal of the revenues on the King.

It must not be forgotten that the first idea of the suppression of the religious houses originated not with any follower of the reformed doctrines, but with one who was at the time Archbishop of York and a cardinal, and who actually aspired to the papacy,—Wolsey. Speed tells us that he employed Cromwell in the suppression of no less than forty religious houses, to enable him to found his colleges at Oxford and Ipswich; and his own account of the houses which he so dealt with was, that they 'were exile' (mean or poor in revenue), and 'small monasteries, where neither God is served, nor religion kept.'¹ It is notorious that Henry actually bestowed a considerable portion of the sums brought in by the suppression, in carrying out Wolsey's original idea; and that this movement formed no cause of division in the country is clear from the fact that (as we shall see) more than one of the deprived abbots and priors became bishops under the new discipline: nay, several of the abbots and priors who were willing to resign, petitioned that their houses might be adapted to the purposes of education, or to the maintenance of hospitality.

It was, surely, necessary to do something with so many establishments; not a few of which, by the confession of those who might be expected to say the best they could of them, were barren of any good effects. Speed has filled forty-two folio pages with an enumeration of every religious foundation in the country; and from him we learn that the total number throughout the whole of England and Wales, large and small together,

¹ Letters, p. 1.

those which had revenues and those which had none (the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge excepted), exceeded a thousand; the total of their annual revenues being considerably more than 170,000*l.*, which would be a very large sum in these days, but was then an enormous one. It is probable, indeed, that some of these houses might have been spared, had it not been for the horrible and revolting disclosures of the Black Book—disclosures which imperatively called for justice on the guilty, and excited a deep national suspicion against the innocent; for, if these were pure at present, they might become criminal in their turn. Even the good Abbot of Faversham, and the Abbesses of Godstow and Delapr  , might be followed by vicious and criminal successors. Ignorance, too, was deep in most of the abbeys, and ingrained: the inmates would apply their minds to nothing useful; if lectures were read, few or none attended them; the rules of life given by an abbot or bishop, the monks often refused to keep. Hence several of the better sort of monks and friars requested to be allowed to leave their houses, and some abbots and abbesses either resigned or prayed to be discharged. The Abbot of Wardon, in Bedfordshire, in a statement on the subject, enlarges on the invincible ignorance of the monks, their rebelliousness, and immorality. An extract from his paper will say more than we can:—

‘Item, Forasmuch as I did perceive ignorance was a great cause why that these my brethren were thus far out of good and order, and in continual unquietness, to the intent that I would somewhat an induced them to understanding, I caused books of grammar to be bought for each of them, and assigned my brother to instruct them, but there would come none to him but one Richard Balldok and Thomas Clement.’

‘Item, they be in number fifteen brethren, and except three of them, none understand nor know their rule, nor the statutes of their religion.’¹

We have no wish to be unjust to any of the parties concerned in this great national movement. No doubt there were cases of individual hardship practised towards the religious of either sex, and, in some instances, even of oppression and tyranny. This is occasionally seen from the statements of the commissioners themselves; and the laity, who hoped to gain a portion of the spoil, showed themselves as avaricious and grasping as fame has commonly reported them to have been. But to the question whether or not it was, on the whole, a good and right thing to alienate foundations, and issue the decree of destruction against establishments, which had been instituted with the avowed object of the service of God, but which had so lamentably betrayed the designs of their founders, we think the volume in question affords sufficient grounds for a decided answer in the affirma-

¹ Letters, p. 54.

tive. We have seen the verdict pronounced on the members of religious houses by Mapes in the 13th century, and Wicliffe in the 14th; and in the century and quarter which had elapsed between the death of the latter and the accession of Henry VIII. they appear to have become still more depraved. The popular ideas on the subject are, we fear, fully borne out by this volume. There were not merely harmless impostures, such as those discovered in the priory of Maiden Bradley—'Gode's cote, our 'Ladye's smoke; part of Godde's supper in cœna domini, pars 'petre super qua natus erat Jesus in Bethlehem:'¹ and in the monastery of Bury S. Edmund's—'The coles that S. Lawrence 'was tosted with all, the paring of S. Edmund's nayles, S. 'Thomas of Canterbury penneknyff and his booties, and diver 'skulles for the hedache; pieces of the holie crosse able to 'make a hole crosse of,'² &c., and elsewhere;—but they contained persons of both sexes living in open and habitual infraction of the laws of morality: *e.g.* there was the Prior of Maiden Bradley, 'which,' says Dr. Layton to Cromwell, 'is an 'holy father, and hath but six children, and but one dowghter 'married yet of the goodes of the monasterie, trysting shortlie 'to marry the reste. His sones be tale men waittyng upon 'hym.' What follows is too gross to be transcribed. The Pope, it appears, 'considering his fragilitie,' actually gave him a license to continue in this way of living; and he took a Mr. Underhill to be his 'gostely father.' The Abbot of Langdon, in Kent, was in much the same circumstances. The commissioner, Dr. Layton, visited the abbey, suddenly, and arranged his attendants so as to 'circumcept the abbay, and surely to kepe 'alle backe dorres and startyng hoilles,' &c. Dr. Layton then forcibly entered the building, on which the abbot's

'Gentilwoman bestyrrede hir stumpes towarde her starting hoilles, and ther Bartlett watchyng the pursuet, towke the tendre demoisel, and after I had examynede hir, to Dover ther to the maire to sett hir in sum cage or prison for eight daies: and I browght holy father Abbot to Canterbury, and here in Christes church I will leve him in prison. "To tell you," he continues, "all this commodie, but for the Abbot a tragedie, it were too long. Now hit shalle appere to gentilmen of this contrey and other the comons, that ye shall not deprive or visite but upon substanciall groundes.'"³

In this sentiment our readers, we doubt not, will concur. He attributes the idea of making that sudden visitation to Divine inspiration, confessing that he had rather expected to find a woman of that description among the canons, than in the very chamber of the abbot himself. Even the monks in the Charter House, in London, who were of all the orders the most obsti-

¹ Letters, page 58.² P. 85.³ Letter 33, p. 76.

nate in opposing the measures of Henry, lived more or less in contradiction to their rule.

‘These Charterhouse monks would be called solitary; but to the cloister door thereby above twenty-four keys, in the hands of twenty-four persons, and it is like in letters, unprofytable tales and tidings, and sometime perverse counsell cometh and goeth by reason thereof.’¹

There is certainly one thing to be urged in extenuation of the immoral clergy of those days, though the excuse, of course, cannot apply to the members of the religious houses. The King was entirely opposed to the marriage of the clergy. Letter 78, from Tyrrell to Cromwell, relates that the Vicar of Mendyllsham had, at Pentecost, ‘brought home his woman and children into ‘his vicarage, declaring how he is married unto her,’ and begging to know what should be done ‘for the reformation off his ‘open crime, whyche is abomynable in the jugement off the lay ‘people.’ The next letter, apparently from the same person, informs Cromwell of his marriage; and whilst he slips in the argument for the marriage of the clergy, that it would make them ‘dubbyll and dubbyll faythefull’ to the crown—‘furste ‘yn love, secondly for fear that the byschoppe of Rome should ‘sette yn hys powre unto their desolacion’—it is amusing to see in what a hurry the author was to comply with the royal and popular feeling; in obedience to which (and to an order from the King in Council) he immediately sent ‘the woman’ to her friends sixty miles off.

These were, however, by no means the only kind of evil that was to be found in the religious houses. The monks of Pershore spent their time in cards, dice, tables, and debauchery;² and the Abbot of Rievaulx was in other respects as unworthy his post.

‘All the country maketh exclamations of this Abbot of Rievaulx, upon his abominable lying and extortions by him committed, also many wrongs to divers miserable persons done, which evidently doth appear by bills corroborate to be true, with their oathes corporal in the presence of the commissioners and the said abbot taken, and upon the same sixteen witnesses examined, affirming their exclamations to be true.’³

The Abbot of Fountains was convicted of still stranger crimes; viz. theft and sacrilege. ‘At midnight,’ as Layton and Legh wrote to Cromwell,

‘Caused his chaplain to steal the sexton’s keys, and took out a jewell, a cross of gold with stones. One Warren, a goldsmith of the Chepe, was with him in his chamber at that hour, and there they stole out a great emerald with a ruby; the said Warren made the Abbot believe the ruby to be but a garnet, and so for that he paid nothing, for the emerald but 20*l*. He sold him also then plate without weight or ounces: how much the Abbot, therefore,

¹ Letter 20, p. 67.

² Ibid 60, p. 138.

³ Ibid 26, p. 62.

therein was deceived he cannot tell, for the truth is he was a very fool, and a miserable idiot. We pronounced him perjured, and willed him to shew us a cause why he ought not of right and justs to be deprived, and rehearsed and read unto him his own rule, which deprived him for the premises, with other many his transgressions more, which were too long to write. He could not deny but that by those his own rules he ought to be deprived, if there had been no other law made or written for deprivation; and for a conclusion he hath resigned privily into our hands, no man thereof yet knowing. We have accepted and admitted his resignation, *et declaravimus monasterium jam esse vacans*, and suffereth him to minister in all things (for the avoidance of suspicion), even as he did before, till we know your further pleasure. There is never a monk in that house meet for that room.¹

The truth of the character here given of the abbot few will be disposed to deny or question. But now follows a little jobbing, of what we should call a Simoniacal nature, for the appointment for his successor.

'If the Earl of Cumberland knew that it was void, he would make all labour he could possible for the cellarer there, which I ensure you is not meet, therefore, for such causes as I know ye will allow, when I shall declare them unto you. There is a monk of the house called Marmaduke the wisest monk within England of that coat and well learned, twenty years officer and ruler of all that house, a wealthy fellow, which will give you six hundred marks to make him abbot there, and pay you immediately after the election, without delay or respite; at one payment, and as I suppose without much borrowing. The first fruits to the king is a thousand pounds, which he with his policy will pay within three years, and owe no man therefore one groat, as he saith, and his reason therein is very apparent. If ye have not therefore provided or promised such a room for any other your friends, this man we think were meet both for the king's honour, and for the discharge of your conscience, and the profit of house; and I am sure all the abbots of his religion will think him a right apt man thereunto, and the most meet of any other.'²

The Abbot of Bury S. Edmunds hardly lived according to the example of his predecessor, Samson; and it is, perhaps, on the whole, well for his credit that there was no Chaplain Jocelin to relate his life.

'As for the Abbot, we found nothing suspect as touching his living, but it was detected that he lay much forth in his granges, that he delighted much in playing at dice and cards, and therein spent much money, and in building for his pleasure. He did not preach openly. Also that he converted divers farms into copyholds, whereof poor men doth complain. Also he seemed to be addict to the maintaining of such superstitious ceremonies as hath been used heretofore.'³

This abbey had become very rich.

'Pleaseth it your lordship to be advertised, that we have been at St. Edmund's Bury, where we found a rich shrine which was very cumbrous to

¹ Letter 47, pp. 100, 101.

² Ibid.

³ John ap. Rice to Cromwell. Letter 38, p. 85.

deface. We have taken in the said monastery in gold and silver five thousand marks, and above, over, and besides, a well and rich cross with emeralds, as also divers and sundry stones of great value, and yet we have left the church, abbot, and convent very well furnished with plate of silver necessary for the same.¹

The same was also the case with the convent of Glastonbury² and many others.

We are glad to find, among the many instances of profligate monks, one at least of an opposite character. Had all the monasteries produced superiors as blameless of life as the aged Abbot of Faversham, they might perhaps have remained to this day. He is writing to beg a continuance of his house and office:—

‘If the chief office and profession of an Abbot be (as I have ever taken it), to live chaste and solitarily, to be separate from the intermeddling of worldly things, to serve God quietly, to distribute his faculties in refreshing of poor indigent persons, to have a vigilant eye to the good order and rule of his house and the flock to him committed in God, I trust your favour and benevolence obtained (whereof I right humbly require you), I myself may and am as well able yet now to supply and continue those parts, as ever I was in all my life, as concerning the sufficiency of mine own person.’³

Many of the nuns were no better in life than the monks;⁴ but there were honourable exceptions, like the Abbot of Faversham, among them also. Such was the Abbess of Godstow, who challenges inquiry into her past life.

‘In my office I trust I have done the best in my power to the maintenance of God’s true honour, with all truth and obedience to the king’s majesty.’⁵

And with much natural pathos implores the aid of Cromwell against Dr. London and his ‘greate rowte.’ Of the same good cast were the prioress and nuns of Lekeburn, in Lincolnshire:⁶ and the Abbess of the Nunnery of Delapré, in Northamptonshire. The following provision was made for the last named,

‘And forasmuch as I found that late abbess so conformable, and the house in so good state, considering divers grave charges she hath be att, I did assign unto her for her comfort in her great age the fourth part of the sheep, viz., fivescore, a certain of every kind of grain, a certain of every sort of the cattle, whereof I found praty store, and likewise of the stuff and implements, beseeching your lordship to ratify the same, and to be good lord to her and to her poor sisters in their pensions.’⁷

But the allowance made to those who left their convents was both meagre and paid with difficulty.⁸

But now comes the question of what is to be done with those

¹ Commissioners to Cromwell.

² Letter 48, p. 104.

³ Ibid 112, p. 230.

⁷ Ibid 114, p. 233.

² Letter 127, p. 257.

⁴ See Letters 42, p. 91, and 45, p. 97.

⁶ Ibid 5, p. 116.

⁸ Ibid 22, p. 56.

abbots or priors who refused to surrender their houses? The editor of this volume has a very pertinent remark on the subject:

“Several of the abbots,” he says, “who were stubborn in refusing surrender, or who thwarted the king’s measures, or disobeyed his arbitrary commands, were on one charge or other indicted for high treason, and brought to the block, or to the gallows, which helped to strike terror into the others.”—P. 254.

His words are quite borne out by the case which he gives at length, of Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury; and it certainly is a very grievous blot on the proceedings of the crown. Abbot Whiting would not resign his house. Like the Abbot of S. Albans, ‘he contynued allweys one man, and waxed hourly ‘more obstinate and less conformable.’ So the commissioners had him to the tower of the abbey, ‘being but a very weak man and sickly.’ They then proceeded to his trial and the suppression of the monastery. They informed Cromwell of the contents of the abbey, which were, certain articles of plate, and 300*l.* in money. There were living in it three Bachelors of Divinity, ‘which were but meanly learned.’ They soon after announced the discovery of much more money and plate, ‘muryde up in ‘wallis, vaultis, and other secrette placis, as well by the abbott ‘as other of the conventt, and also convaide to diverse placis in ‘the cuntrye;’ and ‘they do suppose daily to increase in plate ‘and other goodis, by false knaves conveyde,’ and the ‘detection ‘of dyvers and sundrye treasons’ committed and done by the ‘Abbot of Glastonbury.’ The result was, that he was arraigned for the robbing of Glastonbury church, and the next day executed on Tor Hill, near Glastonbury, with two of his monks. ‘He wente,’ says Pollard to Cromwell—

‘From Wellys to Glastonbury, and there was drawyn thorow the towne upon a hurdyll to the hyl, callyd the Torre, wheare he was put into execution, taking his death very patiently.’

His remains were not allowed Christian burial, but the head was struck off, and the body divided into four parts, of which one part was exposed at Wells, another at Bath, the third at Ilchester, and the last at Bridgewater.¹ It is impossible to justify a trial conducted in such indecent haste, where the accused had no time or means allowed him to plead, and where his enemies were his judges; and it is little to be wondered at that his death should have had a profound effect on the neighbourhood, and his name have been long held in remembrance—if, indeed, it can be said to be forgotten even now. The editor

¹ Letters 129, 130.

gives us some doggerel lines, commemorative of the fate both of the abbey and its chief ruler, as in popular use in the seventeenth century. They conclude thus :

‘Tis an ominous thing how this church is abused.
Remember how poor Abbot Whiting was used.’

But whilst there were numerous petitions from laymen, to purchase or have bestowed on them the lands, buildings, or building-materials of the religious houses, it was by no means the intention of the commissioners to give away all the proceeds of the suppression of these houses. Dr. Layton writes to Cromwell, from Oxford, that he had established lectures in Divinity, Moral and Natural Philosophy, Latin and Greek, in six of the colleges, and had directed that such as were too poor to support public lectures should compel their men to ‘frequent and have ‘dayly concourse unto the saide lectures.’¹ And at the close of the volume we have a draft, partly, we are told by the editor, in Henry’s own hand, of several new bishopricks which it was his purpose to found out of the monastic revenues, and of which six were afterwards actually founded. Five of these were till lately in existence, viz. Peterborough, the last abbot of which was the first bishop; Chester, Oxford, Bristol, and Gloucester. The see last named had for its first bishop John Wakeman, previously Abbot of Tewkesbury.

We here take leave of these instructive volumes. We have been able, indeed, to call the attention of our readers to but a very small portion of the vast number published by the Society. Our choice in those which we have made the subject of our remarks has been influenced by a wish not to give a thorough review of their contents (for even that, in our limited space, would have been impossible), but to show by the selection of a few here and there, which give occasional glimpses of the condition of the Church and State, and afford something of an illustration of, if not a key to, some of the great movements in each, what sources of thought and information the labour of a few individuals is offering to the public; and that, among the works issued by the Society, there are some at least which will amply repay perusal, even though couched in an antiquated dialect, or a semi-barbarous language.

¹ Letter 30, p. 70.

ART. II.—*History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I—IV. London: John W. Parker & Son, West-Strand. Second Edition. 1857-8.

THERE are two methods of writing history which are entirely of modern growth. We will call them respectively the philosophical and the hero-worshipping style; the former is, perhaps, only a natural development which is necessarily attendant on a largely-increased accumulation of historical facts, and a corresponding cultivation of intellectual power; the other, we think, more nearly resembles a *lusus naturæ*, being not so much dependent on laws that can be traced, as owing its existence to the accident of having been adopted by an individual writer. Accordingly, writers of the philosophical school form a class, or, indeed, it may be said, many classes, whilst the hero-worshipping writers of history are to be counted as so many separate units. Philosophical writers of history, of one kind or another, have existed almost from the earliest times. It is only necessary to mention Thucydides as distinguished from Herodotus, and Tacitus in contrast with Livy, as instances in point. Both Thucydides and Tacitus knew something about human nature, as any one might judge, if only from their utter carelessness about displaying their knowledge; both also understood something of political science, and both are entitled, in contrast with other historians of their time, to be called philosophical writers; and certainly history, without some such relief as this, must be considered a dull study; neither if writers of history had always made their philosophy subordinate to their facts, should we have any ground for complaint against them on the score of interspersing a dull routine of facts with remarks tending to apportion the value of the different transactions they narrate, their relation to each other, and their general bearings upon political and social science. But this kind of thing has been immensely overdone, and we must own to a feeling of disgust at both of these classes of writers which we are alluding to. If the events of the last few years had been ever so ambiguously predicted, we might have thought more highly of the *Inde tibi tuæque reipublicæ quod imitere capias*; but as we do not find that, in point of fact, the most accomplished readers of history are

able to predict the future, so we must be allowed to express a misgiving as to the depth of those writers who set themselves to prove that all things have happened just as they ought to have happened. M. Guizot will occur to most of our readers as an instance of the philosophical school of historians, and we may speak of him as one of the best specimens of the type. He was so completely a statesman, and possessed so many qualities of mind to check and counteract the tendency to run wild in philosophising, that his views are always valuable and instructive, even when his readers may not precisely accord with his sentiments; but let any attentive reader go through his 'History of the Times of Charles the First and the Protectorate,' and he will see how entirely he was absorbed by the one idea of the inevitableness of every thing that happened. We shall be curious to see how far this writer will be led away by the same idea, in narrating the circumstances of his own life, and whether the coming volumes of the 'Memoirs of my own Time' will attempt, on philosophical grounds, to show that his own banishment from political life was the inevitable result of circumstances. What writers of this stamp have more or less ignored, viz. the influence of what we may call *accidents* on the fate of history, a recent writer, who has pushed the philosophical mode of composition to its extreme development, has boldly and designedly set aside as having no existence, because all things, in his opinion, may be reduced to fixed laws. Mr. Buckle has settled the question, and affirms that the course of history could have been no other than it has been. Let it be remembered that he has also, apparently to his own satisfaction, settled the deep questions which have remained for so many hundred years without the slightest approximation to a solution; viz. the doctrines of fatalism and of responsibility, and the moral government of the universe. He has seen his way further than previous writers of this class; with him the particular is altogether merged in the general, the individual lost sight of in the principle.

The general resemblance of feature between the history of different periods and different countries cannot be denied; the influence of climate, and a thousand other conditions, upon human character, must not be underrated; but history can never be read aright by any one who ignores the freedom of the human will, or what we take leave to call the *accidental* existence at a given moment of certain individuals who turned the course of things. Had Newton never lived, it is certain that astronomical science must have made progress in a somewhat similar mode to that in which it has advanced. How long the discovery of the law of gravitation would have been retarded, we do not know; we only know that it would have been retarded, if

only from this, that when discovered, and all but proved, it failed to gain the assent of philosophers of the day. Similarly, if Napoleon had been cut off in childhood, the course of events of European history would no doubt have somewhat resembled the history of the first half of the nineteenth century; but we think all our readers will agree with us that the modifications would have been neither few nor unimportant. And what we mean to assert is, that after tracing out the general laws which pervade history, and however successful we may have been in exhibiting the similarities of development in different periods, there will always remain a very large residuum of outstanding facts to be accounted for on no general principles, but referable only to the individual and the accidental.

It is this difference that must ever obtain between the historical and the physical. The outstanding facts of physical science are destined some day to be inclosed in more general laws, or in modifications of existing laws, and will give their place to other facts of observation, which, after exhibiting apparent discrepancy, will at last be made to yield their tribute to human ingenuity; but so long as the freedom of the human will is what it is, will the phenomena of history refuse to be included in mathematical formulæ.

There is an opposite error in writing history which is even of more recent growth than the philosophising spirit of which we have been speaking. It is, perhaps, scarcely so dangerous an extreme as the other; for though the attempt to philosophise may carry with it those who are unable to see far into principles, or disentangle fallacies of argument, yet the writing up an individual hero is sure to be seen through in the long run, by any ordinary person who accustoms himself to judge of characters for himself. The most remarkable instance of this style of writing is, or we should rather say was, Lord Macaulay's panegyric of William the Third. From such authorship we admit that we do not expect any permanent ill results. All people are judges, or at least fancy themselves able to judge, of individual character; and if people have been deceived into an undue admiration of the conduct or the talents of the hero of the story, it is tolerably certain that a reaction will, sooner or later, set in; and, notwithstanding the praise which has been echoed in high quarters of the ability of William of Orange, and the barony which his encomium has earned for his biographer, the next generation will probably recur to the opinions which, within this quarter of a century, were more commonly held of the vulgar Dutch Protestant, to whom the people of this country thought proper to offer the crown matrimonial of Great Britain.

We have said Lord Macaulay was the principal exponent of this system of writing history. And we speak in the past tense, because Mr. Froude has certainly out-Heroded Herod, in his admiration of the hero to whom he devotes himself. A few months ago one would have thought, if there was any sovereign of England more hopeless for any such purpose than another, Henry the Eighth would have been, by universal consent, fixed upon as the tyrant who could not possibly have been held up to the admiration of our countrymen. Yet, strange to say, a tale of wonderful plausibility has been constructed,—and that, too, on the basis of State Papers and original documents of all sorts,—and there is so much of valuable information mixed up with the romance, and so great a display of good writing, that we doubt not many a reader has been inveigled into Mr. Froude's estimate, whether real or professed, of the character of the greatest monster who ever sat on the throne of England.

After having said what we have as to the certainty of public characters finding their proper level, and being estimated tolerably fairly in the long run, it might be thought a superfluous task to attempt to unravel the story which Mr. Froude has so carefully woven together. And, indeed, all we propose to ourselves is to hasten the downfall of the popularity of a work which will last but a very few years at the longest. There are two points which Mr. Froude has undertaken to exhibit: first, the great intellectual power, and force of will with which Henry managed the affairs of the great nation of which he was absolute monarch; secondly, the self-abnegation which prompted him to sacrifice all his own private interests and affections for the good of his darling people. Both these views are in a manner new. No writer has, before Mr. Froude, done justice to Henry's great capacity of government; nor indeed has any historian appeared to appreciate the extraordinary power of will by which he swayed the opinions, or, at least, the actions of all his officers and subordinates. We are told indeed of the strong will of the Tudors, but by far the strongest of them all has had far less credit on this score than he deserved. The inevitable progress of affairs, the spirit of the age, the invention of printing, the diffusion of knowledge, have all been made to play their part in bringing about the mighty changes that were effected in State as well as in Church; yet all these were but the conditions; the sole cause, so to speak, was the stern will and unflinching consistency of Henry the Eighth. This view comes out rather incidentally than as of set purpose in Mr. Froude's volumes. It seems as if it were impossible for those who have had access to original documents, and seen how Henry interlined,

altered, amended, the productions of statesmen and divines,—to dispute either his intellectual power or his industrious devotion to business; but to make a display of him in this light was at least not the primary object of the volumes before us. Nay, in one point of view, it was expedient to understate the amount of the king's individual labours in the cause of his beloved country; and there is evident policy in attributing to others, in conjunction with the king, acts and proceedings, the very defence of which rests mainly on the allegation that parliament, privy counsellors, and archbishops acquiesced in and approved of them. Even our author cannot disguise that some things in Henry's conduct look a little ugly at first sight. And it establishes a very plausible defence if it can be shown that the king was not solitary in his judgment. What people will condemn as solitary in an individual, will appear excusable, or even right and necessary, when many appear to concur in and sanction it. Accordingly, the spirit of self-sacrifice rather than either the intellectual power or the strength of will in Henry's character, must be considered the point, to illustrate which these volumes were principally written; and, omitting any direct allusion, for the present, to the interesting episodes which are interwoven with the plot of the drama, we will follow Mr. Froude along its main current.

Before, however, we enter upon this, we may congratulate Mr. Froude on his entire freedom from the fault which we have been charging on Mr. Buckle. The two styles of writing history of which we have been speaking, it is true, seem somewhat exclusive of each other, if not contradictory; and it could only be by a strange inconsistency that they could appear in one and the same work of any given author. Yet, though we gladly acquit Mr. Froude of inconsistency, on the logical ground that *eodem tempore* is one of the conditions of a perfect contradiction, we may be allowed to congratulate him on the happy inconsistency exhibited between his present work and a previous publication, which ten years ago enjoyed an ephemeral popularity. We mean the 'Shadows of the Clouds,' which, as it appears to us, could scarcely have had any other purpose than to disprove human responsibility, on the ground that circumstances determine human actions; in other words, that human things must happen as they do, the actors in them being the tools of a controlling fate, or an unavoidable destiny. We do not allude to the change of opinion as being at all against Mr. Froude. On the contrary, we think the change is so much from the worse to the better, that an author is really to be congratulated upon it, supposing it to be a real and genuine change. And we have no more reason to question the reality of this

change, than we have to doubt the reality of his belief in the theory which he advocated in the little volume we have been referring to, or the apparent belief in miraculous agency in another anonymous publication, which is usually attributed to the same author, and which appeared in Dr. Newman's series of 'Lives of the Saints.' Certainly, the author who could attribute such momentous consequences to a single step of Margaret of Scotland, cannot be spoken of as undervaluing the influence of an individual will on the course of public events.

'Meanwhile the queen-mother was reaping the harvest of her own folly. There had been a moment when it rested with her to have anticipated the ruin of the kingdoms, and to have coloured (it is impossible to conjecture how deeply) the complexion of their fortunes. Had she played her part, the marriage would have been arranged between James and Mary. An act of Parliament, would have declared them, should no male heir be born to the King, joint inheritors of the two crowns. Then there would have been no divorce of Catharine; for there would have been no object for a divorce. No miserable scandals would have clouded the declining years of Henry. Perhaps there would have been no breach with Rome, and no Reformation in the form which it in fact assumed. On the behaviour of such poor creatures as Margaret, events of so mighty a moment at times depend.'—Vol. iv. p. 43.

We must leave it to the author to reconcile this statement with the opinions expressed elsewhere in these volumes, as to the swelling and uncontrollable tide of reformation.

'Yet still the stream flowed on, caring little for human opposition. To swim with it, or to swim against it, affected little the velocity with which the English world was swept into the new era. The truth stole into men's minds, they knew not how. The king, as we have seen, began to shrink from persecution, and to shelter suspected persons from orthodox cruelty. The Parliament, which would not yet alter the heresy law, tempered the action of it, and was rather contented to retard a movement which threatened to be too wildly precipitate, than attempt any more to arrest it.'—Vol. iv. p. 481.

In the general sentiment which this passage is meant to illustrate, we entirely concur. Before the reader can acquiesce in the truth of the particular instance alleged, he must dispose of the case against Henry's character, which the following pages are mainly intended to elucidate.

The first instance in which the sincerity of Henry's desire to sacrifice himself for the good of his people, is tested, occurs in the divorce of Catharine of Arragon. And here, if implicit credence is to be given to the king's public asseveration, the case is settled. The policy and skill exhibited in Henry's speech before the court, which sat in June, 1529, cannot be called in question; the speech itself has been recorded in all the histories of the period; we need not, therefore, do more than quote a few

important words from it. 'I will in her absence declare unto 'you all, that she hath been to me as *comfortable* a wife as I could wish or desire.' After going on to say, that the miserable state of doubt in which he had for years past been labouring, was first suggested by the ambassador of the French king, who, as he alleged, thought the legitimacy of his daughter Mary a matter of question, he craftily alluded to the disastrous consequences of the doubtful succession, if he should not have an heir male (the apparent sincerity of the admission that this consideration had some little additional weight in the prosecution of the cause is quite charming). Then follows the repeated assertion, 'that I thought it good therefore, in relief 'of the weighty burden of scrupulous conscience, and the quiet 'estate of the whole realm, to attempt the law therein, and 'whether I might take another wife, in case that my first 'copulation with this gentlewoman was not lawful; which I 'intend not for any carnal concupiscence, nor for any displeasure or mislike of the queen's person or age, with whom I 'could be as well content to continue during my life, if our 'marriage may stand with God's laws, as with any woman 'alive.' We must make one more extract from the speech made by the king a few months previously, to Cardinal Campeggio and a concourse of the nobility assembled at Bridewell. The consistency of this speech with the other is most remarkable. We only concern ourselves with the following passage: 'And, as touching the queen, if it be adjudged by the law of 'God that she is my lawful wife, there was never thing more 'pleasant nor more acceptable to me in my life, both for the 'discharge and clearing of my conscience, as also from the good 'qualities and conditions the which I know to be in her. For 'I assure you all that she is a woman of most gentleness of mind, humility, and buxomness; yea, of all good 'qualities appertaining to nobility. She is without comparison, 'as I these twenty years almost have had the true experiment, 'so that if I were to marry again, if the marriage might be 'good, I would surely choose her above all other women.' The date of this speech is October, 1528, that of the speech from which the preceding extract was made, is June of the following year. The dates are, in this instance, important, as will appear by the sequel.

Nothing certainly could be more reasonable, or creditable to the king, supposing him honest and sincere, than these speeches; but most people know enough of history to be sure that the speeches of kings are not always to be trusted. In the private letters which pass between individuals, there is a better chance of getting at the secret motives and mainsprings of

action. Indeed, evidence of this kind, especially where the letters were not intended to be divulged, is perhaps the best historical evidence that can be produced. Let us see what is producible in the matter of the divorce of Catharine of Arragon. We do not profess to be able to bring forth much that is new; but shall quote for the most part from documents which have long been before the public, and which are entitled to as much consideration as the new records to which Mr. Froude seems almost exclusively to have devoted himself.

In the first place, then, we refer our readers to the second despatch of Cardinal Wolsey, to Sir Gregory de Casale. It is not printed in Burnet's or Strype's Collections, perhaps because it did not altogether suit their purpose, but it is alluded to in the first despatch which Burnet published, and which we believe exists nowhere else in print, except in the Collection of Records, to the first part of his 'History of the Reformation,' p. 11. These despatches are unfortunately in Latin. The second of these, which was printed from the State Paper Office, is in the State Papers of King Henry the Eighth's reign (vol. vii. p. 18.) It is difficult, and for our present purpose unnecessary, precisely to estimate the conduct of Wolsey throughout this affair. One thing is certain, that he was privy to the king's secret wishes; and, as far as any person could be, was acquainted with the motives which prompted his conduct; and, though we have it not in Henry's own hand-writing, yet the evidence is as good as if we had the king's own expression of his intention. 'In hac præterea re,' says Wolsey, 'nonnulla sunt secreta Sanctissimo Domino Nostro secreto exponenda, et non credenda scriptis: quas ob causas, morbosque nonnullos, quibus absque remedio Regina laborat, et ob conceptum etiam animi scrupulum Regia Majestas nec potest nec vult ullo unquam posthac tempore illa uti, vel ut uxorem admittere, quodcunque evenierit.' 'There are, moreover, certain things to be privately explained to his holiness, which may not be committed to paper; also certain irremediable diseases which the queen labours under, on account of which, as well as on the score of his Majesty's scruple of conscience, he neither can nor will ever again live with her as his wife, whatever may be the issue of the case.' The date of this letter is December 6, 1527, nearly two years prior to the twice repeated solemn declaration of the king, that he would, if free to choose, fix upon Catharine for his wife before any other person in the world.

We have preferred quoting this passage from Wolsey's despatch, because of the date, which we repeat is December 6, 1527; but lest it should be thought a mere invention of Wolsey's, we will quote a few words from a despatch of the

king, of December, 1528, (State Papers, vol. vii. p. 128), where Knight and his colleagues are commissioned 'to say plainly 'unto his holiness, that this the king's desire and intent *convolare ad secundas nuptias non patitur negativum* . . . and that all 'the calculation to the contrary shall be thought vain and frustratory.' In another set of instructions, (ibid. p. 136), they are required to say of the queen, 'whose body his grace from 'marvellous great and secret respects is utterly resolved and 'determined never to use.' The date of this is December 1, 1529. Now these extracts contain an avowal on Henry's part, consistently persevered in for two years, *i.e.* from the end of 1527 to 1529, to abstain from cohabitation with Catharine.

We are indebted to Mr. Froude himself for pointing attention to this document, but must express our unfeigned astonishment that he should quote it in evidence of Henry's desire of straightforward dealing, both in himself and all parties concerned. In the analysis given by the editor of the State Papers, the commencement of this document is accurately described thus:— 'They are to induce the pope to pronounce against the pretended brief found in Spain;' and the whole sum of the instructions is that of an imperious tyrant, whose purpose is to force the pope to use all the power vested in him (of the extent of which power the writer is evidently uncertain) 'in deciding in 'Henry's favour.' It assigns all the arguments for the invalidity of the brief, and all the advantages which will accrue from its being declared not authentic; it goes on to advance that the pope shall be made to promise to give sentence in the king's favour, and for the king's purpose, within three months at the furthest; and, if nothing better could be obtained, that they should procure a dispensation for the king to marry again, if the queen could be induced to 'enter religion,' *i.e.* to take the vows of chastity; and if there should be any difficulty on the queen's part, to ascertain whether the pope would dispense with Henry's vows of chastity, if the queen should undertake to enter religion, upon the king's promise to do the same; and, this failing, whether the pope could be urged to grant an absolute dispensation to have two wives, so as to legitimate the children of both marriages, 'whereof some great reasons and 'precedents, specially of the Old Testament, appear,' (p. 136.) Finally, they were instructed to say, that 'whatever shall be 'found of bull or brief, or otherwise, the king's highness findeth 'his conscience so unquieted, his succession in such danger, 'and his most royal person in such perplexity, for things 'unknown and not to be spoken, that other remedy there is not 'but his grace to come, by one way or other, and specially at 'his hands, if it may be to the desired end, and that all the

'concertacion to the contrary, shall be thing vain and frustatory.'

The case against the king seems tolerably complete; but, that nothing may be wanting, we will quote another extract or two from Henry's letters to Anne Boleyn. The originals of these letters are preserved in the Vatican, and they have frequently been printed. They are without date, but the arrangement and the dates have been fixed beyond all possibility of doubt, by Dr. Lingard, in his history. In the autumn of 1527, he writes, 'And seeing my darling is absent I can no less do than send her some flesh, representing my name, which is hart's flesh for Henry, prognosticating that hereafter, God willing, you must enjoy some of mine, which if he pleased I would were now.' Three or four months later he concludes his letter thus, 'Wishing myself (specially an evening) in my sweetheart's arms, whose * * * I trust shortly to cusse.' In September, 1528, we find him making use of the expression, 'No more to you at the present, mine own darling, for lack of time, but that I would you were in mine arms, or I in yours, for I think it long since I kisst you.'

And now we ask any unprejudiced reader to judge for himself, whether he can agree with Mr. Sharon Turner's view of these letters being delicate and respectful. To us they appear to prove almost to a demonstration, that Anne had allowed the king every liberty, short of actual sexual intercourse. We may say, by the way, that they seem to us to prove also that matters had not gone so far as this. To this we shall have an opportunity of recurring; for the present we are only concerned with the matter of Henry's consistency and honesty, his self-sacrifice, and single view to the good of his people. It was with the same view, we suppose, that whilst this was going on, and the sweating sickness raging all around him, he was receiving the Holy Communion every Sunday and festival.

We perhaps owe some apology to the reader for quoting these passages. Dr. Lingard alludes to one of these letters, and says that it concludes with expressions too indelicate to transcribe. Our object being to enable the reader to judge for himself of the professions of the king, we have felt that it was impossible to omit them.

These letters seem to be much less known than they ought to be; the reason of this probably is, that it has not been thought worth while to bring forward evidence of such a kind, in a case where, as it might have been thought, the world had pronounced

¹ We have been obliged to omit the expression here, as not being fit to appear in print.

its unalterable judgment. Now that there seems to be some danger of that judgment being rescinded, there is an increased importance attached to them, and perhaps a short account of them may be acceptable to our readers, if only with the view of precluding any argument that may be alleged against their authenticity. They have been lodged in the Vatican library for more than a hundred and eighty years, for Burnet saw them there in 1685. (See his 'Travels,' Letter 4, p. 227). He says, 'When it appeared that I was come from England, King Henry the Eighth's Book of the Seven Sacraments, with an inscription written upon it with his own hand, to Pope Leo the Tenth, was showed me, together with a collection of some letters that he had writ to Anne Boleyn, of which some are in English and some in French. I, that knew his hand well, saw clearly that they were no forgeries.' The letters were first printed in London, in 1714, with the title 'Lettres d'Amour du Roi Henri à Anne Boleyn,' and they have been subsequently reprinted several times. A minute description of them is given in the twenty-first volume of the 'Pamphleteer,' (p. 329), and a fac-simile of the commencements, as well as of the signatures, appears in the same volume (pp. 346-7). Henry's handwriting is so peculiar and illegible, that it would be recognised at the first glance by any one acquainted with it. And there is no difficulty in getting access to genuine specimens of his handwriting, as numerous documents exist in the Cotton Collection, written either wholly or in part in the king's hand. Indeed, the theological papers, interlined and altered by him, are well known to all editors and writers who have been concerned in the history of that period.

These papers are amongst the Codices Vaticani (No. 3731), and are signed H. R., with the exception of three in which the signature is Henry R., but are without any date of the month or year. There is no actual account of the mode in which these letters were deposited in the Vatican, but they may nevertheless be identified by the following account given by Lord Herbert. He tells us, (See Kennett's 'History of England', vol. ii. ed. 1719), that Cardinal Campeggio was dismissed in October, 1529, and was conducted honourably to the sea-side, where he expected only a fair wind; 'but when he came to take ship, the searchers, upon pretence he carried either money or letters from England to Rome, ransacked all his coffers, bags, and papers, not without hope certainly to discover that decretal bull our king so much longed for. I find also (by some relation) that divers love-letters, betwixt our king and Mrs. Boleyn, being conveyed out of the king's cabinet, were sought for, though in vain, they having been formerly sent to Rome.'

This passage from Herbert was probably taken from Hall, who says (fol. 183), 'Campeggio took his journey towards the sea-side, where the king's counsel caused his chest and carriages to be opened, to see what letters the Cardinal of York had sent to the court of Rome, and there were but few letters found, for they were sent before by post.' The only other contemporary account of the matter, that we are aware of, is that of Cavendish, who, in his life of Wolsey, speaks of the search made into the baggage of Campeggio. Fuller's account, which of course is second-hand is, that 'The papists tell us that Cardinal Campeggio sent over before him some amatorious letters, which passed, written with the king's own hand, betwixt him and his dear Nan, as he termed her. These are said to import more familiarity than chastity between them, and are carefully kept and solemnly shewn in the Vatican, to strangers especially of the English nation, though some suspect them to be forged. For though the king had wantonness to write such letters, yet Anne Boleyn had wit and wariness too much to part with them. In a word, so cunning was she in her chastity, that the further she put him from her, the nearer she fastened his affections to her.' ('Church History,' lib. v. p. 175, ed. 1656).

This is the first instance, and one which we think quite settles the question, as to whether Henry, in procuring a divorce from Catharine of Arragon, and marrying Anne Boleyn, was solely or mainly actuated by a love for his people.

Perhaps our readers will think that the facts which we have detailed will go some way towards disproving another of Mr. Froude's allegations concerning the hero of his romance. This author is bold enough to institute a defence of the king from the charge of impurity. It is true that Henry's excesses were moderate compared with those of many others, both of his predecessors and successors on the English throne, and will contrast favourably, perhaps, with the vicious conduct of some of his contemporary monarchs. It is, too, a lucky defence, if it can be established, for the charge of impurity is so mixed up with that of cruelty and brutality in this case, that a successful rebutting of the one will in many minds carry with it a refutation of the other. It may be worth while, therefore, to say a few words on this subject, before we proceed to notice transactions which belong to a later period of his reign. We have already said that we think the letters which passed between Henry and Anne, at the close of the year 1527 and commencement of 1528, seem to us clearly to prove that criminal intercourse had not yet taken place between the parties. How far this may have been due to Anne Boleyn's chastity or policy, may be a matter of opinion; but Henry's married life had

certainly not been so free from blemish as to warrant the conclusion that he would have been scrupulous, even if we had not the distinct assertion of Cardinal Pole, that he had made improper overtures to the lady and that they had been rejected. It must not be forgotten that Henry duke of Richmond, his natural son by Lady Talboys, was born in the year 1518, nine years after his marriage with Catharine. This fact disposes of the view taken by Roman Catholic writers, that Henry lived a godly and virtuous life till his rupture with the see of Rome. Whatever were the demerits of that step, the king's deflection from the path of right had begun some years previously. Nor is this to be regarded as a single instance of unfaithfulness on the part of Henry. Mr. Froude is obliged to throw overboard Cardinal Pole's assertion, because, if admitted, it damages his case most materially. He tells us (p. 104) that 'Though the marriage was dictated by political convenience, Henry was faithful, with but one exception, to his wife's bed—no slight honour to him, if he is measured by the average royal standard in such matters.' The author, reasonably enough, objects to the evidence of Fox and Sanders being admitted; the one was a lying Protestant, the other a lying Catholic; and to say more about either is only like a vain attempt to slay the slain. No one who knows anything of the history of the period would think of taking any statement from either, unless substantiated by some other less prejudiced witness; but we think Mr. Froude would have acted more wisely if, being unable to suppress, he had more effectually concealed, his hatred of Cardinal Pole, perhaps the greatest and best man in Christendom. If Cardinal Pole is to be believed,—and we cannot stop here to weigh the evidence for the character of this great prelate,—Henry had been engaged in an illicit connexion with Mary, the elder sister of Anne Boleyn. Pole repeatedly asserts the fact, and as there is no other extant authority, its credit must rest upon his veracity. To us it appears certain that Pole would never have been guilty of asserting any such accusation, unless he had not only believed it, but had certainly known it. However, we do not wish to insist upon a point which cannot be proved, and the story must go for what it is worth. Moreover, it must not be omitted that there was a bull of dispensation drawn up in England and sent to Rome, for Knight to obtain the signature of the pontiff to it. It was most carefully worded, and contained a dispensation for Henry, in case a divorce should be pronounced, to marry any other woman, even if she had contracted marriage with some other person, provided it were not consummated, though she were related to the king in the first degree of affinity, either by lawful or unlawful intercourse,

excepting always the widow of his late brother. The only possible explanation of these words rest on Henry's wish to marry Anne Boleyn, who had been previously contracted to Lord Percy, and whose sister, Mary, he had, as Cardinal Pole accuses him, violated. 'Etiamsi illa tibi alias secundo aut 'remotiore consanguinitatis aut *primo affinitatis gradu*, etiam 'ex quocumque licito seu illicito coitu proveniente, invicem 'conjuncta sit, dummodo relicta fratris tui non fuerit.' (Herbert, p. 294. al. 118.)

If additional evidence were wanted on a point which to ourselves, we confess, is as clear as daylight, it will be found in the statute of 28 Henry VIII., referred to by Dr. Lingard (p. 395). This author seems to us to have proved, as far as such matters are capable of proof, that the confession which was extracted from Anne Boleyn of the connexion between Henry and her sister, was made the ground of the dissolution of her marriage with the king.

The sort of intercourse that existed between Henry and Anne, at the time of his protestation of love for Catharine, we have already pointed out. As to the extent to which this intimacy was carried between the years 1528 and 1533, when the marriage took place, it is impossible to speak certainly. In such matters there can scarcely be more than circumstantial evidence, and we must ask our readers to distinguish between what is certain and what is only inferential. What we have already alleged disposes once for all of the question of Henry's character for honesty and consistency; and we think we have effectually disproved the audacious assertion of Mr. Froude (p. 108), that 'hypocrisy was not among his faults.' It is, however, scarcely credible that Anne resisted the king's importunities till the time of their marriage. Dr. Lingard's very sensible view of the matter would, we feel sure, commend itself to every candid reader, if he had not unfortunately betrayed his prejudices here, as sometimes elsewhere, by overstating the matter.

'The charge of cohabitation,' he says (vol. vi. p. 188), 'has given offence. Yet if there were no other authority, the very case itself would justify it. A young woman of one-and-twenty listens to declarations of love from a married man, who has already seduced her sister; and, on his promise to abstain from his wife and to marry her, she quits her parental home, and consents to live with him under the same roof, where for three years she is constantly in his company at meals, in his journeys, on occasions of ceremony, and at parties of pleasure. Can it betray any great want of candour to dispute the innocence of such intimacy between the two lovers?'

We are ourselves entirely persuaded of the truth of Dr. Lin-

gard's view, that Henry's patience may mainly be accounted for by the infecundity of Anne; nay, we ask any candid reader to consider what judgment the world in general would pronounce as to the chastity of a lady who lived, in the way in which it is admitted Anne Boleyn did live, who received such letters as those from which we have made extracts, whose marriage was solemnized secretly on January 25, and whose child was born September 7, and the date of whose marriage was given out and commonly believed to be November 14th. All the historians of the period, with the single exception of Stow, we believe, assign November 14 for the day of the ceremony, and the true date, January 25, has only been settled, so great was the uncertainty of the matter, in the present century. We ask is any view more probable than that Henry, in his anxiety for a legitimate male heir, should wait till Anne's pregnancy was as well ascertained as could be, should then marry as soon as possible to save appearances, and should have the ceremony performed secretly, in order to persuade people that everything was correct. The difference between Henry and other princes who were notorious profligates, seems to have been simply this, that the English monarch was perhaps satisfied with a single mistress at a time. In estimating the king's conduct in these particulars, it is not to be forgotten that Anne Boleyn was executed May 19, 1536, and the king married to Jane Seymour May 20th of the same year. Another element in the estimation of Henry's physical coldness will be found in the well-known story of Anne's reproaching him for having her maid of honour, Jane Seymour, sitting upon his knee. We suppose it will scarcely be maintained that it was necessary for the good of the nation that Henry should be familiar with the maids of honour at his court, before Anne's infidelity was even suspected, however disposed any one may be to look upon the execution of Anne and the marriage with Jane as an accidental combination of circumstances. This particular incident in the intimacy which existed between Henry and Jane Seymour may possibly be apocryphal: we do not wish to attach undue weight to such a trifling circumstance; but we would ask our readers to read the touching letter from Anne to the king, written from her prison, not a fortnight before her execution, when she implores the king to grant her a fair trial, adding, 'so that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some

'good while since have pointed unto; your Grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein.' The letter, which may be seen in Burnet's Collection of Records (vol. i. p. 154), is perhaps the best plea that could be put in for the acquittal of the writer. Doubtful as we feel about the verdict we should have to pronounce, we think the internal evidence of the letter would weigh more than anything we know of in favour of Anne Boleyn's innocence of the crime of adultery. Her guilt or innocence is a material point in the evidence upon which we should have to sum up the character of Henry the Eighth. And it is not surprising that Mr. Froude should appear to be a full believer in her guilt; neither have we any right to find fault with him for taking this view, because we ourselves incline to the opposite. Her early life shows what she was capable of, and, dangerous as might be the indulgence of the vicious inclinations from which it is impossible to consider her as exempt, it is well known how little sensuality of this kind is generally influenced by fear of consequences or considerations of policy. However, we must be content to leave the case in that impenetrable darkness which will never now be removed, and content ourselves with the verdict allowable in Scotch law, of *Not proven*. We must return to the point of Henry's honesty, straightforwardness, and disinterestedness in the affair of the divorce.

Mr. Froude observes of the king, with ludicrous *naïveté*, that 'Henry's peculiar temper never allowed him to believe beforehand that a way which he had chosen could lead to any conclusion except that to which he had arranged it should lead.' We think we have shown that he had arranged that the negotiations, in the matter of Catharine of Arragon, were to issue in a marriage with Anne Boleyn. The mode in which this was compassed does not meet with his full sympathy. He is content to admit what Burnet, in the teeth of evidence which he himself produces, ventures to deny—viz., that the opinions of the foreign universities were obtained by bribery. It is impossible to conceal the fact, for a quantity of evidence, beyond what was known in Burnet's time, may be adduced in confirmation of it. However, Mr. Froude is content upon it to admit that the king made a mistake of policy, and is only too happy to insist on the fact that the persons bribed are ecclesiastics; for the corrupt state of the Church at large, and in particular the Church in this country, and the clergy, as contrasted with the frank, loyal, honest, upright conduct of the laity, is another of the points made in these volumes, and is perhaps the most transparently fallacious conclusion at which the author has arrived. It is seldom we have to notice inaccuracies of fact in our historian, but he might have maintained his charge of being a pluralist against Cardinal Wolsey, without making him hold

the bishoprics of Winchester and Durham simultaneously. The mistake is so trifling that it would have been scarcely worth the noticing, if it were not for the *animus* which it displays, and also because it shows that Mr. Froude has not examined previously printed documents as exactly as he professes to have done the new materials supplied to him. The *exchange* of the see of Durham for that of Winchester is a point frequently alluded to in Wolsey's correspondence. But, to return to the bribes; not only were the opinions of the foreign universities gained in this way, but the consent of the heads of colleges of Oxford is made to represent the opinion of the University, as expressed in Convocation, though it was certain, such was the spirit of the younger Masters of Arts, that the decision would have been rejected by them. Similar disgraceful proceedings were enacted at Cambridge, as may be seen in Burnet's 'Collection of Records.' But there is one very curious fact, that we do not think has ever been noticed by historians, that the book in which these 'Censuræ' of foreign universities was first printed, was prepared and printed before the 'Censuræ' themselves were obtained. Any one who will examine the extant copies will be able to discover this, for the date is on the last page, April, 1530; whereas the opinions, which were all given subsequently to that date, are printed as a preface on two sheets, which may be distinguished from the others by the small letters at the foot of the page.

There is another paper preserved amongst the Cotton MSS., the heads only of which were printed by Burnet. It was drawn up by Cranmer, and shows how determined he was to falsify facts in order to get at the desired end. The heads, form number xxxvi. of the Records, appended to the second book of the first part of Burnet's Reformation, with the title, 'An Abstract of the Grounds of the Divorce.' But the proofs, about which Burnet says nothing, and Strype merely observes, that in the original they follow each article, have never been printed, and certainly were never read through by either of these collectors. The Articles are twelve in number, and proceed systematically from the first to the last. The very vehemence of the statements in which they are drawn up, and the care taken to exhaust the case, so that if any one or more of the proofs should be thought insufficient, the case might be rested on the remaining articles, is sufficient evidence how strong the party for the divorce felt the case against them to be. Perhaps this paper is the most damning evidence in existence against Cranmer's character. It has been strangely past over by historians; and this is the more to be wondered at, because it appears to us to throw considerable light upon the disputed question of Mary Boleyn, having been

the King's mistress. We can ourselves imagine no other solution of the mode in which the first six of these articles are worded, than that they were intended to provide for the marriage with Anne as well as for the divorce from Catharine. They are as follows:—

1. The affinity which by the law of nature and of God, does not allow of marriage, and annuls a marriage already contracted, is created only by the nuptial contract.

2. A true and perfect marriage is effected by the mere conjugal contract, and not by carnal knowledge.

3. A man and his wife are made one flesh by the marriage contract only.

4. Affinity, as effected by carnal knowledge, is a mere institution of ecclesiastical law.

5. Such affinity as is spoken of in the last article, is a mere human sanction for prohibiting or annulling a marriage.

6. Carnal knowledge of necessity consummates a marriage.

Now the second and sixth of these articles no doubt are very much to the point of the divorce; the second providing for the possibility of the marriage with Prince Arthur not having been consummated, and the sixth being conclusive, if only the fact could be proved; yet the second, it will be observed, is so worded as to provide for the legitimacy of a marriage of a man with the sister of his previous mistress. The first and third may indeed be interpreted to mean, that the marriage ceremony alone is sufficient to render a marriage true and valid, so as to provide for the supposed case of Catharine having been left a virgin. But the assertion of the fourth and fifth articles have no conceivable reference to the circumstances of Catharine's case, whereas they are exactly in point, if the writer had in view the adjusting such a case as we are supposing between Henry and the two daughters of Sir Thomas Boleyn. The compiler's sense of the weakness of his case is further illustrated in the remaining articles, which, whatever may be thought of their reasonableness or the arguments by which they are supported, have a direct reference to the divorce and to that only. They assert, first, that a marriage may be consummated, and yet the virginity of the wife not be irrecoverably lost; (2), that Catharine was not left a virgin; that there is such evidence of the consummation of the marriage, that Catharine's oath to the contrary could not be admitted as evidence, and that a judge could not allow her to take the oath; and, finally, that the marriage, according to the law of nature and of God, is null and void. The concluding words are worth quoting, *prætensum matrimonium nullum omnino fuisse neque esse posse censemus*, as they show the spirit of the advocate rather than the judge.

Now, if any one will compare this paper with the judgments of the foreign universities before referred to, we think he will agree with us, that there must be some reason why they so closely adhere to the question put to them, whilst the Archbishop's paper is in so many instances wide of the mark. If any better explanation of the case can be given than that he was, under the king's direction, providing for the legitimacy of the coming marriage with Anne Boleyn, we should be glad to see it. We have noticed this paper at greater length than we should otherwise have done, because it appears to have escaped the notice of Dr. Lingard, whose view of the case, which is nearly the same with our own, was formed in ignorance of its testimony.

We have before said, that it is impossible to prove the intrigue with Mary Boleyn. The case will probably be decided one way or the other, according to the preconceived opinions or the wishes of the reader. To disprove it is of the last importance to Mr. Froude's view of the character and conduct of Henry; and we must suppose that the elaborate defence of the position which he maintains, that there was no such criminal intercourse as has been alleged between the king and the elder sister of Anne, implies, if not some misgiving of the truth, at least a due sense of the importance of disposing of the accusation. The appendix to the fourth and last volume, extending over sixteen pages, is wholly occupied with this one subject.

The defence itself is of the most flimsy description, and so illogical that it is difficult not to speak of it as disingenuous. The author especially attacks Dr. Lingard, but can scarcely think he has successfully answered the whole charge. He entirely puts out of sight the possibility of an illicit intercourse between the parties taking place, without being continued any great length of time, or being well known to the world at large, or being capable of proof. And this is exactly the supposition that is most probable. The very pains taken by Cromwell to make Throgmorton eat his own words, looks like a belief on Cromwell's part in the truth of the accusation, or, at least, a fear on the king's part that people should become acquainted with what had actually taken place. That the accusation does not occur in the original letter of Pole to the king proves no more than that Pole, when he wrote it, either did not know it, or prudently abstained from making a charge which he could not prove.

We confess our utter inability to conceive what the fancied inconsistency between this statement and another part of the book, in which Pole insists on the nobility of Henry's character, has to do with the argument in question. Neither do we see

any necessary inconsistency in the cardinal describing Henry as being 'a person of remarkable nobility of character,' though he was aware of flagrant sins, into which he had been at different times betrayed. The author's argument against the words of the breve, which was drawn up in England, allowing the king to marry within the degree of affinity created '*quocunque licito seu illicito coitu,*' would indeed have been much to the point, if the author had shown a single other breve of dispensation in which the same words occur. Neither, of course, did the king wish to inform the pope of what had passed; but merely to secure himself against the possibility of any objection being hereafter taken to his projected marriage with Anne. The other surmise of Dr. Lingard's, that the previous connexion with her sister Mary was the fact revealed by Anne to Cranmer, upon which he pronounced the marriage null and void from the first, must be taken for what it is worth. It fits well with the supposition we have been making, and neither Mr. Froude, nor any other writer of the history of the period, has given any more probable explanation of the mysterious circumstance, which was communicated by Anne Boleyn to the archbishop, and which was important enough to enable him to annul the marriage between her and the king. Again, let us repeat, that the story cannot be proved, unless further evidence should start to light; a circumstance which is very improbable—but that the probability is very strong in favour of its truth. As to the extreme villany and effrontery which it implies in Henry, this may appear wonderful to Mr. Froude, but does not in the least degree surprize us. It may seem a little ungracious if we allude to a mistake of fact, of Mr. Froude's, in the course of this investigation; but accuracy is a point of some importance, and though it does not affect his argument at all, still he has mistaken Anne Boleyn for her sister Mary. The latter had been married the year before that in which there was an attempt to marry Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter to the son of Sir Piers Butler. Consequently, it must be Anne and not Mary, who was the subject for the alliance of the two families.

We cannot close this part of our subject without reference to another argument, which has only been brought to light by a contemporary review;* though the statutes, on the wording of which the argument is founded were open to any reader to draw the same inference from which the writer in the Edinburgh Review has done. The effect of it, in combination with the argument from Cranmer's paper, which appears for the first time in these pages, is very striking. The paper to which we

* See Edinburgh Review for July, 1858.

have been referring shows a laborious attempt on Henry's part to deny that affinity could be created by such a connexion as that with Mary Boleyn; and the statute (cap. 7, an. 28, Henry VIII.), in order to strengthen the case against the validity of the marriage with Anne, declares that affinity is created by illegal intercourse as well as by marriage. And this is the more remarkable, because in cap. 22 an. 25, Henry VIII. where the impediments are enumerated, no mention is made of any such cases. It is obviously necessary to suppose that, in the interval between these two dates, had arisen the necessity for an alteration in the mode in which the statute was worded.

There are two false assumptions which pervade the whole of Mr. Froude's work; one of fact, the other of principle. With regard to the first, it is difficult to view it under any other light than that of wilful blindness. We do not wish to speak unnecessarily harshly, but it is almost inconceivable to us how any one who is so well acquainted with the general outline of the history of the time, could have so completely ignored the fact, that the bishops, the nobility, the convocation, and the House of Commons were entirely under the dominion of Henry, the passive instruments in fulfilling his arbitrary will. Occasionally Mr. Froude seems to have a glimpse of this truth, as, when he gives the account of the two celebrated letters of Cranmer, newly appointed to the archbishopric, requesting the king's leave to try the case of the marriage with Catharine of Arragon. But even here he understates the case. Under the appearance of fairly stating the contrast between the first letter, which the king refused, and the second which he condescended to accept, the ridiculous farce of Cranmer's asking permission to try a case, for the very deciding of which in the king's favour he was made Archbishop of Canterbury, is entirely kept out of sight—and nothing whatever said of the dishonest letter to Cromwell, advising him to conceal the coming judgment to be pronounced, for fear of the queen's appearing in court to protest against it.*

With few exceptions the acts of parliament, and the proceedings of the clergy in convocation, are treated as if they were independent witnesses of a state of things, public and private, which the king and the nation equally deplored. The entire subservience of nearly all the upper class of society to the king's will, is the key to much that would otherwise be quite inexplicable in Henry the Eighth's reign, and must constantly be borne in mind by readers of Mr. Froude's history. It would have been thought that any one so familiar with the documents

* See Cranmer's Works, ii. 242.

illustrative of the period, must have seen through, the preconcerted arrangements, the results of which alone appear on the surface of history.

There is, perhaps, no more palpable proof of this than in the series of events connected with the divorce of Anne of Cleves. It has been strangely overlooked by historians, and even Dr. Lingard only gives a contemptuous allusion to the dates of the different portions of the transaction, apparently thinking the case too clear to need any lengthened statement or proof. The story of the aversion which Henry conceived to Anne of Cleves, at his first interview with her, is well known, and in substance given correctly by Burnet, in his '*History of the Reformation*,'—a voucher for which, as well as for the dread of the king's cruelty and tyranny, may be read in Cromwell's letter from the tower. The date of Anne's coming to England was New-year's-day; the date of Cromwell's letter, detailing the circumstances which prove that the king from the first had determined to get rid of her, was the last of June. The mode in which the affair was arranged was by Cranmer appearing at the head of a deputation of peers and commoners requesting permission to try the validity of the marriage. This matter was first moved in the House of Lords, July 6. Little other evidence was wanting, to exhibit the houses of parliament as the abject slaves of the king; but the State Papers furnish additional proof that even the minutest details of this interview were arranged—whereas Henry appears on the surface of history as saying that he could refuse nothing to the estates of the realm, who he was sure would never make any unjust or unreasonable demand; that the decree of his learned and pious clergy would no doubt be upright; that he was himself ready to answer any questions, as having no other object in view but the glory of God, the welfare of the realm, and the triumph of the truth. His letter of the 3d of July, three days before the first mention of the affair in the House of Lords, describes the whole transaction as it was to happen. And now for the conclusion of the story let us again quote Mr. Froude's words (vol. i. p. 108). '*Hypocrisy was not among his faults.*' We do not ask any one well acquainted with the history of the period to weigh the king's acts and his professions and see upon the whole which way the balance turns. We are content to rest the issue of the case upon this single transaction. The dates of the journals of the House of Lords, we presume, are unquestionable evidence as to the facts happening on the days to which they are assigned; and, unfortunately for the view which maintains the king's freedom from hypocrisy, the dates of his letters in the State Papers are specified both in days of the week and the month;—there is no

loophole. The king's correspondent was directed to narrate the request of the Lords and Clergy to the emperor before it was made.

We really hardly can call it an inference; it is but varying the mode of statement of the same thing, to say that the king and his deputation had prearranged the farce. Here is the history of one of the many reluctant concessions which the king made to the wishes of his affectionate subjects; one instance of the exhibition of that self-sacrificing spirit which has been so strangely misinterpreted by posterity.

We should extend this article to far too great a length if we were to attempt to notice, in detail, the political views of the author, or his description of occurrences which illustrate them, either in the internal or external relations of the country. Neither is it necessary that we should; for the work has been ably done by several of our contemporaries. It will be sufficient for our purpose, if we can show that the author's view of the character of the king, which gives its chief colour to the book, is entirely false.

It would, however, be wrong to omit all reference to the opinions of the writer, which are either artfully or unconsciously sprinkled over its pages. We have before alluded to the dislike to the Church system and its chief representatives, the contemptuous derision of the system, which he calls Anglo-Catholic. Side by side with these we have an affected sympathising with Protestantism, which reminds us of the grotesque attempt of Mr. Carlyle to throw himself into the views of Puritanism, and occasional hints, that Protestantism has yet to develop itself in the direction pointed at by the poet:—

‘For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.’

The *animus* shown in such passages as the following is unmistakeable:—

‘When they reached the water's edge, she gave the child to a nurse; she was hurled in — and the justice of the church was satisfied.’

Sometimes the author insinuates his views gently and, as it were, in a musing style; as, when he speaks of the execution of Anne Boleyn as transferring her from this world of sorrow to that place where all is well for all of us, and therefore for her. In fact, Mr. Froude is an adept in a species of fallacy which corresponds to that which old logicians have called *fallacia plurium interrogationum*; if for *interrogationum* we read *assertionum*, we shall have a fair description of the style in which Mr. Froude, like the author of the ‘Decline and Fall,’ implies a great deal

in a sentence which asserts directly scarcely anything at all. Indeed, after a perusal of his four volumes, it would be very easy to draw out a long list of doctrines which their author does not believe in ; but we should be puzzled to say what he *does* adopt for his religious creed ; whilst on one occasion we have, not the distinct avowal of indifference to all creeds, but the implied aversion to any form of definite belief. When, observing of Bainham (vol. ii. p. 85,) that he had ventured to assert, that 'if a Turk, a Jew, or a Saracen, do trust in God and keep 'his law, he is a good Christian man ;' he adds, 'a conception 'of Christianity, a conception of Protestantism, which we but 'feebly dare to whisper even at the present day.' If Mr. Froude is not very exact in his faith, neither is he a very stern moralist ; he is quite willing to make excuses for sins in his favourites, on the score that others have exceeded them in the measure of their iniquities. Things that to an unprejudiced eye look like awful acts of cruelty and tyranny, are justified on the plea of state necessity. He can speak with extreme liberality on the side of persecution, if the exigencies of state policy seem to require the removal of an obnoxious citizen ; but has the keenest sympathy for the victim, shall we say,—or, is it the most bitter hatred for the persecuting party—when ecclesiastical authority consigns a criminal to the flames ? In such cases he appears to forget the destiny with which he so tenderly soothes the memory of Anne Boleyn. There are parts of his work which raise a momentary doubt on the reader's mind, whether there is not some deliberate attempt of the writer to impose upon his common sense. Of this kind are the elaborate praises of the honesty of Cromwell, the description of the 'almost un-'*exampled grandeur*' of an address of Latimer, and others which we need not particularize.

Indeed, Mr. Froude's book is particularly dangerous, because of its fascinating descriptions ; and though, as we have implied before, we are confident that its popularity will be short-lived, yet we cannot doubt that it will effect extensive mischief whilst it does survive ; and this principally indirectly, in promoting a disregard for exactness of statement, and encouraging that tone of paradox to which, at the present time, there appears to be so great a tendency amongst the more intellectual class of the rising generation. The coincidence of such views and prejudices, with a very loose tone on the subjects of morality and political honesty, forms the peculiar danger of this work. We shall pursue our notice of Mr. Froude's volumes through one more of the many distinct subjects handled in them.

Perhaps the best specimen of Mr. Froude's mode of representation occurs in the tenth chapter of the second volume,

headed, 'The Visitation of the Monasteries.' Readers of history had been prepared for some startling revelations, as to the manner of life in monastic establishments, by the volume of letters relating to the suppression of monasteries, issued by the Camden Society fifteen years since. We are not concerned here to notice the *animus* displayed in that volume, nor to show up the absurd mistakes into which the editor has been led. Such a book, however, is not likely to be reprinted, and it seems just worth while to draw attention to the fact that none of the dates of these letters can be trusted. We have had occasion frequently to refer to the work, and have found the dates of the years assigned nearly as often wrong as right; and this in the face of internal evidence which was fully conclusive, if there had not been ample evidence from other sources to condemn the editor's arrangement. Mr. Froude makes great use of this volume, but apparently has not consulted the volume in the Cotton Library, which contains the originals of these and many other documents on the subject. And here we are obliged to repeat the charge against Mr. Froude of neglecting previously known documents, and giving his attention too exclusively to those which have not yet been made accessible to the public. He has, for instance, copied Burnet's egregious blunder (p. 443) in asserting that there were thirty-two houses refounded; when an inspection of the mere catalogue of the Patent Rolls of 28 and 29 Henry VIII. would have convinced him that the number is considerably more than double that mentioned by Burnet. The matter itself is too trifling to be insisted on, otherwise than as throwing light on the partial way in which Mr. Froude's laborious investigations have been conducted.

The object of the chapter is to make out a case for the Government against the monasteries, and nothing can be more satisfactory, if only the facts alleged are, first, true; and, secondly, the whole truth. With regard to the first, the truth of the facts, the author has most skilfully arranged his picture; it is addressed to the popular feeling against conventual establishments, the English objection to secrecy, and the violent prejudice that exists against everything connected with the see of Rome. The author himself, indeed, soars high above such petty views and old-fashioned prejudices. Here is all the appearance of candour which gulls the reader into a belief that what the writer says must be true, because, looking at it from a different point of view, he has arrived at the same conclusion which the reader earnestly desires to reach. This remark contains the solution of the slightly exaggerated claims of monastic houses to our sympathy and admiration for 'many hundred years 'after their foundation.' Any sympathy with Roman Catholics,

as such, is no part of his view; Romanism only comes in for its share of praise as against the contemptible theory of Anglicanism; but the admission is a useful preliminary, because it acts as a foil to set off the degenerate march of the successors of the regular clergy, who were 'the finest body of men of which mankind in their chequered history could boast,' at whose feet 'the world, in its instinctive loyalty to greatness, laid its lands and its possessions.' We have next the description, in guarded terms, of the profligacy of the monks and nuns, and the implied suppression of awful disclosures which might be made, but which could not pollute the pages of a decent history of England; and then the avowal that the author had come to the task with prejudices enlisted in favour of the poor monks, which had been overwhelmed by the accumulated evidence of their profligacy. Alas! there is too much of truth in the description; but we have read the evidence, and we do not scruple to avow that the impression left by the perusal of this chapter goes far beyond the real truth of the matter. Disgusting details have indeed been suppressed, but the facts recorded in pp. 420, 421, 423, and 426, are, upon the whole, a specimen of what the visitors professed to have discovered in many houses. We have no wish whatever to extenuate the charge of profligacy and unnatural crimes which were brought against some of the abbeys. That they were swept away we must conceive to have been one of the principal blessings of the Reformation of the sixteenth century. We are not, therefore, making out a plea for the monasteries, but are only desirous now to point out the false colouring with which Mr. Froude has invested his descriptions. There are some beautiful accounts even in Mr. Wright's volume, from which these disgusting stories are taken, of abbeys and priories managed with skill; their inmates performing, in an admirable manner, the duties of piety and hospitality. Many more might have been collected from Dugdale's *Monasticon*, and other sources, which have won the sympathies of Protestant writers, who are not likely to be accused of any tendency towards Rome, or any fondness for monasticism. From some of them, too, we learn something of the conduct and character of the visitors—certainly quite enough to throw grave doubts on the accuracy of their statements. Setting out, however, from the starting point, that they were upright and plain-dealing, and that the letters of the King and Cromwell show plainly that the first object was to reform and not to destroy, all which Mr. Froude appears to believe, with a sympathy that is quite amusing, we have another link in the chain on which our admiration of the policy and honesty of Henry is hung. It was, we suppose, with the object of reforming the monas-

teries, and with no ulterior purpose of enriching the King's impoverished coffers, that the richer houses were relieved of their superfluous plate and jewels; the visitors being constituted judges as to what was to be deemed necessary, and what superfluous. The object of the visitation was evidently perfectly well understood amongst the monastic bodies, and the circumstances under which it was conducted gave rise to an immense amount of hypocrisy and fawning servility towards Cromwell and his delegates. The letter of the monk of Pershore, accusing his brethren (p. 427), is of itself sufficient to show how an unusually ignorant ecclesiastic was skilful enough to know how to ingratiate himself with the rising minister and his associates. The rules laid down by the visitors for the future management of the abbeys, and conduct of their inmates, were certainly stringent, and, *on the supposition that they expected them to be obeyed in point of fact*, we should agree with the author that 'no government which intended to make the irregularities of 'an institution an excuse for destroying it, ever laboured more 'assiduously to defeat its own object.'

But Cromwell's letter to certain monasteries, quieting their fears, shows pretty clearly that they understood full well what was the meaning of the *voluntary* surrender that had been extorted from five or six houses in Kent and Essex, in the winter of 1535-6. And the ineffectual attempt to enforce more strict living than had hitherto been practised, would afford a very good additional plea for the destruction of the monasteries, which was pressed through Parliament at the commencement of the year 1536.

There are several letters in existence which speak in the most undisguised terms of the intentions of Cromwell and the Commissioners. Perhaps there is none that so plainly declares what was the deliberate purpose of those extremely careful injunctions which, with their superficial appearance of honesty, have so misled Mr. Froude as the following. The instructions themselves are printed by Burnet in his 'Collection of Records.' The end, steadily kept in view, is pretty plainly expressed in the following supplement to one of Dr. Legh's letters to Cromwell by his fellow-commissioner, John ap Rees:—

'Sir,—Although I reckon it well done that all were out, yet 'I think it were best that at their own instant suit they might 'be dismissed, to avoid calumnation and envy. *And so compelling them to observe these injunctions ye shall have them all to 'do so shortly.* And the people shall know it the better that 'it cometh upon their suit, if they be not straight discharged 'while we are here. For then the people would say that we went

' for no other cause about than to expel them, though the truth
' were contrary. For they judge all things of the effects that
' followeth, and not always of the truth.

' Your most bounden servant,

' JOHN AP REES.'

Dr. London's letters exhibit such a disgraceful scene of riot everywhere, that it seems an impossible task to defend either the principals or the subordinates in the work. It appears as if the monks and friars were turned out at a moment's notice, and as if all haste was made to secure all the property which was easily moveable, such as plate and jewels, to the king's use, and to sell off the rest of the household goods, in order to anticipate their being plundered or destroyed by the poor people of the country round, who made the most they could out of the ruins. When this was completed, the next step was to deface the buildings as much as possible, partly with the view of preventing their ever being used for the same purpose again, partly for the sake of destroying, if possible, all evidence of the site of the monasteries. All the while this consummate hypocrite could write to Cromwell, ' I have found but few true or good, ' and among many blessed reformations done by the king's ' grace, I suppose this be not the least, utterly to suppress these ' friars, in whom I find so much dissimulation as may be in men.' He had the audacity, moreover, to complain of the poor people for following the example which he, in the name of the king, was setting of pillage and robbery. It is a singular picture, and contrasts rather roughly with Mr. Froude's description of the halcyon days of King Henry the Eighth, when all classes, save and except the clergy, were honestly doing their duty in their respective stations of life.

' The poor people,' he says, ' thoroughly, in every place, be ' so greedy upon these houses when they be suppressed, that by ' night and day, not only of the towns, but also of the country, ' they do continually resort, as long as any door, window, iron ' or glass, or loose lead, remaineth in any of them. And if it ' were so done only where I go, the more blame might be laid to ' me; but it is universally that the people be thus greedy for ' iron, windows, doors, and lead.'

It is the same story everywhere;—' Such bedding as was cast ' abroad in the cloister, or other places, were conveyed away and ' embezzled by poor folk, which came rather to spoil than to ' help.' Layton engages to despatch the prior of Folkstone speedily, if Cromwell will make the king patron and give him the living; and the whole tone of all the letters of the Com-

¹ Ellis, 3. iii. p. 120.

missioners is that of men intensely anxious to better themselves, and who apparently understood perfectly well that the proper mode of doing so was to send as many ounces of plate and as large a quantity of jewels as possible for the king's use. The whole transaction of the suppressing of the monasteries bears on every feature of it that can be traced at this interval of time—such marked evidence of the rapacity of the king, his vicegerent and the commissioners—that we really do not know how to make any selection from the immense amount of evidence which exists on the subject. There is much that is accessible to every reader, and there is much more that has never been printed. The few extracts we here present are from well-known publications, and are transcribed not so much with the view of putting the reader in possession of the facts of the case, and enabling him to form a judgment as to the principles of the visitation and suppression, and the mode in which they were conducted, as of showing how entirely Mr. Froude has misrepresented this portion of history, in describing the Commissioners, as men who did their work fairly and honestly, and in estimating the motives of the king in destroying the monasteries.

Let it be remembered that the original surrenders are for the most part still in existence, and all express that the surrender was perfectly voluntary, and that in the strongest imaginable terms. Thus, *ultra et sponte concessisse and, deliberate certa scientia et mero motu nostris ex quibusdam causis justis et rationabilibus nos animas et conscientias nostras specialiter moventibus*, is the language, with very slight variations of form, of nearly every one of these documents; and, amongst others, of the surrender of the Benedictine nunnery of Shaftesbury, which took place March 23d, 1539. Yet in the following letter may be seen the true representation of their willingness to surrender; here also may be seen the view which the abbess and her nuns took three months earlier, as to the best method of preserving their house from dissolution. Speaking of Dr. Tregonwell, the writer says to Cromwell:—

‘Notwithstanding the long and earnest practising of the said Master Doctor for their surrenders, they have in right lamentable wise answered, that having the favour of the king’s majesty, they will not by any means willingly thereunto agree. Whereupon they have most heartily desired me to write unto your good lordship to move their petition, that it might please the same to move the king’s majesty that they may remain here by some other name and apparel, his Highness’ poor and true bedeswomen, for the which they will gladly give unto his said Majesty five hundred marks, and unto your lordship for your pains a hundred pounds.’ Further on in the same letter

the writer adds, 'And since my coming home the Abbot of Cerne hath desired me to make the same offer, which I will be bounden to see performed also, if it may so stand with your good pleasure.' This abbey also held out for three months longer, and was not dissolved till the middle of March, 1539. The date of the letter is Dec. 18, 1538. Other houses were saved for a few months by the expedient of making Cromwell steward of the monastery. Thus the Abbess of Godstow contrived to save her nunnery from the 12th of March, 1538, till Nov. 17th, 1539. She says:—

'Whereas the last week I was informed by the Dean of the Arches' letters that you are so good lord unto me as to accept this little office of the stewardship of this monastery, I am so bold as to send unto your honour herewith the patent thereof, under our convent seal, for term of your life, beseeching your honour to accept the same, though it be but small: for if it were a thousand times better, you should have it with all my heart and prayers, as knows our Saviour Christ, who ever preserve you in honour duly to increase to his pleasure.

'Your most bounden bedeswoman,

'KATHARINE BULKELEY, Abbess there.'

It seems Cromwell forgot to caution his officers to leave the house at Godstow alone, and Dr. London, was upon the point of suppressing it in November, 1538, when it was saved for that time from pillage by Cromwell's interference, which provokes another letter of thanks from the abbess. This letter, as well as that which we have quoted above, shows, indeed, a good deal of fawning servility to Cromwell, and a readiness to comply with all the changes in religion introduced by the king; and the abbess is especially careful to inform him that there is 'neither Pope nor Purgatory, Image nor Pilgrimage, nor praying to dead Saints used or regarded amongst' them. We have no defence to allege for the hypocrisy of monks and nuns; the case we are making out is the rapacity and hypocrisy of their persecutors, which at least cannot be excused on the score of poverty and death staring them in the face if they offered any resistance to Cromwell and the king. The hypocrisy of both parties is indeed so transparent that it is scarcely possible to imagine they thought that they were deceiving anybody. The form of words used was intended perhaps to wear the appearance of submitting with a good grace; and the strong expressions look as if the monks were vying with each other in the abjectness of their submission to the king's authority. We have no other account to give of the warden of the Franciscans, in London, waiting for Cromwell's dispensation to allow him to put off 'papistical,

'slandrous apparel.' With regard to many of these abbots and priors who appear in so unfavourable a light, it must be observed that they had been put in, as vacancies from time to time occurred, for the express purpose of eventually surrendering the abbey to the king. As to the misdemeanours of the visitors it is not possible now, nor happily is it necessary, to distinguish the amount of wickedness which is displayed by each. It is certain, however, that acts of violence of a most frightful kind occurred, and that the visitors generally took care to provide, first, for themselves; secondly, for their friends and dependents. The disposal of the monks evidently was felt as a difficulty. It would have been dangerous to allow them liberty to range about the country without employment, and the insurrection that arose upon the suppression of the monasteries shows what trouble they might have caused the king if they had been left without provision. Few of them would have been fit for any other work than that in which they had passed their lives; and Cromwell appears to have given orders that they should be suffered to say or sing, without interruption, in any church—quite regardless of whether they were in holy orders or not. Lee, archbishop of York, had the courage to prohibit their officiating till they could show their letters of orders.

The real state of the case, as far as it can be gathered, appears to be this: the Commissioners, some of them men of the vilest character, all of them persons whose interest it was to find out all the mischief they could, report of some houses that the most abominable crimes were commonly or occasionally practised there. It is impossible to suppose that their description is wholly without foundation, but there cannot be the smallest doubt that, in most cases, it is greatly exaggerated; whilst in other cases they narrate the good opinion which they have been obliged to form of the conduct of the monks and nuns; or the general good character which the monastic establishments bear in the country round about them, and mention exceptional instances of monks or nuns who had run away to escape punishment. The king wanted money, and he was determined to get it by the suppression of the lesser houses, as none of the abbots and priors of these had a seat in parliament, so as to be able to speak in their defence. The plea of impurity of life, which certainly could be proved in some few cases, was alleged as a general reason for suppressing them, and transplanting their inmates to those larger houses where godly living was admitted to be the practice.

There are several letters which show that Cromwell received a pension for not interfering with them, and some where the pension was doubled when the danger became more imminent.

It was scarcely safe, however, for the Commissioners to speak a good word for the abbeys or the monks. If they did so, the king charged them with having done so upon the receipt of bribes, and many letters are on record which testify the repentance of the writer for having alleged any good of the houses which he visited, and his entire change of mind with regard to those whom the king and Cromwell had resolved to condemn. Let it be remembered, we are not quoting isolated specimens, but giving the tone of the correspondence which passed between the Commissioners and Cromwell. Moreover, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the picture of devastation, we have Henry himself allowing that money was the object of the suppression. The 'Pilgrimage of Grace,' as the rebellion was called, broke out at Louth, on the 2d of October, 1536, the very day for which the visitation of the Commissioners was fixed. In his answer to the demands of the rebels, the king skilfully entrenched himself behind the position, that what he had done was no act merely of himself and his privy-council, but that the monasteries had been granted him by Act of Parliament, in which the commons as well as the nobles, spiritual and temporal, had agreed. He even condescended to explain, that no houses had been suppressed but such as 'where vice, mischief, and abomination of living was used.' This was in 1536, after the suppression of the lesser houses. The leader of this rebellion understood perfectly well the meaning of the suppression, when he said that the intention was to destroy the Church of England and the ministers of the same, and to spoil and rob the whole body of this realm. The king complains of them for preferring that a churl or two should enjoy the profits of the monasteries in support of vicious and abominable life, rather than their prince in support of his extreme charges incurred for their defence. The following interesting letter is the last we shall transcribe, and shows how hopeless it was thought two years later to offer any resistance to the king, and probably represents the position to which, in the year 1538, the abbots who had not yet surrendered were reduced :—

'Where ye marvel,' says the prior of Hinton, writing to his brother in London, 'that I and my brethren do not freely and voluntarily give and surrender up our house at the motion of the king's commissioners, but stand stiffly, and, as ye think, obstinately in our opinion; truly, brother, I marvel greatly that ye think so; but rather that ye would have thought us light and hasty in giving up that thing which is not ours to give, but dedicate to Almighty God for service to be done to his honour continually, with other many good deeds of charity which daily be done in this house to our Christian neighbours.'

‘ And considering that there is no cause given by us why the house shall be put down, but that the service of God, religious conversation of the brethren, hospitality, alms-deeds, with all other our duties, be as well observed in this poor house as in any religious house in this realm or in France; which we have trusted that the king’s grace would consider. But because that ye write of the king’s high displeasure, and my lord privy seal’s, who ever hath been my especial good lord, and I trust ever will be, I will endeavour myself, as much as I may, to persuade my brethren to a conformity in this matter; so that the king’s highness nor my said good lord shall have any cause to be displeased with us, trusting that my poor brethren, which know not where to have their living, shall be charitably looked upon.’

Cranmer came in for his due meed of praise on the score of sagacity for being foremost in the scheme of suppression; but it became the historian of the period to inform his readers that the Archbishop was, at least in part, influenced by sublunary considerations in his desire to see them abolished. An amusing instance of this occurs in one of his letters to Cromwell, asking for the suppression of Roucester or Crockenden (he did not care which), that his servant, Francis Basset, might have a lease of one of the houses. This is only a specimen of several similar requests made by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the King’s Vicar-General. All these are instances in point to show the one-sided view which, under the plausible appearance of moderation and impartiality, characterize the whole current of this history. And, whilst we are on this subject, we may notice the overstatement as to the feelings generally entertained against the clergy. The scene at Norton Abbey, described at p. 424, surely proves that the country was far from being unanimous in their hostility to ecclesiastical houses. It appears from this letter that the abbot could muster as many as two or three hundred in the immediate neighbourhood of the abbey, to resist the robbery of jewels and plate which the Commissioner had perpetrated in the name of the supreme head of the Church of England. Before we quit this subject, we may notice that the author has been candid enough to quote (p. 448), what it would certainly have been for the advantage of his argument to suppress:—

‘ On Saturday, in the Easter week, the King’s grace came in among the burgesses of the parliament and delivered them a bill and bade them look upon it, and weigh it in conscience; for he would not, he said, have them pass either it or any other thing because his Grace giveth in the bill, but they to see if it be for the commonweal of his subjects, and have an eye thitherwards; and on Wednesday next he will be there again to hear their minds.’

This, if it did not imply that the king compelled the passing of such bills as he chose should pass, at least proves what was the usual practice of the time, with regard to measures proposed with the royal authority. Again, Layton's letter to Cromwell (we do not know why Mr. Froude persists in spelling his name Leighton, in spite of its never being so spelt by himself) sufficiently shows the intention of the visitation, and the anxiety that was felt to procure all the evidence possible for the deprivation of the abbots and monks. 'Now,' he says, [p. 421], 'it shall appear to gentlemen of this country and other the commons that ye shall not *deprive or visit* but upon substantial grounds.'

And against the spectacle of religious persons kneeling to the Commissioners praying to be delivered from their bondage, in all which we do not know how much weight is to be given to hypocrisy, and how much to the desire of making the best possible terms with the visitors, must be set the many letters to which we have already referred, in which abbots and abbesses stoutly refuse to resign, and monks and nuns, declared by the visitors themselves to be of irreproachable life and conduct, decline a return to the world and its ordinary occupations.

Fortunately for Mr. Froude's view of the matter, we can ascertain little as to the mode in which this bill was carried through parliament, the journals of this session being lost. We can only judge from indirect evidence; and unfortunately the haste with which the investigation was conducted, and the manner in which the bill was hurried through parliament, are almost the only evidence we possess as to what were the original intentions of the visitation. A very few months only elapsed from the commencement of the visitation to the final passing of the Act. Between September, 1535, and February, 1536, the Commissioners had to make themselves masters of the whole subject of the greater and lesser monasteries; that is to say, about a dozen visitors, divided into two or three parties, were required in five months to ascertain the facts of the management or mismanagement of nearly seven hundred monastic establishments. Truly the author may well call it a rapid progress of Lee's through Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Northumberland; and of Layton from Middlesex and Kent to Sussex, Hants, Somersetshire, and Devon. Parliament met in February, 1536, and the Act had become law in the spring of that year; but not with the unanimous consent of the Houses of Parliament, which the author would fain have us believe. If the Lords made no opposition, we know that at least the Commons made an ineffectual struggle to throw out the King's measure. In want of other evidence, Spilman is a very re-

spectable authority, and he tells us that the Commons were refractory, and refused to sanction the measure till they were intimidated by the threats of Henry. The King sent for the members, he says, and informed them that they must pass the bill, or he would take off the heads of those who opposed it. If more evidence is wanted to prove that the motive for suppressing 376 religious houses was to gain a yearly revenue to the crown of more than thirty thousand pounds, and a present value of about one hundred thousand pounds in goods and chattels, it may be found in the statute of the 36th year of the king's reign, which dissolves the greater monasteries, in which, as appears from the act for the suppression of the lesser houses, the monks lived piously and regularly—a piety and regularity which was rewarded by the king's allowing them to stand unmolested for two whole years longer.

To mitigate the horrors which must have ensued from the monks and nuns being turned adrift on the world without any provision, many of them were pensioned; but the comparison of the pension-lists in the Augmentation-Office will convince any one what were the principles on which these pensions were awarded. It is patent to everybody's observation that those who were unable to defend themselves, including nearly all the nuns, were put off with the smallest possible annuities; and that the larger sums awarded in such disproportioned amounts to the abbots and priors of the larger houses were regulated much more according to their willingness to surrender than to the necessities of their worldly rank and station. This is no new view, but has been noticed by Fuller, whom no one will accuse of any tendency to represent the morals of the monks as better than they were, or any prejudice in favour of the monastic establishments. It affords further evidence of the King's great care for the welfare of the Church, whose government he had usurped with the title of supreme head of the English Church, that he promoted a large number of these same scandalous monks to vacant benefices, by means of which the exchequer was saved the paying of the pensions.

One word more and we have done with this subject. To complete the hypocrisy of the whole measure, it was represented that the monasteries were resigned voluntarily, and as we noticed above, a clause to that effect was inserted in the surrender, as may be seen in nearly all the forms of resignation that are still extant. But documents are not trustworthy which profess a willingness which is compelled—and, fortunately, we have a few contemporary documents still surviving, which show that the words were a mere matter of form. Thus the Abbot of Vale Royal in Cheshire, appears with his fourteen monks signing the

surrender of his abbey on the 7th of September, in the 30th year of the king's reign; and, on the 9th day of the same month, we have another letter from him, addressed to Cromwell, denying that either he or his monks had been a party to the resignation, or had signed any such document. Here is an instance of a forgery, and it may pass for a specimen of the mode of proceeding generally adopted; for the name of the abbot and his monks may be seen at this day, with the convent seal attached to the deed of surrender, and, but for the existence of the letter we have been alluding to, none of them would ever have been suspected of being a forgery.

It is very remarkable, too, that the so-called Act for the dissolution of the greater monasteries does not dissolve any monastic establishment, but only provides that the property of all houses already or hereafter to be suppressed, relinquished, forfeited, or given up, should be vested in the crown. Probably the inability to procure the signatures of the abbot and monks is the account to be given of the many surrenders which are said to have been lost. It is extremely curious that those which are not found in the Augmentation-Office, are, with very few exceptions, those missing in the Close Rolls; and it is probable, therefore, that there never was any formal surrender made in many of these cases, but that they were treated as forfeited to the king upon some ground or other of misdemeanour.

We should not have dwelt so long upon the dissolution of the religious houses, if it were not that this subject affords one of the most glaring instances of Mr. Froude's partial amount of reading, and prejudiced interpretation of what he has read. There are hundreds of documents in existence to prove to any one who cannot see the same truth written on the very surface of the history of the period, that the whole object of the government, that is, of the king and his vicegerent, Cromwell, was to harry the monks, and force them into what should have the appearance of a voluntary surrender. We need not weary the reader with long extracts from letters, which imply this—the object was perfectly well understood, and answered in the correspondence of the minister and his subordinates. Mr. Froude had no right to ignore if he had read, and had no right to publish his history without reading the extract quoted by us at page 27, from a volume, with some of the contents of which he is familiar. It proves the very contradictory of what Mr. Froude asserts, that the injunctions were made for the sake of reforming the monasteries.

As for the mode in which the visitors conducted themselves, we repeat that it was most disgraceful, if we may judge from their own statement and the accusations made by them against

each other; Cromwell himself was prevailed upon to accept bribes for good offices done and to be done, to the monasteries, and in more than one instance was made seneschal and high steward of the house. Legh is especially charged by one of his colleagues for accepting large sums of money for the nomination to vacant abbeys (see Ellis, 3. vol. ii. p. 356). We are really astonished at the effrontery with which Mr. Froude can defend his view of the motives of the king and his commissioners, in first robbing and then suppressing the monastic establishments. We could have imagined that he had never seen the following interesting extracts from Cole's Collection, if they did not occupy a prominent place in Sir Henry Ellis's volumes. But as they occur in a volume to which he has made frequent reference, it is almost unaccountable that he should have so entirely ignored it. We select the passages which bear most distinctly on our present subject, and will only premise that the document was written about fifty years after the suppression, by one whose father and uncle had witnessed it.

'In the plucking down of which houses for the most part this order was taken; that the visitors should come suddenly upon every house and unawares (for they never looked to be visited out of the doors, seeing they had pleased the king so well with their ready money bestowed on him, in good hope of the standing thereof) to the end to take them napping, as the proverb is: lest if they should have had so much as any inkling of their coming, they would have made conveyance of some part of their own goods to help themselves withal, when they were turned forth of their houses. And then they had to give the king great thanks, yea, pray for him upon their black beads that was so gracious a prince to them, to suffer them to stay so long after all that was given from them.

'So soon as the visitors were entered within the gates, they called the abbot and other officers of the house, and caused them to deliver up to them all their keys, and took an inventory of all their goods; and when they had so done, turned the abbot with all his convent and household forth of the doors. Which thing was not a little grief to the convent, and especially such as with their conscience could not break their profession; for it would have made a heart of flint to have melted and wept to have seen the breaking up of the house and their sorrowful departing.' The writer then proceeds with the description of the sack of Roche Abbey, from which the monks were turned out with their cells, beds, and apparel. It contains a most graphic description of the scene. In proof of his assertion that persons of all kinds joined in the spoliation, even those who two days before seemed to join with great reverence in their religious exercises, he adds:—

‘ For the better proof of this my saying, I demanded of my father, thirty years after the Suppression, which had bought part of the timber of the church, and all the timber in the steeple, with the bell-frame, with others his partners therein, in the which steeple hung eight, yea, nine bells, whereof the least but one could not be bought at this day for twenty pounds (which bells I did see hang there myself more than a year after the Suppression), whether he thought well of the religious persons and of the religion there used. And he told me, Yea: for, he said, I did see no cause to the contrary. Well, said I, then, how came it to pass, you was so ready to destroy and spoil the thing that you thought well of? What should I do? said he. Might I not, as well as others, have some profit of the spoil of the abbey? for I did see all would away, and therefore I did as others did. Thus you may see that as well they who thought well of the religion then used, as they which thought otherwise could agree well enough, and too well, to spoil them. Such a devil is covetousness and mammon! and such is the providence of God to punish sinners in making themselves instruments to punish themselves and all their posterity from generation to generation. For no doubt there hath been millions of millions that have repented the thing since; but all too late. So it appeareth whether the foundation touched superstition or sincere religion, all was one: for all was fish that came to the net.’

We believe we have given a fair representation of the suppression of the monasteries. That the iniquities practised in them were great, cannot be denied, and that a reformation was imperatively called for, is equally certain. Alas! we must confess that we scarcely know where to look for probity and honesty in this reign. That there were good people then, as in every other age of the Church, we cannot doubt; but they are not to be found amongst historical characters. Licentiousness was not the peculiar fault of the monastic establishments; least of all can we acquiesce in Mr. Froude's view, which we should not have hesitated to pronounce *à priori* impossible, but which we are content to condemn as being at issue with the plainest historical evidence, that the people of England, as a body, were prosperous, loyal, honest, religious, whilst those whose office it was to teach them better were only remarkable for servility, dishonesty, covetousness, and profligacy.

ART. III.—*A Decade of Italian Women.* By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. London: Chapman & Hall.

A SAILOR made his way to the top of a coach one early morning in a state of conspicuous intoxication. 'My friend,' remonstrated a grave fellow-passenger, 'are you not ashamed to be seen in this state at six o'clock in the morning?' 'Why, you see,' argued the offender in reply; 'there must be some of all sorts, and I'm of that sort.' Some such weighty reason must have influenced Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope in his choice of subjects for the work before us. Except under the compulsion that there *must* be some of all sorts we cannot account for the singularity of his classification. Even supposing some new unexplored virtue in the number ten had made it imperative to select that precise number of female worthies, could there not be found more congenial company for a Saint of the Calendar on the one hand, a renowned Confessor of the Reformation on the other; or the learned and dignified matron Vittoria Colonna; than 'modern Aspasias,' and the witch and murderess Bianca Capello, of whom we already know too much; or an actress of three hundred years ago, of whom we know, and of whom Mr. Trollope tells us, nothing? And if we question the principle of selection, we are often disposed to quarrel as much with the execution of the work. Mr. Trollope's style is strangely unequal: in the first volume it is fairly natural, but the second is characterised by fits of direct and servile imitation of Mr. Carlyle, whose style is of all others least fitted for a model. It is only because Mr. Carlyle does not seem able to express himself in ordinary language—because his style shows a very peculiar mental organization—that it is tolerated. But Mr. Trollope says nothing that might not be said with equal force in commonplace English, and that would not have been so expressed if Mr. Carlyle had not preceded him. We have the *bizarre* structure without the excuse of original ideas—the tricks of manner with no grotesque humour to excuse them—the iteration and repetition, but they enforce and emphasise nothing; the burden and refrain of mere sounds, but not the strength and impetus which gives them a meaning and effect; the same way of working to death some chance saying, or expression, and making it super-significant, till the worried reader wishes it had never been spoken, but the effect in this case more tedious because it is affected. We do not say that this style is always in the ascendant, even where it has taken hold of the writer's taste and fancy; for pages together, the work is merely compilation and translation from

Italian authors, and so follows their lead. But by fits and starts,—whenever the writer is seized with the ambition to be ultra clear sighted and perspicacious, whenever he wishes to show off as a man in advance of the age, he drops himself, and is Mr. Carlyle. As an instance, the story of Bianca Capello begins by speaking of the 12,000,000 volumes in the Archives of Venice, in one of which the ‘lynx-eyed curiosity of modern peerers into ‘the past has detected a significant erasure.’ Turning over the leaf, we find, ‘These judicial records are terribly unmanagable ‘materials in a biographer’s hands. To think that a lynx-eyed palæographer, by poking out one volume among twelve ‘million, and therein decyphering what was meant to be concealed ‘for ever, three hundred years ago, should have utterly spoiled for ‘us the pretty romantic story.’ . . . And next page—‘All ‘knocked to the ground like a child’s card-house, by the inter-‘ference of a lynx-eyed, Dry-as-dust palæographer!’ And the page after—‘A poor fact-bound biographer, therefore, having ‘due fear of Dry-as-dust before his eyes,’ &c. &c. And after all, this incident, of which so much is made, is really nothing at all. There may be millions of books in a library, but no especial research is implied in taking out the one you want to read. Nor is it so very wonderful that, the ink of the erasure having faded, the original words should be apparent through it. The whole little excitement got up on the occasion is a bit of make-believe, to usher in a new version of the story with a flourish. Following the same model, we have facts assumed, and the details of a story filled in, with less solid ground-work to go upon than can be supposed possible, till the trick is learned. Of course, in writing of past times, a great deal must be assumed; but authors should not raise a structure upon mere assumption, they should found theories upon recognised facts, not their own guesses. In the girlhood of Olympia Morata, her father was absent from Ferrara six years. How he passed this period nobody knows, except that he visited several Italian cities, whose names are given, and had leisure to train his daughter to her extraordinary proficiency in the dead languages. For the sake of saying something, the author asserts that they suffered poverty. They may, very likely—but there ought to be some fact too at the bottom of a fine alliteration like this. ‘From Venice to Vicenza, and from ‘Vicenza to Cesena, the poor pedlar-pedagogue had to hawk his ‘learned wares, and drive a very up-hill trade.’ The fact that Olympia returned to Ferrara highly accomplished, extremely beautiful, and with manners fit for a court, does support the hypothesis, though, in moderation, we do not dispute it. Of course, the thing itself is of no consequence, but the habit of

taking guess for fact which pervades the new school of biography is of very great consequence. We need scarcely say that Mr. Adolphus Trollope talks about 'funkeyism.' For our part, we see a great deal of this quality in deliberate imitation of a fashionable writer, nor less in the second-hand infidelity which, more or less, tinctures the whole work. He is so plainly following a fashion, adopting a tone. We recognise him as one of a party who assume to possess all the enlightenment of the day—who lead the van of progress—who have emancipated themselves from prejudices in which the rest of mankind wallow, by simply adopting the conclusions of a few minds, thinking, as it were, by proxy. For though Mr. Trollope's infidelity is a very real thing, it arises apparently from no independent exercise of thought. It has always the look of being the mere language of a school which he has accepted without any severe thought, and certainly with no comprehension of the creed he is refuting, or, we suspect, of the feeling he outrages. He clearly expects a more general sympathy than we can suppose possible in the most careless world of readers, or he would not spoil his narrative by mis-timed reflections which, in their place, are as great a breach of good taste, and as injurious to the effect, as they are contrary to revealed religion. The biographer ought to be able to throw himself into the circumstances of his subjects, and to realize their position; but Mr. Trollope cannot allow Olympia Morata to pray for her husband in fever without a reflection on her understanding; though really to admire her as a whole, and to take exception to so inevitable a feature of that whole as faith in the efficacy of prayer, is simply an absurd anachronism, for who, in the middle of the sixteenth century, ever heard it questioned?

'Before long, Gr nthler was struck down in the midst of his labours (in the besieged town of Schweinfurth). Help there was none. Every man was too much engrossed by his own desperate fight with the misery around him. Medicine there was none—food but little. Olympia watched, alone and helpless, by the bedside of her husband, sustained only by the belief that her fervent and unceasing prayers might move Heaven to that miraculous interference with the unseen working of the material laws, which even then mankind had ceased to expect in cases where their operation is seen and comprehended. Even Olympia, whose love for her husband poured itself forth in such earnest supplications that the fever in his blood might not produce the effect upon his organism which in other men it did produce—Olympia herself would not have prayed, that water closing over his head should fail to drown him. Not the less did her belief sustain her in those long hours of dreadful desolation and sickening dread. She was comforted—though at the cost of a lower ideal of the nature of the Creator than she would have attained had such comfort been impossible to her, and, therefore, with the cost of a proportionate inferiority in her own moral nature.' 'But the physician's malady was not "unto death." He recovered; as M. Bonnet writes, "It required a miracle to save Gr nthler.

... Olympia's prayers, and those of the Church of Schweinurth, were heard, and Grünthler was saved."—Vol. ii. p. 173.

On another occasion, Olympia expresses thankfulness. Her husband's little brother fell from a high window to the ground on some rough stones, so that it was thought he must be killed.

'But the incident is only worth mentioning for the sake of Olympia's method of improving it. This happened, she writes, "that we might know by experience that God hath given order to his angels to bear up his sons in their hands." And again: "Thus God, who can raise up even the dead from the grave, is wont to defend and preserve his sons in safety." It is painful to find one, for whose character we cannot but have the warmest esteem, and with the feelings of whose heart we can always sympathize, forming for herself such theories of the Divine government of the world,' &c. &c.—Vol. ii. p. 150.

After this we need not wonder that Mr. Trollope considers the absolute and unconditional belief in the Bible as 'equally 'destined with the extreme tenets of the Church of Rome to 'impede, for long ages, the progress of mankind to a higher 'and purer theology.' All creeds, as such, are with him mere emanations of the brain that holds them; his respect for one more than another, he carefully explains, has nothing to do with its subject-matter, but only as the times convert it into a resisting power.

'Noble and heroic—with a heroism inferior to none other practicable by man, and wholly unmodified by the intellectual value of the conviction for which a martyr dies—is the soul that, true to its own indefeasible independence, refuses, in the face of all the worst the body and the heart lacerated in its affections can suffer, to abdicate its right of self-sovereignty.'—Vol ii. p. 117.

In fact, Mr. Trollope's religion is protestantism of a very extreme dye, and resents every form of positive definition. It comes out, therefore, most when legitimate protestantism is the theme; as in his notices of the early Reformers, whose distinct, sharply defined polemical statements jar upon him, and check his sympathies. He cannot understand such stopping short in the road which he supposes them to have set out on; and only values a protest as implying a state of general philosophic doubt. When history shows him the one without the other, he breaks out into a certain impatient scepticism for which the rest of his work does not furnish the same temptation. He is content to show the religious element before the period of enlightenment, in the aspect least agreeable to our modern sympathies, but with little departure from the tone of an ordinary Protestant writer. His series of distinguished Italian women begins with S. Catherine of Sienna, a remarkable woman, whose course is fairly open to two distinct interpretations, of which, in most points, we must accept our author's. For

modern insights into the mysteries of the human frame do prove that what would, to those around her and to herself, appear miraculous suspensions of the laws of nature, were the natural, though perplexing, phenomena seen in catalepsy, mesmerism, and the various forms of trance. We can also believe that such manifestations were far rarer then, as well as less understood, than now; for we perceive in none other of Mr. Trollope's subjects any indication of *nerves* at all, and are led to suppose that the ladies of the two centuries of which he treats were practically without them. In those days of physical force and violence, it was necessary even for the women to be proof against thrill, or shock, or jar—to blanch and quail at nothing—to have each sense strung up to endurance—and as it is woman's especial gift to adapt herself to circumstances, whatever was necessary to give her her proper status in the world, it seems she could do; and therefore we hear nothing of nerves in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries among the Italian ladies. These rare and eccentric manifestations in S. Catherine were adapted to the times, and made to play a grand part, raising the dyer's daughter, one of the youngest of twenty-five children, into an authority amongst popes and princes. But Catherine of Sienna had, besides her morbid physical tendencies, a strong will and determination, so to say, to be a saint, at the cost of everything pleasant and desirable to ordinary humanity. We cannot estimate true sainthood by mere powers of endurance, but so popular opinion did test it in her day; and she never seems to have affected any independence of judgment on these points. She aimed to reach the acmé of the religion of her own time, and she succeeded. She had more religion than conscience; her ideas of right were formed more by what others said around her, than by the dictates of her own heart. At six years old, she devoted herself to a virgin life, when it was impossible she could have comprehended why such self-dedication was a virtue, using language which she had heard probably in connexion with her namesake, S. Catherine of Alexandria, whose 'marriage' the painters have made so familiar to us, but which must have been utterly without meaning to herself. At the same age, she habitually flogged herself. At seven, she deprived herself of a great portion of her food, and at the same time she began to manifest that attachment to the Dominican order which afterwards conduced so much to her celebrity, running out whenever a monk of that order passed the door to kiss the spot his foot had trod on. At about twelve—in pursuance of the same ceremonial rather than moral notions of goodness—she resisted her mother's persuasions to wash her face rather oftener, and to be more tidy in her dress. Though coming direct from

her mother, she could not see this request in any other light than a temptation; and all her life took this line, frequently shedding bitter tears to her confessor while bewailing a momentary compliance, though she expressly exonerated herself from any low motives, or desire of admiration, which never once entered her mind. She never even 'placed herself at the window, or at the door of the house, to look at those who passed.' So intent was she on considering this a sin, though the conscience cannot have so represented it, that it seems to have been admitted between her and her confessor, that her worthy sister-in-law, who had been the mother's mouthpiece on the occasion, died by the judgment of God for having interfered in so delicate a matter. The truth seems to have been that, even at this early age, she had already marked out her course, and conceived herself something peculiar and set apart; for when, in later years, her confessor, puzzled by the vehemence of her contrition, endeavoured to moderate it by the argument that, 'Seeing that there had been no bad or even vain intention, there was nothing contrary to divine precepts,'

'She lifted up her eyes and voice to God, crying, "O Lord, my God, what kind of spiritual father have I now, who excuses my sins? Was it right then, Father, that this bad, most worthless creature, who, without labour or merit of her own, has received so many favours from her Creator, should spend her time in adorning this putrid flesh, at the instigation of any mortal? Hell, I think, would have been no sufficient punishment for me, if the Divine mercy had not shown me pity!" "Thereupon," concludes the conscientious confessor, "I was constrained to be silent."—Vol. i. p. 33.

At about this period of her life she wholly abandoned the use of animal food; at fifteen she left off wine; at twenty she gave up bread, living only on uncooked vegetables; when she visited the poor, she courted whatever was loathsome or disgusting, for its own sake. She used to sleep, according to her biographer, but one quarter of an hour in the twenty-four hours; always scourged herself till the blood streamed from her, three times a day; lived three years without speaking; wore a chain of iron round her body, which gradually eat its way into her flesh; used for her cell a room in her father's house, nine feet by six, with no aperture to admit light or air but through the door; and finally, according to the narrative of her confessor, reprinted by authority at Milan, in 1851, remained wholly without food for many years, a statement elsewhere modified to her subsisting on the sacramental element, which she received daily till her death, at the age of thirty-three. Throughout the period of this tremendous discipline, she supposed herself, and was believed by all around her, to be favoured by divine visions and ecstasies. Her confessor infers that she

had some power of producing the bodily state which preceded these visitations, and which curiously resembles modern descriptions of trance :—

‘Whenever the remembrance of her sacred Husband,’—by which phrase, thousands of times repeated in the course of his work, the monk always alludes to our Saviour,—‘became a little refreshed in that holy mind, *she withdrew herself as much as she could* from her corporeal senses ; and her extremities, that is to say, her hands and her feet, became contracted and deadened ; her fingers first, then her limbs, became so strongly fixed, both in themselves, and attached to the places where they touched, that it would have been more possible to break them to pieces, than to remove them in any wise. The eyes, also, were perfectly closed, and the neck was rendered so rigid, that it was not a little dangerous to her to touch her neck at such moments.’—Vol. i. p. 23.

The visions recorded in this work (we have not the original life to refer to), all tend to her own glory as an especial favourite of heaven, and seem to have this as their main object. At six years old, she saw in the sky immediately over the Dominican church, a throne whereon Christ sat, dressed in papal robes, accompanied by apostles. At a later period, she believed our Lord to be her daily visitant, instructing her in the truths of religion ; sometimes by means ‘of a clear bodily appearance, ‘manifest to the bodily senses, and talking with me, as I talk to ‘you.’ Indeed, all the practices, ceremonies, habits, and even hilarities of mortal daily life, such as she would see in her home and its world, she believed to be constantly transpiring between herself and her heavenly Spouse. It is needless to repeat relations here, which are to our ears profane, and even blasphemous. We only note them as enacting over again towards *herself*—herself the object,—in a transcendent, glorified manner, what others experienced and enjoyed with fellow mortals. No new ideas or scenes are presented either to mind or to imagination, it is simply re-production, with circumstances of self-exaltation ; even to the ‘new heart’ and crimson robe’ of imputed righteousness which she received from the divine hand, and the bridal ring of precious jewels which she always saw on her finger, and the stigmata which she believed to be impressed on her hands, feet, and side.

We must remark that many circumstances conspired to sustain Catharine in this excited state. It is true that her earlier confessors did not believe in the miraculousness of these manifestations ; but when she came into the hands of the Dominican order, and had one of its principal men as confessor, everything was done to give point, and weight, and frequency to her visions. The assumed stigmata, especially, was a triumph in their hands, placing their order thus on a par with that of S. Francis, to whom this mark of Divine favour had alone, according to the

belief of the time, been vouchsafed. She was carried about from city to city, attended by an ecclesiastical train; the popes granted her especial privileges; everywhere she was hailed and visited as a saint of miraculous powers; everywhere she was the centre, the object, of a wondering and admiring circle. She had amanuenses to write down her epistles, and other compositions; every word she uttered was believed to come from heaven. Without suspicion of deliberate design, much less fraud, we see how all these circumstances would maintain and support her in the isolated and exalted part she had to act. Nothing would be lost, no act of self-torture, no utterance of assumed inspiration, but would have its immediate effect. Under these conditions, and with our knowledge of the wonderful way in which mind and body mutually act on one another, it is not to be expected that either visions or austerities should cease; and in the world's further experience of what men will do when great things are expected of them, and when bodily pain is immediately followed by awful, enthusiastic, wondering applause, stimulated by curiosity and sympathy, we need not be surprised that the strong-willed Catharine not only maintained, but added to her self-tortures while life lasted. What moral effect they must have had on the mind, whether the heart can remain true and honest to its core under such handling, is a painful question, which we need not go into, beyond observing that Catharine had never had the highest fame for truthfulness; as a child she had deceived her mother by trifling pious frauds, and it is clear that she never questioned there being better things than common truth and common honesty. Mr. Trollope, who has chosen the subject as a specimen of utterly dark popular religion, yet exonerates Catharine from wilful deception. He thinks that most things may be explained on a more favourable hypothesis, and directs the current of suspicion on the 'Blessed Raymond of Capua,' her confessor and biographer, who, sometime before her death, was elected general of the Dominicans. But, considering that he wrote from recollection, in his old age, when an utter oblivion and neglect of dates is natural, and a general fusion of events in the crucible of the memory a very supposable thing, we are not disposed to take the harsh view. He seems to us to represent the ordinary religious biographer. It is impossible to read the lives of good people of any age, written for the avowed purpose of edification, and not be alive to habitual suppression and exaggeration in their biographers; there is a universal habit of making the occasional, exceptional, or extreme of any good or self-denying habit the ordinary rule; if a person of the old severe days occasionally only allowed himself an hour's sleep, he

never took more; if a young lady of our own times sometimes spends her whole day amongst the poor, it is her rule of life—she always does. All times are the same, all schools so far alike, as to make it necessary to use our reason in reading, and say to ourselves,—if human nature, five hundred years ago, or fifty years ago, or in the next town, or village, or street, was and is at all like the human nature we have lived amongst, we are *certain* something is missing, kept out of sight because it would not be good for us to know it. We see that the writer has constituted himself the judge of what ought to be told and made the most of, and what kept in the background; and we learn inevitably to distrust; we doubt if this picture of a mind would be recognised for a likeness by those who passed their lives with the original: not that there is intentional untruth, but unless we know every side of a character, we cannot know the truth about it. And truth is too often in this branch of composition a grand abstraction; not the petty chronicler of intrusive faults, and puzzling inconsistencies, which mar an example, and possibly even give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme.

This class of writers are peculiarly subject to influence, from the tone of their age, for they have to commend their subject to their contemporaries, and therefore the popular ideal of religion, whatever it is, will be aimed at, and will insensibly guide and moderate expression. Such, no doubt, was the case with the Dominican monk, who had likewise his order to advance, so that probably he had more than the usual array of pious motives to display his subject in a picturesque point of view. And doubtless there was great unity in the character he treated of; she was actuated all her life by one design and purpose. It is simple, natural people who are the hardest to represent; but Catherine, probably, had no moral dishabille—never certainly stood at ease, but felt as much necessitated to self-restraint as the queen on her throne. If her confessor ever saw her unbend, it would, of course, be mere treachery to record the fact. Even we, impressed by the saint's prestige, feel, as it were, outraging proprieties in the supposition; and in his day, to the people of the fourteenth century, it would be an impossibility, if he wrote her life at all, not to write out the popular ideal, miracles and all. Yet we cannot deny that one or two things must have needed some intellectual conjuration. But even of these as of the assertion that she acquired the arts of reading and writing by miracle, instead of taking the trouble to learn, all we can say is, that we meet quite respectable people who assert for mesmerism and spirit-rapping similar wonders. We adduce these alleged miracles as especially those of the age. We have no instance in Scripture

of the order of nature being reversed simply to bring about ends which ordinary pains could have effected. But, however acquired, Catherine used other pens in the many compositions of hers, still preserved. Our readers will remember the remarkable effects of some of her letters, which, indeed, in our day also, do savour of the miraculous. That a low-born female recluse should have power in those lawless, proud, overbearing times to influence popes and emperors, should be permitted a voice in the leading affairs of the world's government, is indeed one of the wonders of an age. Several of her letters to Gregory XI., written in her 29th year, are extant. Their object was to bring him back to Rome from the long papal absenteeism at Avignon. She sought a personal interview for the same purpose.

‘To bring back the Pontiff and all the good things that would follow in his train was the cherished wish of all good Italians, and especially of all Italian Churchmen. Petrarch had urgently pressed Gregory’s predecessor, Urban V., to accomplish the desired change. Dante had, at an earlier period, laboured to accomplish the same object. But it was not altogether an easy step to take. The French cardinals, who surrounded the Pope at Avignon, were of course eager to keep him and the Court in their own country. The King of France was equally anxious to detain him. The French Pope’s likings and prejudices pointed of course in the same direction. Rome, too, was very far, just then, from offering an agreeable or inviting residence. The dominions of the Church were in a state of almost universal rebellion. The turbulence of the great Roman barons was such, that going to live among them seemed as safe and as pleasant as finding a residence in a den of ruffians.

‘Thus all the representations of the Italian Church, and all the spiritual and temporal interests, which so urgently needed the ruler’s presence in his dominions, had for some years past not sufficed to bring back the Pope to Rome. Under these circumstances, Catharine, the obscure Siennese dyer’s illiterate daughter, determined to try her powers of persuasion and argument on the Pontiff, and proceeded to Avignon for that purpose in the summer of 1376. In the September of that same year the Pope set out on his return to Rome; the dyer’s daughter succeeded in her enterprise, and moved the centre of Europe once more back again to its old place in the eternal city.’—Vol. i. p. 26.

On Gregory’s death, two years after, followed the strange division of the Church between Pope and Anti-Pope. And here again Catherine took an influential part, addressing a letter to Charles V. of France, who favoured the party of the anti-pope Pope Clement VII. Mr. Trollope gives it in full to the length of ten pages as a specimen of the style, which has been commended both for its pure Italian and its persuasive eloquence. A translation can hardly prove either; but we see evidence of that voluminous hand which found expression in 373 similar effusions, ‘forming two stout quarto volumes,’ which have been widely circulated. Many of these are addressed to kings, popes, cardinals, bishops, conventual bodies, and political

corporations; and others to private individuals. It is mentioned that no originals have been preserved; but we see no reason from the specimen before us to doubt that they are what they pretend to be, though we must assume that Catharine was put in possession of all public events, and a certain cue given by the persons about her, her confessor being, as we have seen, one of the political characters of the day. The account given of her mode of composition implies the notion on her part of inspiration. We have ourselves known some female writers, whose religious letters convey much the same impression. She gave no time or thought to the wording. All flowed from her spontaneously, and the same morning that she dictated the letter to the French King, she dictated three others of equal length. Of his letter the French Jesuit Masson has recorded his judgment:—

‘Several epistles are extant,’ writes the sixteenth century Frenchman, ‘from Catherine of Sienna to Urban, and one to King Charles V., written on the 6th of May, 1379, to uphold that Pope’s cause. And certainly nothing more weighty or more elegant could have been conceived or written by any man of that time, and not even excepting Petrarch, whose genius I admire, and whose works I generally prefer to those of any other writer of that age.’—Vol. i. p. 65.

We need scarcely say that to the taste of the 19th century this praise is unintelligible. But we should gather that she had that stream of words peculiar to some religious writers, adapted to the expression of a narrow, continuous, unbroken tone of thought:—the power of standing still on a subject or idea possessed by it, contemplating it, rather than pursuing it. The words flow and accumulate; the thought rests, does not leave hold, does not lose itself; while the sentences gather round it, not in mere repetition or verbiage, but with confirming force. We see the writer’s attention does not slacken or grow weary, as he broods over the image or speculation that possesses him; and we are impressed with a sense of infinity, acceptable or burdensome according to the temperament. Readers of kindred minds find a delight and solace in this class of composition, which no other affords them. Humble minds of a more ordinary practical character take it for granted, and read with reverence, if without sympathy or comprehension. To others of a more questioning and impatient sort, who look for some ascertainable result from their studies, it is as though they were set to eat grass; they have not the ruminating powers to turn it into food. But if they are modest they will still recognise real power in thus resting balanced on a subject, producing and reproducing it, dwelling on it, absorbed in it.

But further, in finding ourselves dead to the magic of a style that was once so potent, we may class it among the mysteries

of our nature, how the influences of one age are powerless upon another. Nothing influences the masses but the style and tone of thought of their own day. Education and discipline enable a fortunate and gifted few to read and profit—not without conscious difficulty and effort—by the select thoughts and works of past generations, but it will be hopeless to make these tell directly on the many; they have not learnt the language; for each age has its own intelligible tongue compared with which the writings of even a century ago are a dead language; the authors of the 14th century speak to most of us in this dead language, and S. Catharine's and her biographer's amongst them. Before so many years are past the thousand writings of Dr. Cumming, and other popular favourites, will lie in as deep and unintelligible an oblivion—many of their favourite prophetic speculations will class with the Blessed Raymond's lucubrations on the name of Catharine, and the mystic properties of the number seven. It may seem a contradiction to this argument, that the recent reprint of the Legend and letters of S. Catharine has a large circulation; it at least proves that the Church in Italy tries to use them and other similar literature as a counteracting force against the ideas of progress which belong to the age, and which in Italy are so jealously watched. Our author thus sums up his view of his heroine, for as such he regards her, and not without favour; there is truth in it as far as it goes, though the influences of faith and hope are not assigned their just place:—

‘To such ages Catharine was admirably adapted to appeal with remarkable force and success. Her strength of will, and her infirmity of body; both contributed to produce the effect to be explained. The first as evidenced by the unflinching, persevering infliction of self-torments, such as would have been wholly intolerable to a weaker will; and by continued exertion under suffering, weakness, and malady, made a large and important part of the saintly character; as the same qualities differently evidenced would have led to eminence in any career, and in any age. But joined to this potent strength of will, may be observed evidences of a very remarkable degree of spiritual egotism and pride that apes humility. The poor Siennese dyer's daughter must have been one of those rare natures to whom the quiet obscure career marked out for them, as it might seem, irrevocably by the circumstances of their birth, was an intolerable impossibility. A woman, poor, plebeian, unlettered, frail in health, and in the fourteenth century! Surely no possible concatenation of circumstances could be devised from which it would appear so impossible to emerge into power and celebrity! But the “*Io Caterina schiava dei servi di Dio*” of the letters, who thinks that entire nations shall be accepted or rejected as reprobate by the Eternal in accordance with the measure of HER merits or demerits, and who bargains with God to bear in HER own person the sacrilegious sin of a whole revolted people! This Caterina was one whom no position could doom to the obscurity intolerable to such idiosyncracies, and she rushed forth with uncontrollable determination on the one only path open to her; not by any means necessarily, with the conscious intention of making hypocritical use of the

profession of sanctity for the achievement of distinction, but driven by the unrecognised promptings of ambition to the determination to excel in the department of human endeavour which all contemporary opinion pointed out to her as the highest, holiest, and noblest, open to mankind.—Vol. i. p. 85.

But the book carries us on to a very different Catharine after an interval of nearly a century. No history is more full of strange romantic incident than that of the Italian Republics; nowhere does individual character stand out more distinctly, or is illustrated by more detail. So that we have history made intelligible by biography, and that in the very focus of light and intelligence when Italy was the centre of civilization. It is exempt, too, from the reproach young ladies have brought against history—‘that there are scarcely any ‘women at all in its pages;’ for women play a very important and effective part in Italian history, and Italians as a nation are less jealous than elsewhere of woman’s influence. It ought to be one of the most interesting fields of study the chronicles of the world can offer. To many it is so, to judge by the use poets and romancers have made of its annals; but we do not find it so. A sense of weariness and satiety oppresses us as we read this varied record, where the incidents change and are even stranger than fiction; but the actors are all alike, where tyrant succeeds tyrant, and one bold, bad, beautiful woman follows another, all playing the same game under different circumstances, and all without any conscience appreciable by our ideas. Their ordinary proceedings are like the monstrous expedients of a melodrama, and affect us in the same way. Murder ceases to be exciting when nobody has any scruple about it; poisonings, tortures, intrigues, conspiracies, become monotonous when they are the rule, not the exception,—when they disturb nothing, when they are permanent institutions. Of course in the life of even those times they must have been interruptions to a quieter state of things, but history has no space for anything but excesses, and however curious, clever, or atrocious, they pall upon our attention in time. At first we may, if we choose, find something grand, after the fashion of Milton’s Satan in the unblushing front wickedness there set up: but there is no element of the tragic or sublime in human crime without remorse, and this spectre never lowers on the gigantic criminals of the period we speak of. As a rule, nobody repents. A corrupt church in infamous hands, in conjunction with revived heathenism, had, it seems, the power to quench conscience in high places. Yet this age of licence and aggression must have had oases of rest, and peace, and an orderly industrious class, of which history tells us little or nothing, to

account for the following picture of Italy under native rulers—a retrospective one, it is true—by Guicciardini :—

‘The latter years of the fifteenth century, up to 1494, were a time of unusual prosperity in Italy. Never since the fall of the Roman empire, one thousand years previously, had she enjoyed a period so flourishing and happy. Reposing in perfect peace and tranquillity,’ continues the great historian, ‘cultivated in the more sterile and mountainous regions as well as in the plains and fertile districts, subject to none save her native rulers, she not only abounded with inhabitants, trade, and wealth, but was especially adorned by the magnificence of a great number of princes, by the splendour of many noble, beautiful cities, by the majesty of the supreme seat of religion, by the excellence of her great men in every art, pursuit, and science.’—Vol. i. p. 90.

The persons, however, with whom we have mainly to do in this work were the spenders, consumers, and wasters of this wealth, and the betrayers of their country for selfish ends to a foreign yoke. There is, however, as Mr. Trollope truly says, nowhere any feeling of nationality (of which people now talk so much) in the Italy of these times. The intense rivalry and hatred of state against state, and city against city, necessarily prevented this. Patriotism merged into clanship, and the great families were too intent on aggrandizing themselves and destroying each other to be capable of any enlarged views, or even wishes, for their country as a whole. We see no room for such sentiments in the perpetual struggle for pre-eminence in which their violent lives were past. The only approach to anything generous is the tenacious fidelity with which families held together in their wrong doings, and supported and protected each other. This was apparently the one bond which preserved society from collapse; treacherous to all beside, they were often strangely faithful to a name and to the tie of consanguinity, though this was so often monstrously outraged.

Catarina Sforza was a product of the times in which she lived. With no moral qualities to preserve her from their contamination, and with strength of nature and intellect to play her part with vigour, what she did, what she endured, what she braved, constitute her a heroine. She was constitutionally without feminine weaknesses and fears, and endowed with a marvellous presence of mind and readiness of resource; and moreover, as far as we read or can judge, she was a faithful wife to her three husbands, and a natural mother to her eight children. In quieter and more favourable times she would have made herself a high reputation, for her sins were prompted by the difficulties and vicissitudes of her position,—that is, they were perpetrated under temptation, and justified by example. But example and temptation made her a tigress, fierce, vindictive, impure, and remorseless. These beautiful shining

Italian women, trained from earliest girlhood in intrigue, and to play their part in the game of politics; versed in the literature of the day, skilled in all accomplishments, presiding over their courts with grace, glittering in processions, magnificent in their palaces, and under all these feminine gifts possessed of iron nerves, undaunted courage, unscrupulous consciences, and the willingness at a moment's warning to exchange the excitements of luxury for those of war and strife,—equally at home and in their place in both—remind us constantly of our own historical type of the character, Mary Queen of Scots; educated as she was by one of the very women we are describing. The likeness is so strong, the cases so similar, that we can hardly imagine a reader of Italian history finding any difficulty in crediting what history records against her. There are no difficulties that he has not had to encounter a hundred times, and which never lead him to deny what every chronicle assures him of, because it is impossible for beautiful, graceful, winning, accomplished women to be treacherous and cruel at heart.

Caterina was the 'legitimized' daughter of Galleazzo Sforza, the profuse and sumptuous Duke of Milan, and married by him at fifteen to Girolamo Riario, the nephew or son, as it may be, of Sixtus IV., after having previous to that age gone through other betrothals, and been admitted into secrets which made her experienced before her time in the state craft of that age. The history of this period abounds in beautiful pictures, and this fair bride entering Rome is one of them.

'The "sensation" produced in Rome by the young bride's arrival, is dwelt on by the historians, and may be readily believed. All the contemporary chroniclers agree in describing her as eminently beautiful. . . . When at fifteen she rode through the Porta del Popolo, in the midst of the brilliant cavalcade composed of all that was noblest in the eternal city, those finely cut features were doubtless softer in their expression, more delicate in their beauty, and more fitted to win all hearts in the manner we are assured they did. It was almost a generation later that a jovial prelate, writing to his friend from Rome, protested that nothing was wanting to the pleasures of a residence there, save "a court of ladies." But no doubt the same want was a frequent one among the tonsured epicureans of a court in which every high office was held by a priestly incumbent. And now the lamentable deficiency was about to be supplied by the young and lovely bride of the most powerful, most magnificent and wealthiest prince in Rome. . . . Doubtless nothing was left undone which could add brilliancy to the gay cavalcade amid which Girolamo brought his wife to her new home. The period was especially favourable to the display of personal splendour; and the fashion of dress, especially of female costume, had recently assumed an elegance and costly gorgeousness unknown to the previous generation. If we could figure to ourselves our fifteen-year-old heroine, as she appeared on her richly-caparisoned "dappled palfrey," to the admiring eyes of the Roman citizens, we must picture her clad in one

of those recently-introduced dresses called "Cyprians," of which we hear so much in the records of that time, and which were the favourite mode of the young and beautiful towards the end of the fifteenth century. . . . These dresses were cut square in the bust, were extremely full about the feet, close fitting from the waist upwards, and had very long and large sleeves. . . . We may be perfectly sure that the daughter of Sforza, and bride of Riario, displayed whatever was most costly and most superb as she passed from the Porta del Popolo to the princely residence of her husband on the Lungara, that long street which runs along the further bank of the river from S. Peter's to the Porta Settimana.'—Vol. i. p. 123.

Here Catharine spent four happy prosperous years.

'She very shortly became an all-powerful favorite with her uncle (or father-in-law), Sixtus. All Rome was absolutely at her feet. Courtiers in search of favour, litigants in search of justice (or injustice), officials, in search of promotion, brought their petitions and applications to her. The most important employments were often given according to the recommendations of this girl in her teens. At this period of her life, writes another chronicler, she was so great a favorite with the Pope, that most of the princes of Italy, who had any request to make of the Apostolic See, availed themselves of the intercession of Catharine for the attainment of their desires. Though apparently totally unaware that all this was in any way otherwise than it should have been, the old writers tell us much of Catharine's prudence, discretion, and moderation in wielding and managing the great power so strangely intrusted to such hands.'—Vol. i. p. 125.

The Pope, who, as a bare-footed Franciscan friar, had risen to eminence for his learning and skill as a casuist, was now bent solely on raising a family, the passion of the age, and the fruitful source of oppression, extortion, and every form of wickedness. For this purpose he wrested from the Ordelaffi family the city and county of Forli, in Romagna, and invested his son with the fief. Catharine on her side was dowered with the neighbouring city of Imola, of which her father, under the promise of giving her to the heir, had gained possession, and these cities became the scenes of much of her subsequent career. We cannot detail the conspiracies, murders, tortures, and violence, part of the apparent condition of a noble's life, in which Girolamo and Sixtus were concerned, and in which Catharine's interests were necessarily engaged. They succeeded in transporting to Forli all their immense wealth before the Pope's death, which was accelerated by an excess of passion on a Peace being made, which rendered it impossible to secure the dukedom of Ferrara for his son. Catharine found herself alone in Rome at this juncture, and in circumstances of great peril, for the difference between belonging to a living and a dead pope was tremendous. The enemies of the Riarii rose *en masse*; but Catharine showed herself at two-and-twenty, on this her first meeting with difficulty and danger, as promptly energetic and as equal to the emergency as she did on every subsequent

occasion. She threw herself at once into the Castle of S. Angelo, which she took possession of on the ground of her husband being commander of the forces; and when Girolamo returned to Rome a few days after, he found his home in ruins, all his property and that of his relations given up to pillage, but his wife and children safe. When order was in some degree restored, they left the city and took up their residence at Forli, and commenced the life of the nobles of those times—a life of lavish expense, of debt, and extortion.

‘One consolation, however, this hard-worked prince had in all his troubles, and that, perhaps, the greatest that a man can have—his wife was in every way truly a help meet for him. Catharine was a very *belle idéale* of a sovereign châtelaine in that stormy fifteenth century; her aims and ambitions were those of her husband, and she was ever ready, in sunshine or in storm, to take her full share of the burden of the day. . . . From what she deemed to be her duty, as far as we can discern, this strong, proud energetic, courageous, masterful woman never shrank; and it led her, on many a trying occasion, into by no means rose-strewn paths. Her duty, as she understood it, was by all means of all sorts; by subtle counsel when craft was needed, by lavished smiles where smiles were current, by fastuous magnificence where magnificence could impose, by energetic action when the crisis required it, by gracious condescension when that might avail, by high-handed right royal domineering when such was more efficacious, by fearlessly meeting peril, and resolutely labouring to aid and abet her husband in taking and holding a place among the sovereign princes of Italy, and to preserve the same, when she was left to do so single-handed, for her children; and this duty Catherine performed with a high heart, a strong hand, an indomitable will; throwing herself wholly into the turbulent objective life before her, and perfectly unmolested by any subjective examination of the nature and passions which conveniently enough seemed to range themselves on the side of duty, or doubt-begetting speculations as to the veritable value of the aims before her, and the quality of the means needed for the attainment of them.’—Vol. i. p. 175.

As an instance of this spirit, and also of the strange incidents which the history of this period furnishes, a story is told of the important fortress of Ravaldino, the stronghold of Forli. These fortresses were attached to every city, and were the refuge of power on all sudden insurrections and turns of fortune. News was brought to Imola, where Catharine was nursing her sick husband, that the castellano had been poignarded by an old retainer, who now held possession in his own person. The count could not leave his bed; the countess was on the eve of her confinement, but something must be done in so critical a juncture, so she at once got into the saddle, and by midnight was before the gate of Fort Ravaldino at Forli. Summoning Codronchi, the usurper, to give an account of his conduct, with all courtesy to his ‘dearest lady, he refuses her admittance that night, but counsels her to seek repose, and to return to-morrow to breakfast with him. She had nothing to do but

'take his advice, and next morning repairs to the same spot, with an excellent breakfast, but is told that only herself and one servant would be admitted.' The man might be a traitor in the pay of her enemies, and, if so, to enter was destruction; but, on the other hand, he might only wish to secure immunity for the step he had taken. She decided, against the opinion of her counsellors of the city, that this was the real state of the case, and passed into the fortress with one servant. All Forli was in suspense as to what would happen. After a time she came forth, summoning one Tommaso Feo, and returned with him within the fort. Codronchi at once gave up the command into his hands, and, leaving Feo there, he and his mistress came away together, and, in a few vague words, she addressed the citizens as to the steps she had taken; 'whereupon Codronchi and the countess mounted their horses and rode away to Imola together.' 'And the next morning, two hours after sunrise, Catharine gave birth, without any untoward accident whatever, to a fine healthy boy.' Not long after this event, Girolamo having recovered, returned to Forli, where he enforced a certain odious bread-tax. This impost he farmed to one Checco d'Orsi, who wished to pay out of it various arrears due to himself, and some ill feeling ensued. One night, having made sure that Catharine had retired, he sought an audience, and he and two or three friends were admitted.

'They found Girolamo leaning with one elbow on the sill of the great window looking on to the Piazza Grande, and talking with his chancellor. "How goes it, Checco mio?" said he, putting out his hand kindly. "That way goes it!" replied his murderer, stabbing him mortally, as he uttered these words. So Catharine became a widow with six children at twenty-six years of age.'—Vol. i. p. 180.

But neither did assassinations startle people in those days; no event was unprecedented, or could absolutely take people by surprise. Catharine, by the same means, had already lost her father and brother-in-law; and probably was very familiar with her husband's machinations in this line; for we read afterwards, on the occasion of her second husband meeting a similar fate, and suspicion having fallen on herself, her boast, that, 'thank God, neither she nor any of her family had need to apply to common bravoës, when they saw fit to make away with their enemies.' The instant the intelligence reached her, she sent a trusty messenger, first, to the fortress, and next, to her brother the Duke, at Milan. In another minute the conspirators were thundering at the door of her chamber, and she and her children were their prisoners. The conspirators hoped to make themselves lords of the place; and, as a preliminary, made the city authorities sanction their placing Forli at the disposal

of the Pope: a usual course, to which the Pope's representative in the place dare not refuse to accede, though he thus became a party in the conspiracy. The point now was to get the castellano to give up his castle. With Catharine in their power, this seemed easy. She was taken to the foot of the tower, and there compelled to give her own orders, *viva voce*, to the castellano to open his gates. On his showing himself at the ramparts, she implored him with every appearance of earnestness, to save her life by delivering up the fort. But the man had had that first secret message, he paid no heed to her entreaties, and steadily refused. 'Ah, Madame Catharine,' said one of the three who had murdered her husband, and who stood by her side as she parleyed with Feo, 'if you were really in earnest he would yield; but it is you who do not wish him to obey your words; and it makes me long to lay you dead where you stand with a thrust of this partizan through your body.' How Catharine outwitted them all, and actually gained admittance into the fort, as the only means of inducing him to yield, is too long to tell. On the strength of leaving her children as hostages, it was permitted. After the three hours' term of conference was over, and all Forli waited in breathless suspense beneath the walls to see their mistress issue forth, 'Feo appeared at the battlements, and announced with perfect coolness, that "his liege lady was much fatigued by what she had gone through; that immediately on her entry into the fort, he had counselled her to seek repose, and that she was now, in fact, enjoying a sound sleep, from which he could not think of disturbing her; that, as to her quitting the fortress in the present state of her city of Forli, he, governor of that fortress, judged it safer for her not to do so; and, therefore, be her intentions what they might, when she should awake from her slumbers, he should in nowise permit her to go forth."' And secure in the perfect strength of his walls, he calmly retreated within their shelter. The enraged Orsi presently brought Catharine's children before the fort, threatening them with instant death if she did not yield; but again the castellano appeared, reminding the citizens of Forli that the Duke of Milan was the children's uncle, and that the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah would be tolerable to that of Forli, if a hair of their head was injured. It is not every good mother who could see her children in the hands of their father's murderers, and hear them entreat for their lives, and still trust to a well-reasoned chain of probabilities; but to her, and for their own sake too, their inheritance would be as dear as life. She proved to be right, though it was a very near run thing; and her distant allies now coming to her aid, the day was eventually hers, and she

was established regent for the young Count. And now came the hour of vengeance. The three assassins had escaped, but others implicated were secured and hanged, and torn to pieces by the mob. But it was on the venerable father of the Orsi that the ingenuity of revenge wreaked itself:—an old man of eighty-four, of noble patrician bearing, with long, flowing, silver locks, who had in his day been implicated in seven insurrections.

‘On the evening of that day an ominous decree was posted in all quarters of the city, requiring that one able-bodied man from every family in Forlì should attend on the morrow with pickaxe and crowbar, in front of the vast and magnificent palace of the Orsi. At daybreak, on the 2d of May, a great crowd, armed as had been ordered, were assembled. At the same hour the venerable-looking head of the great Orsi clan was seen coming forth from his prison on the piazza, bare-headed, with his long silver locks glancing in the sunshine of that bright May morning, with hands bound behind his back, and led by the hangman, holding the end of a halter passed round the old man’s neck. Thus led into the midst of the crowd of his fellow-citizens, he was placed in front of his ancestral home. And then the work of demolition commenced.

‘“Have you well marked the spectacle, O Orso?” said the hangman to his prisoner, when the work was done; and then led him by the halter back to the piazza.

‘A cruel death awaited him there, but that which he had already endured was probably the bitterest part of his punishment to the old patrician. That razing of the family mansion was infinitely more to a mediæval Italian noble than the mere destruction of so much property, and carried with it a bitterness and misery hardly appreciable to our less clannish feelings, and less localized attachments. . . . His strongest passion, his family pride, saw in the old ancestral walls the corporeal presence of the family name; and the levelling of the massive building with the soil was the extremest ignominy an enemy could inflict, and was felt by the doomed race as a symbol of the extinction of their name and stock for ever.’—Vol. i. p. 201.

But this vengeance was nothing to what followed on the murder of Catharine’s second husband—in a certain way a *mésalliance*—seven years after this event; when forty persons were put to death. ‘Not only were the families of the guilty men, even women, and innocent children, and infants at the breast, slaughtered indiscriminately, but the slightest cause of suspicion sufficed to involve others wholly unconnected with them in destruction.’ But, even excesses like these were not wholly without warrant from the times, when all the members of a family were made responsible for the political crimes of any one of them. And this award was accepted by the lookers on as natural, and to be expected, it being an understood thing that the members of a political assassin’s family adopted his views, and more or less actively shared his crime.

In the midst of it all, Catharine did not escape suspicion of having herself instigated the deed; but for this there does not seem sufficient warrant. Next year she consoles herself by

building palaces and laying out parks, and finds her excitement in taxing her subjects, and, shortly after, in her thirty-sixth year, contracts a third marriage with a Medici, which elicits a letter of advice on government from the celebrated Savonarola. The result of this union was the birth of a son, afterwards the greatest captain of the age, 'Giovanni delle Bande Nere,' through whom she became ancestress of Mary de Medici, wife of Henry the Fourth of France, and of our Henrietta Maria. But evil days were at hand. She was a third time left a widow, when the aspect of Italian affairs was at its darkest. She could hold her own against Venice, and might be more than a match in *viva voce* diplomacy for Macchiavelli, but who could resist the enormous grasp of the Borgias? Alexander VI. gave Forlì and Imola to his son, Cesar Borgia; the citizens, glad of change, sided with the new comer, and even then had their city sacked by his army. Catharine's fortress was stormed, and she made another entry into Rome—a prisoner, riding between her conqueror, and one of the French generals. She was confined in the castle of S. Angelo, charged, probably only as a pretext, with an attempt to poison the Pope, and would certainly have been put to death by him, but for the energetic interference of the French king, who procured her release. But she seems to have felt that her day was over, and withdrew henceforth into private life, taking up her abode at the convent of the Murate in Florence, where she lived in retirement till her death, in the year 1509, in the forty-seventh year of her age—a very creditable conclusion to a perturbed existence, but for the evidence of a certain MS. volume, copied from her own handwriting, which formed the employment of these leisure hours: a sort of collection of recipes and secrets, ranging from cosmetics and medicines to 'modes of changing pewter into silver,' and other hints on the subject of coinage; specifics against witchcraft, love philtres, and finally things of a nature totally unproduceable to modern eyes and ears, but which she did not scruple to leave on record against herself, and not only herself, but against the morals of the age which had made her what she was, and moulded her into a type of the action and feeling of that strange period.

Though Catharine Sforza may present a type of her age, there were distinguished women of her own day of a very different order. When she was celebrating her first wedding, Vittoria Colonna was born, a name still honoured and dear to her country, and of which any age and country might be proud. Mr. Trollope remarks on the little surprise or censure the faults and excesses of the prominent women of the time excited in their contemporaries; but when a model of womanly virtues did appear among

them, they showed themselves fully alive to its attraction, treating it with a distinction and a homage truly Italian in their manifestation. For it was the purity and graceful decorum of Vittoria Colonna's character which laid the foundation of her fame: giving the charm to her genius and beauty, and prestige even to her high rank. There is something very remarkable in the national pride her countrymen felt in her, at a time when there was little of what we call patriotism among them. The whole peninsula united to do her honour; cities contended for her presence; and a brief was absolutely obtained from the Pope on her widowhood, forbidding her to bury so much excellence in a cloister.

Vittoria Colonna, a scion of the ancient and magnificent Roman family of that name, was born at Marino, in the Roman States, in 1490. The Colonnas were necessarily engaged in all the party contests of the period. Their power was great, their wealth enormous, and they seem to have no way differed from the other great nobles of the period in the tyrannical and oppressive use they made of these distinctions. Vittoria's fate was early determined by the political necessities of their position; for, as a guarantee of their good faith to Ferdinand II. of Naples, she was betrothed at four years old to his subject, Ferdinand d'Avalos, son of the Marquis of Pescara, a child of about her own age. To secure the fulfilment of this contract, she was committed immediately to the care of the elder sister of her betrothed, the widowed Duchess of Francavilla, a lady of so high a reputation for prudence and trustworthiness, as to be appointed by the King châtelaine of the important island of Ischia, and also, on the death of the elder Marquis, guardian of her little brother, Vittoria's future husband. The children were thus educated together from their earliest years, and formed a strong and lasting attachment. It was at a time when the Court of Naples were the great patrons and cultivators of literature and poetry. Costanza d'Avalos, their guardian, was herself distinguished for her accomplishments; so that Vittoria's natural powers could nowhere else have received the same training: for her own family were too constantly engaged in strife with their neighbours for much attention to intellectual culture. The little Court of Ischia seems to have been a real oasis of peace and refinement in the general disorders; and here Vittoria grew into womanhood, pronounced by poets and graver writers, lay and clerical, the most beautiful woman of her time, with the 'chiome d'or' which painters and poets love, but, we suspect, really of the tint which gets called ugly names in our own time. In 1509, in her nineteenth year, the long-projected nuptials took place with infinite pomp, feasting, and presents; and for two years of happy

married life the young couple remained in Ischia. At the end of this time, Pescara, who was, of course, like every gentleman of his time, to be a soldier, left his bride, and joined his father-in-law, Fabrizio Colonna, in the war then going on in Lombardy for the possession of Milan. Vittoria parted with her husband with the keenest regret, but was so far one of her own times as to believe that fighting was the only road to glory; and would therefore no more listen than her young husband to the prudent arguments set before them, that as the sole surviving scion of a noble house, he might be more useful at home. He went, then, to learn the science of war in the field, with the Spartan motto on his shield of 'With this, or on this,' and joined the army at an unfortunate moment, when the Spanish and Papal army met with a total defeat from the French, and Pescara was taken prisoner, being found in the field of battle covered with wounds. He was carried into Milan, and tended by an aunt on the winning side; for in those times, when the greatest men were mercenaries, selling their services to the best bidder, relatives of every degree were opposed to one another, and could help one another at need. The young Marquis amused his leisure by composing a *Dialogo d'Amore*, addressed to his wife, 'full of 'grave and witty conceits and thoughts,' or, as another account says, 'stuffed full of grave sentiments and exquisite conceits;' while Vittoria, on her part, composed a poetical epistle to her husband in prison, in *terza rima*, the first known production of her pen, highly commended at the time, but, Mr. Trollope says, too strictly according to classical models to admit of any forcible expression of natural feeling. Shortly after, he obtained his release, and returned to his wife, who for a short time 'considered herself the happiest of women,' till he was again recalled to military service. In spite of Vittoria's intense admiration of her husband, as expressed in her celebrated sonnets, in many points he was no better than his age. His great military talents and courage were stained, indeed, by a more than ordinary hardness and indifference to the inevitable miseries of war.

'The other scattered notices of Pescara's doings during his campaign are of a less festive character. They show him to have been a hard and cruel man, reckless of human suffering, and eminent, even among his fellow-captains for the ferocity, and even wantonness of the ravages and widespread misery he wrought. On more than one occasion Passari (the historian) winds up his narrative of some destruction of a town, or desolation of a fertile, cultivated district, by the remark that the cruelty committed was worse than Turks would have been guilty of. Yet this same Passari, an artisan, belonging to a class who had all to suffer and nothing to gain from such atrocities, writes, when chronicling this same Pescara's death, that "on that day died, I would have you know, gentle readers, the most glorious and honoured captain that the world has seen for the last hundred years."—Vol. i. p. 309.

Mr. Trollope expresses some wonder that Vittoria, herself so gentle and humane, so incapable, in her own person, of disregard to human suffering, should have lavished unmeasured love on a husband so differently constituted: but as she knew him, he was true, kind, and tender; and even in our own time we are in the habit of tracing many unpleasant features of character to 'the inevitable evils of war;' and if the historians of that time could so regard them in Pescara's case, much more his wife who would hear in her retirement only of the glory, and certainly no details of needless cruelty and oppression. While her husband was thus engaged, the little court of Ischia was distinguished for its patronage of literature and poetry, and many were the sonnets composed to that 'superbo scoglio' and its distinguished inmates. Whenever Vittoria was seen in a more enlarged sphere, it was with pomp enough: as when she visited Naples, on occasion of the wedding of the King of Poland with Donna Bona Sforza, when the chroniclers record such splendour and fine clothes as must make the youth of our day sigh at the limitations modern fashion puts on our indulgence of finery. Even the ladies can hardly equal in gorgeousness

'The illustrious lady, the Signora Vittoria, Marchioness of Pescara. "She is mounted on a black and white jennet, with housings of crimson velvet, fringed with gold. She is accompanied by six ladies-in-waiting, uniformly clad in azure damask, and attended by six grooms on foot, with cloaks and jerkins of blue and yellow satin. The lady herself wears a robe of brocaded crimson velvet, with large branches of beaten gold on it. She has a crimson satin cap, with a head-dress of wrought gold above it; and around her waist is a girdle of beaten gold.'"—Vol. i. p. 316.

Vittoria, who seems to have had no misgivings as to her husband's military career, was forced on one occasion to interfere when she thought his honour imperilled by some transactions in which he was engaged; transactions which, in their best interpretation, have, to our perceptions, the strongest taint of treason upon them. It seems certain that he was considered a man whose honour could be tampered with; he had clearly no code of his own: for, on receiving proposals from the Pope to turn traitor to Charles V. of Spain, in whose service he was, with the reward of the throne of Naples,

'Pescara received his overtures favourably, saying that if he could be satisfied that what was proposed to him could be done without injury to his honour, he would willingly undertake it, and accept the reward offered to him. Upon this reply being communicated to the Pope, a couple of cardinals forthwith wrote to the Marchese, assuring him that the treason required of him was, according to the dispositions and ordinances of the laws, civil as well as canon, perfectly consistent with the nicest honour.'—Vol. i. p. 322.

It is clear that a private education had not suited the Marchese's moral development, that when he got into the world he

was less able to withstand its seductions than even his compeers of more public training; for 'Guicciardini has recorded that he had often heard Morone (one of the most clear-sighted men of his day) declare "that there did not exist a worse or more faithless man in all Italy than Pescara."' It was on this occasion that Vaschi writes—

'This I know well, that the lady Vittoria Colonna, his wife, a woman of the highest character, and abounding in all the virtues that can adorn her sex, had no sooner heard of the intrigue on foot, than, wholly untempted by the brilliant hope hung out to her, she with infinite sorrow and anxiety wrote most warmly to her husband, urging him to bethink him of his hitherto unstained character, and weigh well what he was about, assuring him that, as far as she was concerned, she had no wish to be the wife of a king, but only of a loyal and upright man.'—Vol. i. p. 323.

Whether Pescara had entered into the plot on his own account, or simply to betray all to Charles V., it is certain he was engaged in it; but his wife's warnings, or difficulties in the way of success, hindered its being carried out. The anxieties connected with the affair are supposed to have preyed upon his health, which suddenly gave way, and a premature decay of all the vital forces came on. He summoned his wife in all haste to join him where he lay at Milan. She set out instantly on her long journey, but on reaching Viterbo on her way northwards, was met by the news of his death. She had not seen him for three years since a hasty few days' visit in 1522, and we infer that but a small proportion of the sixteen years of their married life had been passed together. But these forced separations may have even added romance to their union; and certain it is that, thus left a widow at thirty-five, still in the full pride of her beauty, as contemporary writers assert (a statement borne out by the medals struck at the time, presenting a faultless profile), her first thought was to separate herself for ever from the world. Her position is thus described:—

'The exalted rank and prominent position of her own family, the high military grade and reputation of her husband, the wide-spread hopes and fears of which he had recently been the centre in the affairs of the conspiracy, joined to the fame of her talents, learning, and virtues, which had been made the subject of enthusiastic praise by nearly all the Ischia knot of poets and wits, rendered her a very conspicuous person in the eyes of all Italy. Her husband's premature and unexpected death added a source of interest of yet another kind to her person. A young, beautiful, and very wealthy widow gave rise to quite as many hopes, speculations, and designs in the sixteenth century as in any other. But Vittoria's first feeling on receiving that fatal message at Viterbo was that she could never again face that world which was so ready to open its arms to her. Escape from the world, solitude, a cell, whose walls should resemble, as nearly as might be, those of the grave, since that asylum was denied to her, was her only wish; and she hastened, stunned by her great grief, to Rome, with the

intention of throwing herself into a cloister. The convent of San Silvestro in Capite,—so called from the supposed possession by the community of the Baptiste's head,—had always been a special object of veneration to the Colonna family; and there she sought a retreat. Her many friends, well knowing the desperation of her affliction, feared that, acting under the spur of its first violence, she would take the irrevocable step of pronouncing the vows. That a Vittoria Colonna should be so lost to the world was not to be thought of; so Jacopo Sadoletto, Bishop of Carpentras, and afterwards made a cardinal by Pope Paul III., one of the most learned men of his day, himself a poet, and an intimate friend of Vittoria's, hastened to Pope Clement, whose secretary he was at the time, and obtained from him a brief addressed to the abbess and nuns of San Silvestro, enjoining them to receive into their house, and console to the best of their ability, the Marchesana di Pescara, "omnibus spiritualibus et temporalibus consolationibus;" but forbidding them, under pain of the greater excommunication, to permit her to take the veil, "impetu potius sui doloris quam maturo consilio circa mutationem vestium vidualium in monasticas."—Vol. i. p. 329.

This brief is dated the 7th December, 1525, within a fortnight of her husband's death. Before long Vittoria found another resource as soothing to her fidelity, and probably of more lasting efficacy. Those who can express their feelings with grace and eloquence will never die of them, and are rarely inconsolable. Vittoria retired to Ischia, and relieved the poignancy of her grief by the composition of a series of sonnets to her husband's memory. Now she seems to have found her vocation, and from henceforth poetry was the occupation of her life. Sonnets were the fashion of the day; she excelled in the elaborate graces demanded by this form of verse, and one hundred and thirty-four sonnets remain, 'inspired by her grief for 'the loss of her husband.' Pescara is her 'bel sole'—a phrase repeated so continually as to add to the monotony which is the ordinary defect of this form of composition. The labour and concentration of thought inseparable from their construction, and demanded by her own fame, are hardly compatible with that disorder of mind incident on keen affliction. Whenever a person is hard at work from choice, we cannot believe him seriously unhappy; but Vittoria's heart no doubt really spoke after a fashion in her sonnets, and in the way to ensure unwearied sympathy in her own time, though Mr. Trollope is cold-blooded:—

'No sooner was each memory-borne pang illustrated by an ingenious metaphor or pretty simile, packed neatly in its regulation case of fourteen lines, with their complexity of twofold rhymes, all right, than it was handed all over Italy. Copies were as eagerly sought for as *the* novel of the season at a nineteenth century circulating library. Cardinals, bishops, poets, wits, diplomatists, passed them from one to another, and made them the subject of their correspondence with each other and with the fair mourner, and eagerly looked out for the next poetical *bonne-bouche* which her undying grief and constancy to her "bel sole" should send them. The

enthusiasm created by these tuneful wailings of a young widow, as lovely as inconsolable, as irreproachable as noble, learned enough to correspond with the most learned men of the day on their own subjects—and with all this a Colonna—was intense; Vittoria became speedily the most famous woman of her day, was termed by universal consent “the divine,” and lived to see three editions of the “grief cries” which escaped from her “without her will.”—Vol. i. p. 335.

The series extends over many years. In one of them she laments that seven years have brought no alleviation to her grief, all which expressions a modern Italian writer takes *au pied de la lettre*; but there is no reason why we should so far outrage our sense of the probable, and Mr. Trollope is right in assuming that the whole thing was an acknowledged poetical fiction. She certainly made it known that she had no intention of ‘changing her condition;’ her constancy to her husband’s memory was genuine, but the passionate grief she probably never dreamt would be taken for literal fact. Love was the stock subject of poetry in those days of the renaissance; the only form of the passion suited to her position and character was this constant love for her dead husband. To see the thing as her contemporaries saw it, we must regard it from a literary point of view.

‘The passion-poetry which addressed itself to the memory of one no more, met the requirements of the case exactly, and Vittoria’s ten years’ despair and lamentations, her apotheosis of the late cavalry captain, and longing to rejoin him, must be regarded as poetical properties brought out for use when she sat down to make poetry for the perfectly self-conscious though very laudable purpose of acquiring for herself a poet’s reputation. But it must not be supposed that anything in the nature of hypocrisy was involved in the assumption of the poetical rôle of the inconsolable widow. Everybody understood that the poetess was only making poetry, and saying the usual and proper things for that purpose.’—Vol. i. p. 344.

And if any of our readers are repelled by this view, let them consider how slowly the world has learnt to express its fresh and actual feelings in print. We have no doubt that the attempt would have been an indecorum in Vittoria’s day, like entering into company in dishabille. Thoughts and emotions must be dressed up to be presentable; they must have the sanction of precedent and authority. In fact, there was a certain reserve hidden under all this passionate language, which was known to be poetical rather than natural.

In 1530 she visited Rome, and took intense interest in the discovery of precious antiquities which was then occurring. Here her presence was valued and her words treasured up. Her exclamation, ‘Ah, happy they who lived in days so full of ‘beauty!’ furnished a poet with material for four sonnets. But questions of deeper moment were beginning to stir the world of

thought in her country ; and in these, too, Vittoria shared with a genuine enthusiasm. Paul III., in the hope of averting schism, had at this time raised a number of learned and devout men to the purple, our own Cardinal Pole, Contarini, and others, with most of whom she was on terms of friendship. It was a period for liberty of thought, before men saw to what their speculations might lead. At Ferrara, especially, the Duchess Renée was known to possess what we now call Protestant tendencies ; and in 1537 Vittoria visited that city, prompted, as Mr. Trollope asserts (an opinion vehemently combated by her Catholic biographers), by the wish to exchange ideas on these subjects with some of the leading minds of the time. It is not probable, from what we see of her character, that under any circumstances she could have been led to separate herself from the Church of Rome, with which her whole being was bound up. But no such contingency presented itself to her mind, and the great spiritual truths which formed the subject of discussion were such as her whole train of thought and life led her to embrace. We cannot accept Mr. Trollope as an authority on these matters, as he is in the habit of regarding all definite doctrine as ' Calvinism.' The doctrine of free grace, for instance, he seems to suppose was never held before Calvin's time ; and wherever Vittoria's sonnets assert it, he triumphantly points it out as rank heresy. He considers the following sonnet, expressive of the conflict of good and evil in the heart of the believer, and the coldness and deadness that sin induces, as certain of condemnation ' by orthodox members of either the Roman Catholic or ' Anglo-Catholic Churches :—

' Quando dal lume, il cui vivo splendore
Rende il petto fedel lieto e sicuro,
Si dissolve per grazia il ghiaccio duro,
Che sovente si gela intorno al core.
Sento ai bei lampi del possente ardore
Cader delle mie colpe il manto oscuro,
E vestirmi in quel punto il chiaro e puro
Della prima innocenza e primo amore.
E sebben con serrata e fida chiave,
Serro quel raggio ; egli e scivo e sottile,
Si ch' un basso pensier lo scaccia e sdegnà.
Ond' ei ratto sen vola ; io mesta e grave
Rimango, e'l prego che d'ogni ombra vile
Mi spogli, acciò più presto a me sen vegna.'

We give Mr. Trollope's translation, which means to be faithful ; but the reader will see that he has not apprehended the force of the fourth line, ' Che sovente,' &c., meaning, ' which often gathers round the heart ;' or of the eighth—

' Della prima innocenza e primo amore,'

that is, a 'garb previously possessed by the speaker,' which is not rendered by 'The garb of primal innocence.'

'When by the light, whose living ray both peace
And joy to faithful bosoms doth impart,
The indurated ice, around the heart
So often gathered, is dissolved through grace,
Beneath that blessed radiance from above
Falls from me the dark mantle of my sin;
Sudden I stand forth pure and radiant in
The garb of primal innocence and love.
And though I strive, with lock and trusty key,
To keep that ray, so subtle 'tis, and coy,
By one base thought 'tis scared and put to flight.
So flies it from me. I in sorrowing plight
Remain, and pray that He from base alloy
May purge me, so the light come sooner back to me.'

Mr. Trollope's concluding comments on these lines are, 'that here we have the doctrine of sudden and instantaneous conversion and sanctification, and that without any aid from sacrament, altar, or priest,' a remark which, we need not tell our readers, implies a total misconception of the writer's meaning. That they excited no perplexity in the minds of her friends we are assured, for her religious poems were received with enthusiasm by faithful adherents of the Church of Rome, of the more religious and thoughtful class. Sometimes Mr. Trollope expresses a morbid morality, as where he takes such vehement exception to the following lines, the conclusion of a sonnet, 'in which she has been lamenting the blindness of those who sacrifice eternal bliss for the sake of worldly pleasures'—

'Poichè'l mal per natura non gli annoia
E del ben per ragion piacer non hanno,
Abbian almen di Dio giusto timore.'

On which we have this forced and strained comment—

'She appears incapable of understanding, that no fear of God could in anywise avail to improve or profit him who has no aversion for evil, no love of good. She does not perceive, that to inculcate so godless a fear of God was to make the Creator a mere bugbear for police purposes; and that a theory of Deity constructed on this basis would become a degrading demonology.'—Vol. 1., 374.

Vittoria Colonna was the chosen friend of Michael Angelo, and it is her crowning glory that to her influence he attributes all the depth of his religion. She made him, from a worshipper of the beautiful, 'a devout Christian.' Their acquaintance began late in their respective lives,—for he was in his sixty-third and she in her forty-seventh year,—and ripened gradually into a warm friendship, which lasted till her death. Records, by a

mutual friend, are preserved of their conversations, and he was present at her death.

‘In her last hours she was visited by her faithful and devotedly-attached friend, Michael Angelo, who watched the departure of the spirit from her frame; and who declared, years afterwards, that he had never ceased to regret that in that solemn hour he had not ventured to press his lips, for the first and last time, to the marble forehead of the dead.’—Vol. i. p. 391.

She died in Rome, February, 1547, in the 57th year of her age. Cardinal Pole had been the director of her conscience, and whatever misgivings or illumination she had received in the stir of religious thought and opinion, they did not disturb her faith in the Church of Rome. There may indeed be truth in Mr. Trollope’s view, that this is Italian patriotism:—

‘She acted in this respect in conformity with the conduct of the majority of those eminent men whose disciple and friend she was so many years. And the final extinction of the reformatory movement in Italy was in great measure due precisely to the fact that conformity to Rome was dearer to most Italian minds than the independent assertion of their own opinion.’—Vol. i. p. 383.

Passing over Julia D’Aragona, who deserves very little attention at our hands, we come to Olympia Morata, who forms a very fair parallel, and also contrast, with the princely lady just under review. Both were learned; both had genius which won them European reputations; both were pure and exemplary in their lives, and both were affected by the peculiar religious influences of the day: though Vittoria died honoured, praised, and cherished, by the church, and in the faith in which she was born; and Olympia died an exile and outcast, her days shortened by sufferings and privation, a confessor, if not a martyr, to Protestantism. She is a great favourite with our author; nevertheless, he is ill-suited to be her biographer; for she had a strong actuating faith, and he sympathises with her only so far as she forsakes the church and creed of her fathers. Any belief cast off, is a proof, with him, of strength and enlightenment; but where a definite, positive faith is asserted, we are in bondage again. As we have already shown, he cannot refrain from the most ill-timed expressions of surprise, and almost disgust, at any evidence of it. But even under the constant jar of Mr. Trollope’s comments, the history is a remarkable one, and Olympia Morata a fine character, formed under most anomalous circumstances. Born in the very heart of the Renaissance, when heathen gods were in fashion, and heathen literature the sole interest and authority—except where certain new or forgotten doctrines and questions were stealthily making their way;—in the country where religion suffered its foulest dishonour in the person of those who were its official

heads and exponents,—in Ferrara, where, a quarter of a century before, the reigning duke, Hercules, had given his son to be Lucretia Borgia's fourth husband, and then thought to make all square by washing hundreds of poor men's feet in Passion Week;—herself a favourite at the same court where now, under the patronage of the Duchess Renée, the new opinions were encouraged, we cannot wonder that when religion took hold of her affections, it should take the cast of those minds who might well seem to her the most in earnest in their profession, and whose views were adapted to her intellectual and inquiring turn of thought. Indeed, it seems pretty certain that her father had early entertained them as interesting speculations, 'before,' as Mr. Trollope expresses it, 'the Church-in-danger alarm bell' had been rung in Italy: and hers was a mind peculiarly open to early impressions.

She was born in Ferrara, in 1526; her father, Peregrino Morata, had a high reputation as a teacher at the time when the revival of classical learning made this for the first time a lay profession. He seems to have had a large circle of literary and learned friends, amongst whom the little Olympia seems to have imbibed her first notions:—

'That the precocious child had already attracted the notice of the grave and learned seniors who frequented her father's house, is indicated by a passage in a letter from Calcagnini to Morata, when absent from Ferrara, bidding him kiss for him the little muse, whose prattle was already so charming. And at a later date, when writing to her, and recalling his remembrance of her infancy, he says that the language of the Muses was her earliest mother tongue, which she had imbibed together with the milk from the breast.'—Vol. ii. p. 62.

The Italians have never been jealous of learned women; as the Greeks personified all beauty in the female form, they loved to see their favourite studies represented and embodied in a living muse. This impersonation was Olympia Morata, who, at the time when to think in the old classic mould, and to write and speak (what tried to be) pure Latin and Greek were not only accomplishments of the highest consideration, but the whole of learning—had in her sixteenth year attained a command of language, and a correctness of diction, which scholars of mature age had spent their lives to acquire. The spirit of the life around her had been infused into her being by that subtle sympathy which intelligent children at the earliest age have with whatever part of the world comes within their experience. She had probably no great original genius, but that gift of identifying herself even in infancy with the intellectual impulse of the age, and making herself one with it. The strength and beauty of her character, that which makes her now interesting to us, lies in her

maintaining her own status in the midst of the various temptations to which her youthful fame exposed her. Prodigies have proverbially a short reign; the vigour is sapped by early forcing; but Olympia is an exception; all the adulation and strange distinctions of her girlhood did not spoil her, or unfit her to meet adversity and disgrace, when they came, with dignity and fortitude. The pet of a court returned to her widowed home to be the stay of her mother and sisters, and to devote herself, when court favour was over, to concerns of more absorbing and lasting interest, with all the unwarped energy of her nature.

It scarcely accords with our modern ideas of courts, that Olympia's fame as a scholar should, when she was fifteen, lead to her being installed the companion of Renée's daughter, the Princess Anne, and sharer of her studies; but probably there never was a period when learning brought with it so much distinction, or conferred such positive rank. This was at a time when the Duchess's 'literary academy' was exciting some suspicion from the nature of the topics discussed there; but as yet the young scholar took no part in such subjects, and her promotion was regarded by her friends with much satisfaction. Her learned friend writes to her—

'Henceforward you may give yourself up to your favourite pursuits, change the distaff for the pen, house-linen for books, and the exercise of the fingers for that of the mind . . . It will now be for you to preserve without flaw the good gifts which you have received from your parents—modesty, candour, and virtuous principles, and to add to them wisdom, eloquence, high-mindedness, and contempt of all that is base.'—Vol. ii. p. 82.

Her compositions at this time were the subject of high-flown eulogies; and for correctness of classic phraseology were very remarkable: a point then more appreciated than originality of thought. There is an essay of hers, written between fourteen and sixteen, on Mutius Scævola, in Greek; a defence of Cicero against some of his detractors, and lectures on the paradoxes of that author:—

'Then,' writes her faithful friend Curio, 'we used to hear her declaiming in Latin, improvising in Greek, explaining the paradoxes of the greatest orators, and answering all the questions addressed to her.'—Vol. ii. p. 84.

Her father gave her counsel on elocution, on which Mr. Trollope comments in his imitation of the Carlylese dialect:—

'Humph! It does not quite please us!—rings mighty hollow, at least on the Teutonic ear, all this about Minerva, Mercury, Apollo; king of song, and the wheel of Ixion! Was that worthy old sixteenth-century school-master really and truly scooped and hollowed out by perpetual droppings from Helicon, into an empty shell, resounding classicalities a mere simulacrum of a Roman of the Augustan age? To the Teutonic imagination, the picture thus far realized of our Olympia, seems to present an altogether scenic personage, prepared for purposes of representation: slender, graceful

figure, draped in long white muslin robes with beautiful eloquent upraised arm, "Andres Athenaioi," on her lovely lips, and background of gleaming marble porticoes, and grey-green olive groves behind, the cloudless blue above, and bluer Ægean in the distance! A truly charming picture; and yet this nineteenth century of ours would be sorely puzzled to what good use to put the original, if we had her among us for any other than mere academic drawing-school purposes.'—Vol. ii. p. 85.

It suited her own times at any rate, of which testimony remains in solemn Latin eulogies by men of learning and note, in the tender kindness of her patroness, the Duchess, in the intimate friendship with the Princess Anne, to whom she subsequently writes:—

'You remember how familiarly we lived together, notwithstanding you were my sovereign and liege lady, and for how many years the companionship lasted, how all our studies were in common, and how the pursuit of them continually increased the affection that had grown up between us.'—Vol. ii. p. 89.

She had another friend of the same rank, the Princess Lavinia della Revere, with whom she studied, and with whom she must have conversed on those theological questions which began to be the great turning points of opinion; for, in after life, when religion had become a practical thing to her, she alludes to the doctrine of Election, which they had once discussed as a theory, and which, with John Calvin a refugee in Renée's court, was likely to be prominent, saying—

'Lay aside that old error which formerly induced us to think that, before calling upon God, it was necessary to know whether we had been from all eternity elected by Him. Rather let us, as He commands us, first implore His mercy, and then, when we have done so, we shall know of a certainty that we are of the number of the elect.'—Vol. ii. p. 102.

That she considered such abstract speculations of small value, we gather from her subsequent review of her court existence:—

'Had I remained longer at court, it would have been all over with me and my salvation. For never while I remained there could I attain the knowledge of aught lofty or divine, or read the books of either Testament.'—Vol. ii. p. 103.

But this soul-emancipation was to be at the cost of much sorrow and trial. She was called away to attend the lingering death-bed of her father. In the meanwhile the Princess Anne married, and when Olympia returned to court, she had no longer a place there, and was dismissed under circumstances which show her to have fallen under the Duke's displeasure, probably for being suspected of the new opinions, at which he had taken political rather than religious alarm. The Duchess had had to make a sudden profession of faith, the reforming party at her court was broken up, and the Inquisition let loose upon the Church. One of its first victims was one Fannio, who was

hung and burnt in the market-place of Ferrara, and whom, previous to his execution, the discarded Olympia, with her friend Lavinia, took courage to visit in prison; a strong measure, and one which implies a mind almost made up as to its future course. The change of outward circumstances was great indeed:—

‘It is difficult to imagine a more violent contrast than that between the brilliant palace life which eight years had made habitual to her, and the pale existence, made up wholly of those elements both so new to her—duties and difficulties, which passed in the narrow home, overshadowed by the cloud of disgrace, and tenanted by a helpless family of five women and an infant brother, whose education was one of Olympia’s most pleasing duties.’—Vol. ii. p. 118.

Of this period she herself writes:—

‘After my father’s death, I remained alone, betrayed, abandoned by those who ought to have supported me, and exposed to the most unjust persecution. My sisters were involved in my misfortune, and received only ingratitude in return for the devotion and services of so many years. How great was my grief under these afflictions you may easily believe. Not one of those we had in other times deemed our friends dared to manifest the least interest in us, and we were in so deep a pit of adversity that it appeared impossible for us ever to escape from it.’—Vol. ii. p. 120.

But Olympia was not wholly deserted. The University of Ferrara had been an attraction to certain German students, who had brought with them across the Alps the new theology. One of these, with the unmelodious name of Andreas Grünthler, a distinguished man with a high reputation for scholarship, had there taken his degree of doctor of medicine, and made acquaintance and wooed Olympia, in her days of prosperity. At first she rejected his advances; owning in after years, that she had ‘then ‘conceived an aversion to him;’ but time brought about changes:—

‘In that time of tribulation and trial, when all the world had suddenly changed its welcoming smile to a frown; when none of those she had once thought her friends dared to manifest any interest in the disgraced favourite, then Andreas Grünthler dared to woo, and succeeded in inspiring as devoted a love as ever woman’s heart felt. Olympia was deeply touched by the noble disinterestedness of her lover’s suit. “Neither the resentment of the Duke,” she writes, long afterwards to her earliest friend, Celio Curione, “nor all the miserable circumstances that surrounded me, could induce him to abandon his desire to make me his wife. So great and true a love has never been surpassed.”’—Vol. ii. p. 126.

The marriage took place in 1550, in her 25th year. And now the Italian muse had to make the great sacrifice of leaving her country for what must have seemed to her a rude exchange. But Ferrara was no longer a place for her or her husband. Their Protestant convictions daily strengthened, and with this the desire to express them; with Fannio’s impending

fate before them this could only be done across the Alps. Grünthler therefore left his wife for a season in search of employment, hoping to obtain some German professional chair. After a weary separation he returned, with the promise of shelter, rather than occupation, at Augsburg; and Olympia, after a sad parting, and in the conviction, which was realized, that she should never see Italy again, accomplished a journey of such hardships, that, as she wrote, 'after having followed her husband across the Alps, she could have no difficulty in crossing the Caucasus—"inhospitalem Caucasum"—or accompanying him to the uttermost ends of the earth if it were needed.' Even in Germany Olympia's name was known. She was received with distinction at Augsburg, where she remained till her husband got the appointment of physician to the garrison at Schweinfurth, in Bavaria, whither she accompanied him towards the end of 1551. There her fame preceded her; and inquiries were made if Olympia Morata were indeed a real name, because it was generally suspected to be a fictitious *nom-de-plume*. There for some time she lived in peace, and not without congenial society. Some of the correspondence remains with her friend Lavinia, whom at one time she entreats to use all her influence to save Fannio, whose fate was soon afterwards sealed; at another, she sends her copies of Luther's works, which she was very anxious to have translated into Italian; a task her own determined ignorance of German incapacitated her from attempting. We presume the idiom was too barbarous for her classic training; but however much her ignorance of the vernacular might interfere with household management or intercourse with her own sex, it was no hindrance to intellectual communion, for which she felt Latin the natural medium. A pleasing picture is given of Olympia presiding with all sweet domestic graces in her new home; hers seems to have been a happy temperament; she found pleasure in her duties; looked after her ménage, and complained of her German servant-maid, in choice Latin, to her correspondents; undertook the education of some young people, having no children of her own; studied the Scriptures; and translated the Psalms into Greek, which her husband set to music, and she sang with admirable taste. But this serenity was presently disturbed when Schweinfurth became the bone of contention between contending factions, and suffered the horrors of a fourteen months' siege, during which Olympia's household had to endure every hardship. Presently, her husband, who was unremitting in his medical duties, was struck down with the plague, and Olympia in her extremity uttered that prayer on which Mr. Trollope has so much to say. Finally the city was taken by assault, by the Catholic assailants, and given up to the license of the soldiers.

‘Olympia has recorded some of the incidents of that dreadful day, in the letter to her sister that has been already quoted. The soldiers rushing into the town in complete disorder, set fire to the houses in many places. “In that moment of trepidation and panic terror,” she writes, “My husband and I were rushing to the church as the safest asylum, when a soldier, altogether unknown to us, addressed us, and warned us to fly from the city, if we would not be buried beneath its ruins. Had we remained in the church, we should have been suffocated by the smoke, as many were. We followed the man’s advice, and made for the gate accordingly.” But before they could reach it, the letter goes on to say, they fell into the hands of a party of soldiers, who stripped them of everything, and took Grünthler prisoner. Escaping from their hands, he was a second time seized before they could reach the gate. “Then, I can tell you, I knew what agony of mind is, if ever I knew it; then I prayed with ardour, if ever I did so. In my sore distress I cried aloud ‘Help me! help me, oh Lord, for Christ His sake!’ Nor did I cease my cry until He helped me, and set my husband free. I would that you could have seen in what a condition I was, covered with fluttering rags, for my clothes had been torn off my back. In my flight I lost both shoes and stockings, and had to run barefoot over rough stones and rocks, so that in truth I know not how I won through. Again, and again, I said, ‘Here I must fall and die, for I can endure no more.’ Then I cried to God, ‘Lord, if Thou wilt that I live, command Thy angels that they carry me, for carry myself I cannot.’” At length they reached the gate, and escaped from the horrors of the town, “And having my husband with me,” says the letter to her sister, “I minded not the loss of all else, though I had only my shift left to cover me.” In that plight the fugitives travelled ten miles that dreadful night, till they reached the village of Hammelburgh. Olympia had been suffering the whole time from tertian fever, and was absolutely unable to proceed further; “among the poorest of the poor,” she writes to Curione, “I might have been taken for the queen of the beggars.” At Hammelburgh they met with scant hospitality; the people were afraid of giving offence to their fierce bishop by harbouring fugitives from Protestant Schweinfurth. Nevertheless in the absolute impossibility of dragging herself out of the town, Olympia and her companions were allowed to remain there three days. On the fourth, though still very ill, and hardly able to walk with the support of her husband, the miserable wanderers were obliged again to take the road. —Vol. ii. p. 177.

At length they reached Erbach, and found a friendly and hospitable asylum. The counts of Erbach were zealous Protestants, and Olympia was known to them by reputation. This ‘tenth muse,’ with a European fame, arrived at their gates ‘utterly prostrated and broken down, almost literally ‘naked, and having lost all that she and her husband possessed ‘in the world.’ The countess succoured and tended her with her own hand, and to her care Olympia attributed her restoration. But she never recovered the shock her system had received. These friends bestirred themselves to find some suitable provision for their distinguished guests, and procured for Grünthler the professorship of medicine at the University of Heidelberg; and at the same time, one authority states that the Elector offered the Greek professorship to Olympia, ‘who should more

'justly be called Sappho of Lesbos;' but her broken health did not allow her to accept it.

She set about as she could to make a new home, and her letters contain amusing supplications to her old scholar friends to find her a good servant,—a class which seems to have been as rare, to say the least, in the sixteenth as the nineteenth century. She remembers certain poor pensioners at Schweinfurth, and sends assistance to such as outlived the siege. Her letters breathe pious sentiments of resignation, as she feels her life ebbing away, which excite characteristic comments from Mr. Trollope, which we need not further dwell on.

There was much at this time to try both faith and spirits. Religious persecution was raging in Ferrara; some were loaded with chains, some condemned to exile, others took shelter in flight. She wrote urging her mother and sisters to join her at Heidelberg. At the same time our Mary succeeded to the throne of England, and, to complete the gloom, the pestilence broke out in Heidelberg, and Grunthler had to leave the bed of his evidently dying wife to encounter it. 'But he was strengthened in the path of duty by the exhortations of 'Olympia.' Her last letter to her early friend Celio describes her state and feelings with natural pathos:—

'As for me, my dear Celio, I must tell you that it is hardly probable that I should survive much longer. Medical treatment can do nothing for me. Each day and hour my friends see me perishing from before them. This letter is in all likelihood the last you will ever receive from me. My body and my strength are worn out. I have no appetite; and I am constantly, night and day, threatened with suffocation by my cough. A burning fever consumes me; and pain in every part of my body takes away the possibility of sleep. There is nothing further for me but to breathe my last sigh. But up to that last sigh I shall not forget those whom I have loved. Do not let the news of my death afflict you. I know that the reward of the just is reserved for me, and I long to quit this life to be with Jesus Christ.'—Vol. ii. p. 196.

Her husband writes to the same friend the account of her last moment:—

'A short time before her end she waked from a short sleep and smiled, as if moved by some pleasing thought. Hanging over her, I asked the cause of this sweet expression. "I saw in my dream," she said, "a place illuminated with the most brilliant and pure light." Her extreme weakness did not permit her to say more. I said, "Courage, my best beloved! Very soon you will be living amid that pure light." She smiled again, and made a slight sign of assent. A little afterwards she said, "I am happy, perfectly happy," and ceased speaking just as her sight began to fail. "I can scarcely see you, my loved ones," she said: "but all around me there seem to be beautiful flowers." Those were her last words; an instant afterwards she seemed to fall asleep, and breathed her last.'—Vol. ii. p. 197.

She died October, 1555, in the twenty-ninth year of her age. Not many months after, her husband, who remained at his dangerous post of duty, was struck down by the pestilence, and so followed her. Her loving friend, Celio Curione, set about at once collecting her works, which he dedicated to our Queen Elizabeth, with the words, 'This book will prove the marvellous knowledge of Olympia; her zeal for religion, her patience under severe trials, and her unshaken constancy in adversity.' The beauty and charm of her character to us is its simplicity and unselfishness; qualities which seem to have withstood every peril of adverse influences. In a polemical age, her religion was practical, with apparently no element of party spirit; the truths she received she did not dispute about, but they strengthened her in life, and sustained her in death. The most learned and flattered women of the age, afforded one of its fairest examples as a daughter, a friend, and a wife.

It is not our intention to enter into the details of Bianca Capello's history, some of which are probably already known to our readers. How she eloped from her father's house at Venice at barely fifteen; how she forsook this husband immediately, and became mistress of Francesco de Medici, afterwards Grand Duke of Florence; how she subsequently married him, and became grand duchess, with all the iniquities of each stage of her career, we have not space to recount. In some points of her character she is an Italian and disreputable Lady Macbeth. There is astounding resource and courage, but she has not the grandeur, nor the conscience, of Shakspeare's heroine, and is altogether of a coarser mould. Her portrait expresses a stolid, sensual temperament, adapted to a career of great crimes, to which the excessive corruption of manners in that age naturally led. In the leprous and tainted state of society in Italy of the sixteenth century, the lovers of the strange and exceptional find a tempting field of speculation. Almost anything can be maintained from facts which seem so at variance with the first principles of humanity. We may be quite sure that something monstrous and abnormal would result from it, though the good that can be derived from investigating such mysteries of iniquity is doubtful indeed. It is something like studying the human form in a valley of *gottres*, especially in the case of those chimeras of atrocity the noted bad women of the time, withheld by no scruple, visited by no shame, living and dying the same, and always affecting an outward show of religion; coarsely beautiful, gross in their pleasures, faithless and treacherous, poisoners, and murderesses, realizing the fables of Syrens and Harpies. We hear of the renaissance, but it was the extinction of truth and light, not illumination of any kind, which produced them. It was as

much their ignorance and narrowness of view, as their cleverness, which helped them to their bad pre-eminence.

We do not believe Bianca Capella had much cultivation of mind. She began her career at fifteen, and she had no time for study afterwards. The knowledge which such women get of the minds which yield to their snares, is an instinct, not a process of reasoning,—the fruit of a certain force of character, which beauty will always foster by the mere habit of conquest. We do not credit the deep designs and far-seeing plots which their biographers attribute to these heroines. Nothing checks people of this sort so much as a wide range of observation, and large forethought. Things are done step by step just for the *present* need. Look at the impostors and criminals of our own experience, and we see that with them the present is everything; they face no paralysing array of consequences; remote contingencies have little power as a motive. To be cool and clear, they must apply their shrewdness to the present aim and crisis, trusting vaguely to its befriending them when the next pinch comes. And with these general remarks, to which, indeed, our space limits us, we pass over this class of Mr. Trollope's subjects.

After the melodramatic horrors and splendours of the period of Italian power and pre-eminence, the book concludes in a glimmer of modern daylight, which gives a tinselly and faded effect to our parting impressions; and is intended to do so by the author, as illustrating the decadence of all masculine vigour in thought and literature which had resulted from ages of social abuse.

Corilla, the improvisatrice—crowned at the Capitol within the life, and almost the memory, of some of this generation, and already utterly forgotten—certainly suggests ideas of sham or burlesque. We are too near the fact, and yet too remote from it in our sympathies, to take a serious view of the ceremony, which we can believe to have been imposing when Petrarch and Tasso received the honour, but which turns to travesty as performed in the eighteenth century on Perfetti and Corilla, whom so august a distinction has not rescued from oblivion. But after all this only proves that honours have no inherent greatness in them; that they can do nothing in the long-run to elevate mediocrity. While Corilla's laurels were fresh, they did the work honours are intended to do—they produced more Corillas. Mr. Trollope makes no mention of 'Corinne,' but it is clear that this scene at the Capitol suggested the form and subject of Madame de Stael's celebrated novel.

The brilliant Frenchwoman had, no doubt, been dazzled by so conspicuous a female triumph. She chose to see a reality in it;

to her it was a real homage, a recognition of woman's genius and equality. She rejoiced in the enormous publicity: a woman recognised as a divinity, and crowned a muse in the eyes of the whole condensed world, as Rome affects to be;—by an epitome of the human race. And this in so transcendent a sense, that for a given space of time no other creature was looked at, listened to, thought of, cared for. What a moment for the object of this idolatry! This may, indeed, be called success! Supreme in power, in grace, in expression; absolute mistress of the occasion; none else with the right, none with the wish even, to break the charm by a word; all accepting with wonder, and love, and reverence, the laurel-crowned poetess as the representative of their feelings and intellect—the voice of their heart. Madame de Stael was not the woman to see either impossibility or absurdity in such a picture; she saw no reason against herself forming its centre figure; her feelings expanded, her eloquence flowed, in mere contemplation of the scene. She herself, in fancy, was the Muse. She stood on the pedestal; the garland touched her brow; she felt the inspiration. For once she realised a glorious satiety of Praise.

But we lookers-on see all through a different medium. The question of praise is a perplexing one when we attempt to analyse it. Something real there must be somewhere; but how shadowy, intangible, illusory, when we try to grasp it! We all know this in the chance little dribblets that have from time to time fallen to each one's share; pleasant at the first scent, but bearing no investigation, eluding inquiry or search. Nor is a great deal of the article likely materially to alter its nature or quality. People must learn to gulp it: leisurely sipping it will not improve the flavour. We doubt if there is any human praise that can stand a metaphysical analysis, so as not to lose every exhilarating property in the process. But whatever it is, and in spite of philosophy, praise will still be a popular commodity. It is something to long for, whatever the Corillas who have it may find it to be. Mr. Trollope's treatment of the scene is somewhat rough, and hardly does it justice. His ridicule does not sufficiently sympathise with the actors. Those poor Arcadian shepherds, as they chose to style themselves—cardinals, bishops, lawyers, and whatever they were who got up the occasion—deserve a gentler handling. It was a recognition of the intellect and genius of woman in advance of their age. There was no self-laudation in it at all; and, moreover, for a woman to be able to improvise day after day on a great variety of subjects, always to the delight of a refined audience, was a proof of power. Not much came of it; but this may be said of so many triumphs. Mr. Trollope is ungallantly jealous of the lady's fame, which he

shows by calling her husband—of whom we are only told that he was a Spanish gentleman—a ‘Barnum,’ and assuming, without any warrant, that he married her as a pecuniary speculation. Corilla, who was invited to be female laureate at the Courts of Austria and Russia, and who preferred remaining at her own Florence, assumes in our eyes some dignity and independence, though she was enrolled a member of the Academy of Arcadians at Rome, whose associates gave each other pastoral and sentimental names; where a good deal of heathen jargon about gods and goddesses was in vogue, and where much grave nonsense was talked in quite another vein from the nonsense current among ourselves, with which Mr. Trollope has a good deal more sympathy. What Mr. Trollope adduces as the most signal sham of the coronation, we are inclined to regard as a testimony to its reality and worth. It is a fact that Pope Pius the Sixth actually charged 40,000 dollars for the use of the Capitoline Hill, and somebody was found to pay it.

But it is high time to bring our remarks to a conclusion. The present aspect of affairs, and the central position of Italy in the current struggle, give Mr. Trollope’s work, as so much Italian history in a popular form, a value and interest it would not always possess. Historical reminiscences are not friendly towards the country with ‘the fatal gift of beauty.’ These records of violent party strife and inextinguishable rivalries do not inspire hope of a united course of action for any object whatever. But the time may be near at hand when the experiment of self-government shall again be tried, and the principle of nationality have its chance of a fair field.

ART. IV.—*The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country.* Edited and Translated by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A., Warden of Sackville College. Hayes: 1859.

Who that has ever seen it can forget that south chapel in the Cathedral of Ghent, where is Van Eyck's picture of the Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb? The 'Lamb as it had been slain,' standing on that wonderful altar—angels bearing the instruments of the Passion around it—the fields of Paradise, bright with thousands and thousands of flowers—the company of the blessed, martyrs, confessors, and virgins, in their different troops—below, pilgrims and hermits, righteous judges, righteous kings, righteous warriors; and as a background to all, the towers of New Jerusalem, idealized indeed, and transfigured, but still the steeples of old Belgian cities: you have Utrecht, you have Liège, you have Tournay, Mechlin, and others. It would be an interesting inquiry, how far national habits and natural landscape moulded the ideas which mediæval sculptors and painters formed of paradise. Chiefly we mean in the sculpture and stained glass of the cathedrals of middle ages; the sculpture which forms the capitals of Romanesque piers, or which coyly hides itself in the gigantic portals of western or transeptal façades: stained glass which requires many a fatiguing climb up ladders, or winding round tourelles, or along the back of flying buttresses, many a serpent-like creeping through triforia, whence you look down on the pavement from a giddy height; while, close to the ribs and bosses of the vaulting, you marvel at the care bestowed by the artist on the House of God in those parts which not one eye out of twenty thousand will ever behold.

Thus, in Swedish cathedrals, you shall see the heavenly battlements represented as rising in the midst of a wild waste of snow, in which bears and other wild beasts are prowling about: in Spain, it shall be a garden luxuriant with semi-tropical foliage, and where great palms fling up their heads to the sky; in France, it shall be a mediæval city, with church-spires, and religious houses, bastions, moats, and portcullises; in Germany, it shall resemble the court of the Holy Roman Empire, God Himself being merely a representation of the Cæsar; in the Greek Islands, S. Sophia forms the model temple of the

heavenly city, and our Lord is vested as an Oriental metropolitan. It is not, however, on sculpture or painting that we are now about to dwell; the design of the present paper is rather to show how that first of all poems, the Apocalypse, inspired, and moulded, and tinged the poetry and the hymnology of primitive and mediæval times; the Apocalypse, deriving light from, and shedding it on, the Prophecies of Isaiah, the Temple of Ezekiel, and the Song of Songs. It is impossible to tie ourselves down to any very exact treatment of the subject; nevertheless, as far as we can, we will begin at the beginning, and see how Christian writers, before classical shackles were thrown off, were wont to look forward to that 'city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'

But, first, we must remember how slowly, and with what difficulty, the Apocalypse itself vindicated its position as a canonical book; how the Syrian Church long rejected it altogether; how the great light of the third century, S. Dionysius of Alexandria, wrote and spoke strongly against it. Hence, we must not expect to find its picture so fully employed in those early as in later times. Perhaps one of the most poetical descriptions of heaven that remains to us from the three first centuries, is that of S. Cyprian, in his treatise on mortality. 'Grief, and sorrow, and crying shall flee away. What can be happier than that life, where there is no fear of poverty—no weakness of disease; where none can be hurt, none can be angry; where none can envy, none can be impure; where none can be tormented with the desire of honour, or the ambition of power? No fear there of the devil; no snares there of evil spirits; no terror there of hell; no death there, either of soul or body, but a life blessed in the gift of immortality. No discord there for ever, but all things in harmony—all things in agreement: because there will be one concord of all saints—one peace and one joy. Tranquil are all things there, and quiet. Perpetual is the splendour there: not such as the sunlight which now is, but both more glorious and more happy; because that city, as we read, "*needeth not the light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth it light, and its brightness is the Lamb.*" There, "*they that be wise shall shine in the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.*"' And so he goes on for many paragraphs; paragraphs, however, too well known to be quoted here. We are not concerned to discuss the question, whether that most graceful allegory, the 'Tree of Life,' be or be not rightly ascribed to S. Cyprian; at all events, it falls within our present subject, and, as it has never been translated, the reader may not be unwilling to have a version, however rude.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

There is a spot—the centre of the earth
Ancient belief hath deemed it—which the Jews
Name, in their country's language, Golgotha ;
A tree was planted here, of barren stock,
That brought forth fruits of glory ; not to those,
Its husbandmen ; its blessed fruits were reared
For strangers only. And its form was this :
Rising with one tall stem, it forthwith stretched
Into twin arms its branches, like the shrouds
That cross the masts, or as the yoke that hangs
Athwart the plough what time the ox is loosed.
Here rose that tree at first ; and here the earth
Matured its blessed seed in coming years ;
Long days beheld it stretch its branches high
Rich with the fruit of life : then forty nights
Saw it increase and grow until it reared
Its blessed head from earth and touched the sky.
Meanwhile, twelve branches from its sacred stem
Shot forth and flourished, shadowing all the world
With their thick foliage, and to every land
Yielding the blessed fruit of endless life,
And telling of the death of Death. And when
A Pentecost, of fifty days had passed,
The heavenly Spirit, gliding from above,
Shook from His wings celestial dew, and bade
Each freshened bough of that sweet nectar drink.

Beneath the thickest foliage there arose
A fountain clear as crystal ; never yet
Or soiled by rain, or troubled by the storm.
Laughed the green earth around it ; thousand flowers
In joyful intermixture wove their hues
A border to its waters. Evermore,
Of various age and sex, and rank, and tongue,
Virgins and happy wives, and innocents
New to the world, and youth and eld, were there ;
And when the blessed fruit weighed down each bough,
With eager hand they yearned to pluck and eat.
But eager hand availed not, until first
Each miry token of the tedious way
By which they journeyed thitherward, was cleansed
In that celestial fountain. Then at last
'Twas theirs to grasp the bough and gain the fruit,
Luscious with heavenly nectar. And when once
On that celestial fruitage they had fed,
Their minds were changed ; the things that pleased before
Grew irksome and displeasing ; and the toil
That seemed impossible, with effort glad
They undertook, and reaped its high reward.

O ye who fain would enter that bright fount,
Seven days must first pass by before 'tis given
To wash away the stains of former life,
To purify the soul, to free from death
And ope the passage to the light of heaven.

The fountain gives the way to that sweet fruit;
 The fruit and branches of that noble tree
 Form the highway to Paradise; the Tree
 Of Life to them which shall believe. Amen.

It is singular how little there is in those two prosaic poets, Juvenecus and Sedulius, which is worth quoting with respect to our subject. Whatever glimpses of the future world the life of our Lord gives—as, for example, in the Transfiguration—they simply repeat, in the dullest and most inanimate manner:—

Talia dum loquitur, cœlo prefulgida nubes
 Circumjecta oculis vestibat lumine montem,
 Et vox e medio lucis manifesta cucurrit, &c.

Many of our readers will remember the beautiful way in which a hymn, of perhaps a thousand years' later date, turns the same subject to our own future Home:—

Cœlestis formam gloriæ,
 Quam spes quærit Ecclesiæ,
 In monte Christus indicat
 Quo supra solem emicat.

Glorificatâ facie,
 Christus declarat hodie
 Quis sit honor credentium
 Deo pie fruentium.

And, in like manner, a sequence which has never been printed:—

O quam felix sors bonorum!
 Talis enim beatorum
 Erit resurrectio.
 Sicut fulget sol plenus luminis,
 Fulsit Dei vultus et hominis
 Teste Evangelio.

Does the reader wish for the description which that most pedantic of ladies, Proba Falconia, gives in her Virgilian Centōs?

	Ecce autem primi sub lumine solis et ortus	(Æn. vi. 255.)
(Æn. i. 365.)	Devenere locos ubi mollis amaracus illos	(Æn. i. 693.)
(Æn. i. 694.)	Floribus et dulci aspirans amplectitur umbrâ,	
	Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas	(Ge. ii. 149.)
(Ge. iv. 118.)	Hic liquidi fontes, hic cœli tempore certo	(Ge. iv. 100.)
(Ge. iv. 101.)	Dulcia mella premunt; hic candida populus antro	(Ecl. ix. 41.)
	Imminet et lentæ texunt umbracula vites.	(Ecl. ix. 42.)
	Invitant croceis halantes floribus horti	(Ge. iv. 109.)
(Æn. vi. 658.)	Inter odoratum lauri nemus ipsaque tellus	(Ge. i. 127.)
	Omnia liberius, nullo poscente, ferebat.	(Ge. i. 128.)

Nor does the prince of early Christian poets, Prudentius, distinguish himself in his allusions to Paradise. There is but one lengthened description of the celestial city to be found in the whole of his works, and that occurs towards the conclusion of the *Psychomachia*. It is little more than a versified transcript of S. John's catalogue of the twelve stones that form the twelve foundations; though there are two lines of singular beauty, but which cannot possibly receive an English version:—

Has inter species smaragdina gramine verno
Prata virent, volvitque vagos lux herbida fluctus.

S. Augustine had for many centuries the credit of the Rhythm on the joys of Paradise, the true author of which is S. Peter Damiani. Some of our readers may remember that the heroine in that extraordinary book, the *Amber Witch*, when being led to the place of punishment, comforts herself with some of its stanzas; and that her father, the old Lutheran clergyman, allows it rather in condescension to her weakness than as altogether approving of the hymn. We think that this composition stands in the very first class of the descriptions of Paradise; and from the very commencement of the study of hymnology, it has been honoured with the most enthusiastic praise. Rambach, in his collection, seems to consider it the very first hymn of the Christian Church; and, doubtless, were ten to be selected as forming the first class, this would be one of them in the judgment of all critics. Our readers may know it through the admirable translation of Mr. Wackerbarth; or the good, though in some respects inferior version of Dr. Kynaston; a version which, however, does not reproduce the exact rhythm of the original. It is a singular fact that many of the sentences, and several of the exact phrases, are to be found in one of the published letters of S. Peter Damiani; as if he had first written it in prose and then versified it. Tolerably well known as it is, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few of its stanzas, accompanying them with Mr. Wackerbarth's version:—

Non alternat luna vices,
Sol, vel cursus siderum;
Agnus est felicitis urbis
Lumen innociduum;
Nox et tempus desunt ei;
Diem fert continuum.

Omni labe defecati
Carnis bella nesciunt;
Caro facta spiritalis
Et mens unum sentiunt;
Pace multâ perfruentes
Scandala non perferunt.
NO. CV.—N.S.

There nor waxing moon nor waning;
Sun nor stars in courses bright;
For the Lamb to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light:
There the daylight beams for ever,
And unknown are time and night.

Freed from every stain of evil
All their carnal wars are done;
For the flesh made spiritual
And the soul agree in one;
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment;
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Hic perenne tenent esse,
 Nam transire transiit;
 Inde virent, vigent, florent;
 Corruptela corruiit
 Immortalis vigor atræ¹
 Mortis jus absorbit.

Felix cœli quæ præsentem
 Regem cernit anima:
 Et sub sede spectat altâ
 Orbis volvi machinam;
 Solem, lunam, et globosa
 Cum planetis sidera.

Here they live in endless being
 Passingness has passed away,
 Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
 For decayed is all decay;
 Lasting energy hath swallowed
 Darkling death's malignant sway.

Who shall see heav'n's monarch present,
 Oh, how blest that happy soul!
 And beneath its throne of glory
 See the orbs of nature roll,
 Sun and moon and stars and planets,
 As they course around the pole.

This stanza, we may observe in passing, is an imitation, or rather a transfiguration, of those lines of Virgil—

Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
 Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.

Christe, palma bellatorum,
 Hoc in municipium
 Introduc me post solutum
 Militare cingulum:
 Fac consortem donativi
 Beatorum civium.

Præbe vires inexhausto
 Laboranti prælio;
 Ut quietem post præcinctum
 Debeas emerito;
 Teque merear potiri
 Sine fine præmio. Amen.

CHRIST, Thy soldier's palm of honour,
 To this city bright and free
 Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
 I shall cast away from me:
 A partaker in Thy bounty
 With Thy blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigour, while I labour
 In the ceaseless battle pressed;
 That Thou may'st, the conflict over,
 Give me everlasting rest;
 And I may at length inherit
 Thee, my portion ever blest. Amen.

It is not wonderful that this magnificent hymn should have had hosts of imitators. Among these there are two who deserve more especial mention:—our own poet, Giles Fletcher, and a Portuguese writer, Child Rolim de Moura. It may be allowed us to quote two stanzas of the latter; the words of which, from their similitude to the Latin, almost any reader can understand:—

Não ha noite que a luz vá perturbando,
 Nem luz que extensão tenha limitada,
 Nenhũa cousa o tempo vai mudando,
 Nem ha vontade d'outra separada;
 E posto que de Deos está manando
 Hũa perenne Gloria incomparada,
 Sempre a vão de novo apeticendo,
 Sem que o desejo fique padecendo.

¹ We cannot but think that,—though, so far as we know, supported by no authority,—*auræ* is the true reading of this passage.

Seguridade eterna e delectosa,
Perpetua paz, perpetua liberdade,
Inteira caridade piedosa,
Certa sciencia da maior verdade ;
Cidade emfim que fazem populosa
Anjos de tão subida qualidade,
Que não só deste bem são sustentados,
Mos inda de perdê-lo preservados.

The resemblance is still more striking in the concluding stanzas of that magnificent poem, 'CHRIST'S Triumph after Death.'

Here may the band, that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain :
The infant wonders how he came so old,—
The old man, how he came so young again ;
Still resting, though from sleep they still restrain :
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe,—
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know :
All full, and yet no time on food do they bestow.

For things that pass are past: and in this field
The indeficient spring no winter fears :
The trees together fruit and blossom yield ;
The unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
The common rose a scarlet garment wears.
And all of these on the Saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below :
Three rivers, here of milk and wine and honey, flow.

In midst of this city celestial
Where the eternal Temple should have rose,
Lightened the Idea Beatifical :
End and beginning of each thing that grows,
Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows :
That hath no eyes to see, no ears to hear,
Yet hears, and sees, and is all eyes, all ear,—
That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is everywhere.

Fletcher clearly had S. Peter Damiani before him; or such close resemblances as, 'Nam transire transiit,' 'For things that pass are past,' had been impossible.

Schiller was a great admirer of mediæval hymnologists; and he, too, may have had the *Rhythmus de Gaudiis Paradisi* in his mind when he wrote his beautiful *Sehnsucht*, and wrote it, too, in the same rhythm.

Ach! aus dieses Thales Gründen
 Wo der kalte Nebel drückt,
 Könnst' ich doch den Ausgang finden,
 Ach, wie fühlt' ich mich beglückt!
 Dort erblick' ich schöne Hügel,
 Ewig jung und ewig grün:
 Hätt' ich Schwingen, hätt' ich Flügel,
 Nach den Hügeln zög' ich hin!

Harmonieen hör' ich klingen,
 Töne süßer Himmelsruh',
 Und die leichten Winde bringen
 Mir der Düfte Balsam zu.
 Gold'ne Früchte seh' ich glühen,
 Winkend zwischen dunkeln Laub,
 Und die Blumen, die dort blühen,
 Werden keines Winters Raub.

Ach wie schön muss sich's ergehen
 Dort im ew'gen Sonnenschein!
 Und die Luft auf jenen Höhen,
 O wie labend muss sie sein!
 Doch mir wehrt des Stromes Toben,
 Der ergrimmt dazwischen braust;
 Seine Wellen sind gehoben,
 Dass die Seele mir ergraut.

Neither is it strange that Latin hymnographers should also have imitated S. Peter Damiani. Mone has for the first time printed three hymns, apparently of the fourteenth century, in the same metre as the *Rhythmus*, except that there are double rhymes. The first entitled,—Of the glory of the Heavenly Jerusalem, in common; the second,—Of the glory of the Heavenly Jerusalem, with respect to the endowments of the glorified body; the third,—Of the Glorified Soul. Some of the stanzas are not unworthy of Damiani,—that one more particularly:—

In a glass, through types and riddles,
 Dwelling here we see alone:
 Then serenely, purely, clearly,
 We shall know as we are known;
 Fixing our enlighten'd vision
 On the glory of the throne.

And that again :—

There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

The national stamp is on this hymn; it could not have been written, as Damiani's, in the South of Europe: for autumn, the most delicious season of the year there, is strictly banished from the poet's heaven :—

In te florida vernalis
Perdurat amœnitas :
Ferax semper æstivalis
Rutilat serenitas;
Autumnalis seu brumalis
Procul est frigiditas.

But to pass on. The dedication feasts of Churches gave ample scope, both in sermons and hymns, for a description of that eternal dedication festival when, as S. Fulbert of Chartres says, 'Jesus shall evermore walk in the Temple, but not in the winter.' Open any volume of mediæval sermons, and that in which the preacher has exhausted all his eloquence will be seen to be *In Dedicatione Ecclesiæ*. Great cathedrals were not yet; and in the years when they did come, they were inspired as much by a political as by a religious feeling; but those old Abbey Churches, such as Vezelay, and Cluny, and Alcobaga, and Westminster, and Peterborough, were the offspring of religious feeling only; and when every known resource of art had been expended on such a building, no wonder that it roused and excited to the utmost the preacher or the hymnographer who had to assist at its dedication. Hence such hymns as that grand old rugged one, *Urbs beata Jerusalem*, which is at least of the eighth century. And how do we know that? Because that great, though somewhat crotchety, prelate, Hincmar of Rheims, quotes it in one of his letters. The comparison between the earthly temple and the house not made with hands, makes this, as it has been well said, a song of degrees, leading the soul up from the earthly to the heavenly Jerusalem. This poem was cut and pared away, had all its sharp edges taken off, and came out like a cast-iron thing in the deformation of the Roman hymnology under Urban VIII., when it becomes *Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem*. Santolius Victorinus was more successful in his recast of it; but his falls very far short of the original. As these hymns can be seen in the 'Hymnal Noted,' we will instead quote a sequence on the same subject, giving it, as it is a Notkerian one, in prose :—

1. The Church, spotless Mother, and Virgin without blemish, sings in honour of this Church.
2. This house approves itself the fellow of the heavenly hall,
3. In its praise of the King of heaven and its ritual,
4. And its perpetual light, emulating the city wherein is no darkness ;
5. And cherishing in its bosom the bodies of those souls which live in heaven.
6. May the Right Hand of God protect it
7. Ever and ever to His praise.
8. Here grace, made fruitful by the HOLY GHOST, brings forth a new offspring :
9. Here Angels visit their fellow-citizens, and the Body of JESUS is received.
10. Hence, all things that may hurt the body, depart :
11. Here the crimes of the sinful soul perish.
12. Here the voice of joy echoes.
13. Here peace and joy resound.
14. In this house the praise and glory of the Trinity re-echo for evermore.

But perhaps the noblest of all these dedication hymns is that of *Rosengarten, Stadt Gottes, deren diamantnen Ring* ; a stanza or two of which we shall venture in a translation :—

City of GOD, whose safe and diamond towers
 No enemies oppress ;
 Wherein no tyrant dwells,—no lordly powers
 Its free abodes distress :
 But truth builds up each story,
 And that great Throne upholds :
 And glory beyond glory
 The Royal Son enfolds.

City, whose bulwarks of transparent gold,
 Whose walls of marble be ;
 The streams, amid thy streets of beauty roll d,
 Of silver purity :
 A crystal river quickens
 Those flowers that never fade :
 And, o'er that river, thickens
 The Tree of Life's cool shade.

No sun, blest City, rises on thy night ;
 Nor moons thy shade dispel :
 The Beatific Vision is thy light,
 Hence love and beauty well :
 The LORD Himself thy splendour,
 The Lamb Himself thy light,
 To whom thy ransom'd render
 Their praises infinite.

Another fruitful source of hymns regarding Paradise arose at the Crusades. The pilgrims to, and warriors for, the earthly Jerusalem, were naturally enough reminded of that 'Jerusalem which is free, and the mother of us all ;' and many and many a

pilgrim song, or hymn, or ballad, remain to tell us of their zeal and their love. One of the most striking of these, and which seems to be of the twelfth century, shall here follow :—

Appropinquat enim dies
In quâ justis erit quies;
Quâ cessabunt persequentes
Et regnabunt patientes.

Dies illa, dies vitæ,
Dies lucis insuditæ,
Quâ nox omnis destruetur
Et mors ipsa morietur.

Ecce rex desideratus
Et a justis expectatus,
Jam festinat exoratus
Ad salvandum præparatus.

Apparebit, non tardabit;
Veniet ac demonstrabit
Gloriam quam mereantur
Qui pro fide tribulantur.

O quam dulce, quam jucundum,
Erit tunc odisse mundum;
Et quam triste, quam amarum
Habuisse mundum carum.

O beati tunc lugentes,
Irrisores irridentes;
Quibus seculi pressura
Regna dat semper mansura!

Ibi pax erit perennis,
Et lætitia solennis;
Flos et decus juventutis
Et perfectio salutis.

These are pretty verses, but not for one moment to be compared with those of Hildebert of Tours, written in the same measure, and on the same subject. Hildebert, the clever politician, the free-liver in youth, seems in this one poem to have concentrated all his devotion and fervour; and the result is a composition which in some passages presses very hard on the Rhythm of Damiani. The writer must acknowledge that the remembrance of this hymn made the crypt at Le Mans, built by Hildebert, when Bishop of that see, a place of deeper interest to him than even its magnificent, and indeed unrivalled, Middle-Pointed Choir. We give a part of the Latin and a translation :—

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion, David urbs tranquilla:
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus porta lignum crucis,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos rex festivus.
In hac urbe lux solennis,
Ver eternum, pax perennis:
Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non querela,
Non minuti, non deformes,
Omnes Christo sunt conformes.
Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto;

Mine be Sion's habitation;
Sion, David's sure foundation;
Formed of old by light's Creator,
Entered by the Mediator:
On a jasper pavement builded,
By its monarch's radiance gilded.
Peace there dwelleth uninvaded;
Spring perpetual, light unfaded:
None one sigh for pleasure sendeth,
None can err, and none offendeth.
All, partakers of one nature,
Grow in CHRIST to equal stature.
Home Celestial, home eternal,
Reared upon the rock supernal,
Home, no change nor loss that
 fearest,
From afar my soul thou cheereast:

Te saluto, te suspiro,
 Te affecto, te requiro.
 Quantum tui gratulantur,
 Quam festive convivantur,
 Quis affectus eos stringat,
 Aut quæ gemma muros pingat,
 Quis Chalcedon, quis jacinthus,
 Norunt illi qui sunt intus.

Thee it seeketh, thee requireth,
 Thee affecteth, thee desireth.
 But the gladness of thy nation,
 But their fulness of salvation,
 Vainly mortals strive to show it;
 They, and they alone, can know it,
 The redeemed from sin and peril,
 They who walk thy streets of beryl.

We now come to the work which stands at the head of our article, the poem of Bernard of Morlaix. This monk of Cluny, then the first religious house in Christendom, composed a poem of three thousand lines on the Contempt of the World, which he dedicated to S. Peter the Venerable, then general of his order, and himself a poet of no mean reputation. The greater part consists of a bitter satire on fearful corruptions of his time; some portions in particular being of a coarseness utterly disgusting to our age of refinement. It was this part, probably, which recommended it to Flacius Illyricus, the red-hot reformer, who discovered that prodigious mare's nest of an early Liturgy, as he called it, which was to abolish the Missal for ever. But towards the beginning of the Cluniac's poem is a description of heaven, or rather of the heavenly home-sickness, of the most surpassing beauty; of such loveliness, in fact, as to place it, without any manner of doubt, at the head of all similar compositions. Dean Trench was the first to introduce this to the English public, in his 'Sacred Latin Poetry' (1849): he formed from it a cento, not only omitting but transposing, and printing in the whole ninety-six lines. Of this, Mr. Neale translated the greater part in his 'Mediæval Hymns and Poems;' and centos from that version, such as 'Jerusalem the Golden,' &c. have found their way into almost all modern hymnals. He has now reprinted, and without any transposition, a much larger portion, consisting of about 220 lines. We will content ourselves with one extract:—

O bona Patria, lumina sobria te speculantur :
 Ad tua nomina, sobria lumina collacrymantur.
 Est tua mentio, pectoris unctio, cura doloris,
 Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris.
 Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paradysus :
 Non ibi lachryma, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.
 Est tibi consita laurus, et insita cedrus hysopo :
 Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia, clara pyropo.
 Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus :
 Est tua fabrica concio cœlica, gemmaque CHRISTUS.
 Lux tua, mors crucis, atque caro Ducis est crucifixi :
 Laus, benedictio, conjubilatio personat ipsi.
 Dos tibi florida, gemmaque lucida, Rex Nazarenus :
 JESUS, Homo Deus, annulus aureus, hortus amœnus
 Janua, janitor, ipseque portitor, ipseque portus,

Ipse salutifer, est tibi Luci' er, arra, vir, ortus.
 Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons modo rivus,
 Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi Lapis undique Vivus.
 Ipse tuus DEUS est lapis aureus, est tibi murus
 Inviolabilis, insuperabilis, haud ruiturus.
 Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora,
 Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicis ora.
 Candida lilia, viva monilia, sunt tibi, sponsa :
 Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa.
 Ars tua plaudere, munera vivere jam sine morte :
 Pax tua, præmia ; conditor, atria ; crux sacra portæ ;
 Tota negotia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare,
 Tam mala debita, quam bona præbita conjubilare.

For thee, O dear, dear Country ! mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love, beholding thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness, and love, and life, and rest.
 O one, O only mansion ! O Paradise of Joy !
 Where tears are ever banished, and smiles have no alloy ;
 Beside thy living waters, all plants are, great and small,
 The cedar of the forest, the hyssop of the wall :
 With jasper glow thy bulwarks ; thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays :
 Thine ageless walls are bonded with amethyst unpriced :
 Thy saints build up its fabric, and the corner-stone is CHRIST.
 The Cross is all thy splendour, the Crucified thy praise :
 His laud and benediction thy ransomed people raise :
 JESUS, the Gem of beauty, true GOD and Man, they sing :
 The never-failing Garden, the ever-golden Ring :
 The Door, the Pledge, the Husband, the Guardian of His Court :
 The Day-star of salvation, the Porter and the Port.
 Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean ! thou hast no time, bright Day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away !
 Upon the Rock of Ages they raise thy holy tower :
 Thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the golden dower.
 Thou feel'st in mystic rapture, O Bride that know'st no guile,
 The Prince's sweetest kisses, the Prince's loveliest smile :
 Unfading lilies, bracelets of living pearl thine own ;
 The Lamb is ever near thee, the Bridegroom thine alone :
 The Crown is He to guerdon, the Buckler to protect,
 And He Himself the Mansion, and He the Architect.
 The only art thou needest, thanksgiving for thy lot :
 The only joy thou seekest, the Life where death is not :
 And all thine endless leisure in sweetest accents sings,
 The ill that was thy merit, the wealth that is thy King's !

It is this same feeling,—of longing for the home after the exile,—which has inspired many of the most beautiful passages of the great mediæval writers. Indeed, nothing can express it more strongly than the scholastic appellation of man, *viator*, the traveller ; and the constant application of the word *patria* as a technical name for heaven. In the same way, such words as *illic* and *ibi*, used without any other explanation, as if there could be but one *there* to a Christian, are very remarkable.

A writer of very different character from Bernard de Morlaix, Casimir Sarbieffski, the prince of modern Latin poets, has expressed the same feeling with singular beauty, in an ode which may fairly compare with any of Horace's.

Urit me patriæ decor ;
 Urit conspicuis pervigil ignibus
 Stellati tholus ætheris,
 Et lunæ tenerum lumen, et aureis
 Fixæ lampades atris.
 O noctis choreas et teretem sequi
 Juratæ thyasum faces !
 O pulcher patriæ vultus, et ignei
 Dulces excubiæ poli !
 Cur me stelliferi liminis hospitem,
 Cur heu cur nimium diu
 Cœlo sepositum cernitis exulem ?
 Hic hic spargite lilia ;
 Hic leti pedicas exuor, et meo
 Secernor cineri cinis :
 Hic lenti spoliū ponite corporis
 Et quidquid superest mei :
 Immensum reliquus tollor in æthera.

It kindles all my soul,
 My country's loveliness ! Those starry choirs
 That watch around the pole ;
 And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires
 Through golden halls that roll.
 O chorus of the night ! O planets sworn
 The music of the spheres
 To follow ! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
 To rest till day appears !
 Me, for celestial homes of glory born,
 Why here, O why so long,
 Do ye behold an exile from on high ?
 Here, O ye shining throng,
 With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie !
 Here let me drop my chain,
 And, dust to dust returning, cast away
 The trammels that remain ;
 The rest of me shall spring to endless day.

The Jesuit Avancini has an ode on the same subject, and in the same metre, probably in rivalry with this. It is the 30th of his first book. Little as this poet is now known, had we to name the three greatest writers of modern Latin Poetry, they would be : Sarbieffski, whom we regard as *at least* equal to

¹ If any one considers this exaggerated praise, we would ask what there is in Horace equal to Book ii. Ode 5.—'Humana linquo ;'—to Ode xv.—'Albis dormiit in rosis ;'—xvi.—'Et me Latine non solitum loqui ;'—iv. 4.—'Dives Galesus ;'—and vii.—'Jemina quisquis.'

Horace ; then, Santolius Victorinus ; then, Nicolas Avancini.
His ode is as follows :—

Quænam stelligero labilis æthere
Lux mi pectora corripit ?
Quæ fax sideræ filia flammulæ
Me sacris cremat ignibus !
Mens desiderii fertur ab æstibus
Supra blanda pericula :
Sirenumque modos et Siculi freti
Prædones Acheloidas.
Uror conspicuis ætheris orbibus
Extorris patrio solo :
Cœli sidereis uror amoribus.
O lucens facies poli !
O flammæ vigiles ! ô Hyacinthina
Stellati domus ætheris :
Cur me Dædaleis, heu nimidum diu !
Mundi erroribus implicas ?
Cur me sepositum terra tenes polo ;
Mendacique bono exulem
Irrides, solidis dum vacuus bonis
Uror Tantaleâ fame ?
Ah sortis fluidæ lubrica somnia !
Mentem solvite compede.
Jam cœli excubiæ, jam vigiles chori
Arcem pectoris occupant,
Extremum valeas, terra ; micantibus
Cœlorum inferor atriis !

Another writer, widely different from Casimir, George Buchanan, the Calvinist, has a very fine passage on the same subject. It occurs towards the end of his tragedy of John Baptist, and is well worth a translation :—

Chorus . . . How canst thou leave thine own disciples orphans ?

John Bapt. He cannot be an orphan who hath God
To be his father.

Chorus . . . Canst thou not be moved
By friends and kindred whom thou leav'st a prey
To all the malice of a tyrant's hate ?

John Bapt. I leave them not,—am rather left by them.
This is the law that from the world's beginning
Is man's appointed lot ; that each day leads
Nearer and nearer to the goal of death :
Death, GOD's own heaviest terror to the ill,
But to the good, a port ; the entrance gate
To longer life ; which sends us to our home,
The Home of glorious light, in truth reborn
Rather than dead : the herald that sets free
Each mortal from his prison, and that gives him
Access to life that cannot taste of death.
So went the Fathers to their heavenly seats ;
So we shall follow. Who, some stormy night,
Wandering and tempest-tost, would fear to enter

The quiet harbour? What poor exile, pressing
 With weary steps through tedious plains of sand,
 Would grieve if called again to see his home?
 Now, almost freed from this wild gulf of life,
 I see the shore at hand; I hasten home
 From sorrow and from exile; home indeed,
 For there my Father lives; my Father He
 Who girt the sea with barriers, stretched the sky
 Above the earth; guides sun and moon and stars,
 Preserver, author, ruler of the world;
 He to Whom all things live, both quick and dead.
 As leaps the flame with many a spiry whirl
 Up to the source of fire, my spirit thus,
 Whose native seat is heav'n, now yearns to see
 The glorious FATHER of eternal light,
 Whom to behold is life; Whom not, is death.
 If mountains barred the way, and nature's powers,—
 The air with tempests and the deep with billows,
 The wilderness with tracts of arid sand,
 Were all to rise against me,—should I not
 Gladly burst through them so to join that band
 Of kings and prophets, righteous judges, saints
 Made perfect through their sufferings? Thousand deaths
 Were well endured for this. This path must needs
 Be trodden soon or later, and the man
 That treads it soonest is the soonest free.

Utterly over-rated as Buchanan has been, these are fine lines, and about the best he ever wrote; certainly worth more than all that heap of rubbish put together which he calls a Paraphrase of the Psalms. There is one other beautiful allusion which he makes to heaven in his celebrated Ode on May-day. After he has gone through the various common-places of that season, it is *not* a common-place conclusion to add:—

Forsan supremis cum Deus ignibus
 Orbem piabit, lætaque sæcula
 Mundo reducet, talis aura
 Æthereas animas beabit.

The same topic which inspired Bernard of Morlaix and Sarbieffski, also forms the subject of a short ode of the modern Adam of S. Victor of Germany,—the Catholic priest Werner:—

I come from yonder pine-crowned hill:
 The fir-grove roars, the vale is still:
 And as I wander on and on,
 I think of pleasures past and gone.
 Where art thou, O mine own dear land?
 Far from whose lovely shores I stand;
 The land that knows not woe or gloom,
 The land where all my roses bloom?
 The land where every dream-thought flies;
 The land where all my dead shall rise!
 The only land, all realms among,
 That knows and speaks my native tongue

Sadly I wander on and on,
With faded hopes and pleasures gone :
But still that land remains to bless,
And where it is is happiness.

He that wrote these stanzas certainly felt what he was saying ; and the same observation may even be more truly made of a hymn known in its corrupted state to most of our readers, in its original, perhaps, unknown,—Jerusalem, my Happy Home : the composition of a Roman Catholic priest in the Tower of London, during the persecution of Elizabeth or James I. It is well worth reprinting here :—

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an
end ?

Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil !

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore ;
There is no death, no ugly dole,—
There's life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night ;
There every soul shines as the
sun ;

There God Himself gives light.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold :
O God, that I were there !

Within thy gates no thing doth
come

That is not passing clean ;
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth, may there be seen.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an
end,

Thy joys that I might see !

Thy saints are crown'd with glory
great,

They see God face to face ;
They triumph still, they still re-
joice ;

Most happy is their case !

There lust and lucre cannot dwell ;
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !

God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be !

Thy walls are made of precious
stones,

Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with
gold

Surpassing clear and fine.

There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet ;
There many a fair and dainty drug
Are trodden under feet.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound :
What tongue can tell or heart
conceive

The joys that there are found ?

Quite through the streets, with sil-
ver sound,

The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The word of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear
fruit,

And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, we weep and
wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter
' gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnished with trees and fruits
Most wonderful and rare.

Thy garlands and thy gallant
walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and plea-
sant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

There David stands with harp in
hand,
As master of the quire :
Ten thousand times that man were
blest
That might this music hear.

Our Lady sings Magnificat,
With tune surpassing sweet ;
And all the Virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like,
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their song to seek.

There Magdalene hath left her
moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed saints, whose har-
mony
In every street doth ring.

Jerusalem, my happy home !
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an
end,
Thy joys that I might see !

It is almost sickening to turn from these heartfelt expressions to the fine and classical language of the poets of the Renaissance. They carefully read, not the *Apocalypse*, not *Isaiah*,—but *Virgil* and *Statius* and *Lucan*, and out of these they made up their *Heaven*, or, rather,—we beg pardon for so unclassical an expression,—their *Olympus*. And what wonder, when even *Buchanan* could thus translate, or rather parody, the opening of the eighty-second Psalm, 'God standeth in the congregation of princes, He is a Judge among gods :'

Regum timendorum in proprios Gregeſ,
Reges in ipsos imperium eſt Jovæ.

Did any of our readers ever peruse the poem of *Sannazarius*, '*De Partu Virginis*'? It had the credit of being, and indeed is, the most *Virgilian* composition that modern times have produced ; and the labour bestowed upon it seems almost fabulous. The poet's subject introduces him over and over again into heaven ; and a more completely heathen *Olympus*, *Homer* or *Virgil* never conceived. Here is his idea of the dwelling of God :—

Auratum interea culmen *bipatentis* (!) *Olympi*
Conſcendit Genitor, rerum inviolata potestas,
Læta forens tacito ſub pectore : mox jubet omnes
Ad ſeſe acciri ſuperos, quique atria longe

Observant, quique arcanis penetralibus adstant.
Præterea quos Eoos Aurora per ortus,
Et quos occiduae propior videt Hesperus oræ.
Namque ferunt olim leges dum conderet æquas
Rex Superum, et vacua mundum suspenderet axe,
Diversas statuuisse domos, diversaque Divis
Hospitia, ac æquos mentis habuisse penates.
Ordine cuique suos. Illi data tecta frequentant:
Armaque, et æratis adfigunt nomina valvis.

How different is this bit of Churriguresque from the heart-felt, heart-uttered, 'first-pointed,' if we may use an architectural nomenclature:—

O bona Patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo?
O bona Patria, num tua gaudia plena tenebo?
Dic mihi, flagito; verbaque reddito: dicque, Videbis.
Spem solidam gero; remne tenens ero? Dic, Retinebis.

But some of the strangest poems on the subject of heaven are the 'Celestial Echoes' of Francis Panagirola. One of these we cannot refrain from quoting: its stupid ingenuity and laborious idleness may amuse the reader. The subject is The Nativity; one out of many of a similar kind.

Hæc Bethlemitæ pastoris verba referre
Audita est Echo,—quæ juga montis habet.
"Quis natus?" Dixit, *Natus*. "Patris-ne Judæi?"
Illa,—*Dei*. "Verusne est homo?" Dixit, *Homo*.
"Atque hic idem nonne Deus remanet?"—*Manet*: "Est-ne
"Ut Pater, omnipotens?"—*Rettulit illa, Potens*.
"Hunc quid de cœlis duxit?"—*Lis duxit*. "At istam
"Dic utrum vincet?" *Vincet*, et ipsa refert.
"Litis erat radix longæva?" *Eva*. "An mala?" *Mala*.
"Num gula sic potuit?" Illa refert, *potuit*.
"An Puer hic fiet magnus?" Quæ reddidit, *Agnus*.
"Ipse ait hoc?" *Ait hoc*. "Cur ita clamat?" *Amat*.
"Is majus nostro numquid dare possit amori?"
Reddidit illa nihil quam gemebunda, *Mori*.
"Hoc faciet?" *Faciet*. "Moriens?" *Oriens*. "Deus ille?"
"Heus ille." "Est forsán causa tua?" *Ausa tua*.
"Diligere hunc ergo par est super omnia Christum?"
Istum. "Nonne Deum?" Dixit *eum*, et tacuit.

But we must not weary our readers with quotations which, though, as we hope, interesting in themselves, may, from their sameness, soon weary. If those who peruse this paper should but be indebted for some beautiful thoughts to which they were before strangers, we shall be more than satisfied.

ART. V.—*The Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England. Also the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, with Illustrative Notes, a Map of Anglo-Saxon England, and a General Index.* Edited by S. A. GILES, D.C.L. Second Edition. London: H. G. Bohn, York Street. 1859.

THE ideal of a history for teaching how to study history aright, would be a narrative composed from the natural instinct of a generation, to let posterity know what their forefathers had been; composed under the influence of every taste, and every passion of the time and rank of the writer; produced, lastly, by a man contemporary with, but yet standing a little aloof from the whirl of events,—a spectator, indeed, but an interested spectator of the course of circumstances. It must present those circumstances such as they were, and embody the feelings of one contemplating them.

All these conditions are fulfilled most completely in the venerable and most *national* Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. It is full of poetry,—the poetry derived from a perfect picture of a certain national condition,—and of the passions indigenous in a race. No rhetoric is used but the spontaneous eloquence of men who sympathized with their country's degradation as their own. We miss both those two traits so odious in Hume and the Anglo-Norman chroniclers, viz., the narrow-mindedness of caste, producing a theory without relation to facts, and contemptuousness at the spectacle of men fighting with weapons unknown to themselves, and for objects in which they had but a very imperfect interest. If ever a record were meant by its intrinsic character and merits to be national, and handed down to posterity in the memories of each succeeding age, one might have augured this fate for the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. On the contrary, it has been buried in obscurity, and dug out only to be dissected for the amusement of antiquarians. It has itself been totally neglected while served up second or third-hand in the compilations, or disquisitions of subsequent writers. With every apparent condition of popularity, it has been unpopular; because not containing results which may be learnt by heart, but suggestions how to infer conclusions for ourselves. It is seldom, indeed, that we meet with a volume which bears on its face so clearly its own title to belief. Each passage is a witness to the veracity of the rest, from the pervading and undesigned oneness which proves its genuineness, demonstrating it to have been the result of homogeneousness of race and

circumstances overruling the idiosyncrasies of different minds engaged upon it. Thus, the element in it of possible confusion, viz., the diverse authorship, tends to make, or, at all events, prove it a still more exact reflex of the fortunes and character of the people described. Its merit is not the merit of one or two of its writers, and not of the rest. It is a praise which belongs to the book, and cannot be supposed to issue from the peculiar talents or position of individual authors. All these had the same point of view from which to regard the period which they pictured, for all were of the same profession, and when living, as many of them did, in the same period, had the same interests.

Before the Conquest, the policy and sagacious philanthropy of the House of Cerdic bound the Church, as represented by the monks, to the throne. Hence the general loyalty of the Chronicle. Before the Conquest, too, the cruelties and colonizing propensities of heathen freebooting Danes roused all their patriotism as landowners and improving agriculturists, as devoted enemies of the rites of Valhalla and Odin, and as feeling for the sufferings of their friends, relations, and tenants. Hence their universal and deep interest in the progresses and violences of the invaders, and the exactness of the descriptions of their marches and aggressions. Whether it were the private monk who had attended his abbot to the witan, convened to consider the state of the kingdom, or the dignified prelate himself, who handled the pen, and recorded the conference, and report of the proceedings of the foes who had occasioned it, these motive forces were equally at work. But they were not so predominant as to conceal or destroy that underlying substratum of Anglo-Saxon character, which so distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle from its successors. The interest which Malmesbury and his fellows take in triumphs over the Welch, Scots, or French, is very unreal and fictitious. They were caught by the splendour of a campaign, and were glad to obtain materials for a parallel between some rude knight and Cæsar or Nero. Normans as they were in predilections, they were otherwise, even when narrating the acts of a king of their own party, as merely bystanders and spectators of the sovereign's foreign or domestic tactics, as when recording the perils of Alfred or Ironside. The pomp of a court allures their fancy just as does the tradition of a saint. Nothing like history can be expected from them, unless when they have a theme specially interesting to themselves; for example, the horrors of Stephen's anarchical reign, which pressed particularly on them as members of a profession which, through the connexions of their leader, the Papal Legate, with the two factions, and their strivings as a body

after independence of the crown and aristocracy, were especially exposed to the brunt of the tempest. Generally, where their taste, or their curiosity, or their private professional sympathies are not evoked, they are remarkably cold and unobservant.

The writers of the Saxon Chronicle, on the contrary, with a full measure of professional feeling, always keep that on a level, and in the same direction with national objects and cares. This makes it difficult to pick out any portion of these annals as especially deserving praise; for, though some parts are more spirited and abounding in interest than others, the spirit and the interest seem clearly imputable to the character of the events recorded, rather than to that of the writers. The narrative is poetical, but its authors are not poets; that is, the colour was innate in the character of the events themselves, and not induced by the manner of relating them. In the later Chronicles the historians are seen, as it were, engaged with more or less of skill on a gallery of portraits of the illustrious men of the age. But the picture which we have *here*, is rather a photograph,—registering not what the artist, but what nature would. The people we see always in the foreground, doing or suffering; and but little space or thought seems at liberty to be bestowed on depicting and analysing character. The kings and the nobles were men of the same blood, sentiments, and education with the nation and the annalists; their motives were thus seen by the latter intuitively, and there was no need for speculating upon their idiosyncrasies. When the succeeding period has to be described by them, the difference between their point of view and that of the following series of chroniclers diminishes, it is true, but still is never wholly eliminated. Then the race which is the subject of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle was no longer *the State*, but a sort of rude material in the hands of foreign rulers, to be directed—though not fashioned—at their will.

These rulers were men, neither of the same blood, nor of the same sentiments and education, nor, lastly, under the same circumstances with the race of Saxons, or with the historians of them. But yet the latter were too closely dependent upon them and their interests as sovereigns, to neglect them. They became studies of character for these authors, and received condemnation or eulogium at their hands,—but the latter seldom without a mixture of the former, and still more rarely without an implied reference to the bearing of their policy and dispositions on the fortunes of that people which was, after all, the real subject of the history. The princes may be the bright centres of the scene, but only as Rembrandt manipulates a sunbeam, to envelope some point of peculiar interest in yet more visible

darkness. The wars and State systems of the times are referred to as formerly, but rather referred to for criticism, than described as the natural subject of the national history. Characters are oftener drawn than in the earlier portion of the narrative. There are more allusions to national phenomena, and vicissitudes of seasons, and the matters pressing chiefly on special classes of the nation, than before, when, the race being the whole nation, kings, prelates, and nobles were, therefore, described as its natural representatives. Now, the race was looked at in the mass, as one thing; and the lower orders, as presenting to the glance the greatest body, and as the most distinguishable in position and circumstances from the Norman Conquerors,—with whom the wealthier Saxons had a certain sort of analogy,—almost monopolise the history, and certainly possess the entire sympathy of its authors. Yet these latter were the same in rank as formerly. It is the subject which constrains them, and compels a complete *rapprochment* between the dignified ecclesiastical and the calamitous condition of a subjugated and oppressed nationality. We are plainly told by some of them that they were great and powerful courtiers, and with a right to contemplate the life of the sovereign, and to watch the inner workings of his policy. Still, in the actual character of the history, there is no distinction between the men with these attributes, and the rest of the staff of annalists. They all alike write of the Saxon commonalty, its distresses and interests; they all alike survey, curiously, but with the cold curiosity of strangers, considering, somewhat contemptuously, customs alien to their own, the characters, and plans, and habits of their masters. Misfortunes had produced a very real and genuine equality of feeling and tone in the Anglo-Saxon race. They were forced to make common cause together; at least all but those who had, from rank, become amalgamated with the foreign noblesse—all, in short, but the ealdormen of the Saxon period.

A Chronicle written, as was this, by various writers of different epochs, and settled in different provinces of the kingdom, but which yet the strong force of kindred blood and traditions cements into one continuous unbroken narrative, finally, a volume which, meant for a minute-book, from the energy of handling and the interest of the theme, has assumed the rank of a history, must be called *national*. While the ordinary reader may find weighty reasons for studying it, to do so is a positive duty in the professed student of history. The labours of Palgrave and Kemble, Lappenberg and Pauli, if not producing highways always straight and level, yet give us a vantage-ground amidst the fens and highlands of the whole period. It is absurd to suppose that the student can ever be above gaining

help from those who have preceded him; that the attention to original authorities will ever supersede attention to commentators upon these documents. Too great an independence may be, not as vicious in itself, but productive of as erroneous conclusions as excessive subservience. Still, these tracks must not satisfy him; he must use them as a basis by means of which to discover more direct routes. Their great end and advantage is that they may furnish us with the rudiments of a *carte du pays* through books like this venerable Chronicle. It is a narrative, in fact, upon which all that is real in the result of historical investigations into the early history of England throws light, and which in its turn illustrates whatever is true in these. It could, indeed, be broken up and distributed, in the shape of notes and references, over any good and complete description whatsoever of the germs of our national character. Everything which should be found there alien or contradictory to its spirit, ought to be condemned or explained away. It furnishes a most unerring standard and gauging-rod of the manners and state, political and social, of the Anglo-Saxon people in the Anglo-Saxon period. Its apparent partisanship, national and of class, its local sympathies and concentration of interest, give it more value, as showing the sincerity of the writer, and as having actually produced greater vigour, and earnestness in his observations.

But, though it is natural, at the same time it preserves the distinctiveness of a work composed by men with a strong professional and national instinct. It may even be violently prejudiced; but its prejudices, professional, as well as national, happen often to be on the side of truth, and, when not so, still have no dissimulation about them. To be perfectly unbiassed, to be independent of the circumstances in which he is placed, is not always a virtue in any writer,—most rarely so in a historian who has to feel out the truth from among inconsistent facts by the *touch* of national instinct. An annalist not belonging decidedly either to the noble, the ecclesiastical, or the *bourgeois* class among the Anglo-Saxons, would have gained exemption from the narrow-mindedness; and the prejudices which assailed all thinkers then. He would have been exalted far above the fogs and mists of a particular phase of society, but would have been, from the very fact of his elevation, perfectly removed from any object of vision, and incapacitated, perhaps the more by the purity of the atmosphere about him, from seeing into the denser air beneath. Thus, to have been philosophically independent of the particular sentiments of the nation and its different orders, would have been destructive to the historian. At the same time, the prejudices of the Saxon Chronicle are very

different, in their origin and their results, from those which its successors suffered. The glance and the pen of the former were directed immediately at the events recorded. The reflection was tinted, and perhaps in some degree distorted, but by the very same colours and medium through which the events themselves had passed; so that, although the writer was prejudiced, his prejudices, being those of the class or classes which, at all events in the earlier epoch, controlled the national fortunes, imbued with no strange hues those national fortunes which he had to depict. Had the monasteries been but a small power and feature in Anglo-Saxon England, or, again, guided absolutely by an Ultramontane policy, then would a Chronicle compiled by monks have been most deceptive. But, as it was, the labours of Dunstan and Ethelwold only represent, in the space which they engross in that volume, the position and relative importance belonging to them in the acts, and policy of Alfred and Edgar. The Anglo-Norman Chroniclers, on the other hand, look on the history of the times through a medium by no means, in its entirety, the same with that through which the events had themselves passed. Not merely had the position of the clergy changed. Before, they had laboured to be, and had actually become, representatives—authoritative, indeed, and often tyrannical ones—of national progress and feeling. Now, it was their object to be isolated, and, as it were, to form a free municipality, or rather an independent State, in the midst of the kingdom, controlling it from without, rather than from within. Formerly, their public spirit in putting themselves forward in all secular schemes for the advancement of society, had constrained the kings to make them their counsellors. Now, it was the sovereign who had to attempt to reduce them by force within the verge of national attraction. Not that this difference was wholly the growth of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty. It had been slowly prepared by the policy of the later Saxon princes. But it was reserved for a race of monarchs who had no sympathy with religious development, to bring out more vividly the contrast between lay and clerical interests. Before, their strength had been cherished by the will and consent of the nation. Now, it reared itself in opposition to that will. But, besides, the learning of the monks of the Norman tendencies was greater, and events were viewed by them, not only through the medium of different, often, opposed interests, but also through the medium of a historical theory, and theories of style and composition borrowed from the classics. The deep policy, and the strangely-opposed lights and shadows in the Norman character, revolutionizing by nice gradations the Anglo-Saxon laws and *régime*, not rudely casting them down, as the later his-

torians would, by the sudden cessation in their works of all mention of Anglo-Saxon forms and customs, seem to imply, were subjects impervious to the taste and the knowledge of regularly-trained scholars with a violent *esprit de corps*, teaching them to despise and neglect everything else. When a writer racked his imagination and his facts to discover a close analogy, even descending to the hypothesis of metempsychosis between the souls of the brave, brutish, cunning Rufus, and the most refined of Roman chiefs, it followed that, though anecdotes of the great men of the court and field might still be admissible, and still afford premisses whence the truth might have been inferred, all general views respecting the whole race, its national character and customs, must have been unattainable.

Even in its involuntary outbursts of blame, triumph, or sorrow, combined as they are with a remarkable absence of pretentiousness, the Saxon Chronicle is more natural and unaffected than these its imitators. The writers, while designing a mere catalogue of national events, and destitute of any pride of authorship or hope of fame, appear unable always to refrain from an expression of opinion, often most impassioned and poetical. A foreign scribe might have reported acts and sufferings; only a native, and one who thought and wrote as a native, could have penned that Book of Lamentations,—the annals of the first four Norman kings, and the sad preface, at once expressive of the writers' repudiation of personal responsibility, and of national self-condemnation, that 'all was as God willed, for the people's sins.' They break, on any opportunity, as it were, from their historical ledger, to record their aversion for any sort of cosmopolitanism. They speak of doings on the Continent with a certain appreciation and interest; but foreigners, as soon as they set foot on English soil, become a mark for their revilings. Even their great favourite, the builder and restorer of monasteries, the magnificent Edgar, is assailed for this one fault, that he introduced 'foreign vices, heathen customs, and outlandish men,'—in fact, for exercising the same kind of hospitality which William of Malmesbury commends so warmly in William Rufus. In the same way, and for the same reason, the religious Confessor's reign is represented as tarnished and tainted by the favour shown to the French prelate, Robert, and his companions; and hence the Chronicler's exultation, but half repressed, though the sufferer was an Archbishop, when the same man was forced to 'leave his see, and all Christendom, here on land, so as God would have it, inasmuch as he had before obtained the dignity so as God would not have it.' Hence, finally, arises the affection for Godwin, though a man 'who did all too little penance for the

'property of God which he held belonging to many holy places;' and for his son Tosti, 'who robbed God first' and then his subjects; and their detestation, on the other hand, for that systematic edifier of churches and reviver of learning, the mighty Conqueror and his whole line. Such patriotism, narrow-minded as it was, is no real defect in a contemporary historian. It may make a modern one paint ancient events with the colours which seem brightest and pleasantest to his own eye. But the writer of the same period surveyed all things with a prejudice in favour of defects themselves, which made him careless of disguising them, if, at least, he had been brought up under the influence of popular feelings, and not, like the Anglo-Norman monks, transplanted from French or Italian monasteries, or educated by teachers thence imported.

But, though the older annalists let their feelings appear in their narrative, they never allow their intellectual development to colour it. Their digressions are emotional rather than intellectual, and we have every right to assume that the inconsistencies occasionally apparent, were inherent in the circumstances of the time, and not the result of an attempt to reconcile facts with hypotheses. The minute variations in their narratives, the bias shown by one in favour of a great earl, by another against him; the declaration, at one period that bishops were chosen by the sovereign, at another that they were elected by the witan, are all evidences of this fidelity. Their authority does not support any very systematic theory of the Anglo-Saxon Constitution, except in its tendencies. They exhibit in the nation such rudeness and originality as to make it very hard to accept Palgrave's hypothesis, that the torch of Roman civilization had been regularly handed down to, and by them. Still less do they bear out conjectures about the existence of perfect freedom of opinion in the commonalty on the one hand, or of the absolute despotism of an irresponsible sovereign on the other; or even—which has been a much more plausible and favoured opinion—of the existence of a tyrannical and independent oligarchy of birth. The king always keeps his place as a component element, in the account of all public acts, whether of peace or war. He is often spoken of as doing what now the nation does, and as exercising freedom of choice in giving away national property. But then, again, on occasions exactly analogous, the assent of the States-General is referred to as having been absolutely necessary before he could part with a single fraction of the public demesne, or even of what appears to have been royal property. The nobles, on the other hand, want that indispensable feature of feudal oligarchy, the privilege of acting at times as individuals. They are rarely brought in as, like the

Norman barons, heading rebellions, and meeting by knots in cabals. They are of right counsellors of the monarch, and apart from them he seldom acts; but his sanction seems as necessary to their deliberations as the Queen's to those of the Houses of Lords and Commons. On the one occasion when they seem to have manifested their right of meeting without the sovereign to preside, their object was to call back the exile Ethelred to his throne. It is true that the mere populace is rarely mentioned; but, as it is evident from the incapacity of the greater landowners, members of the witan, to act as provincial tyrants without some regular name or office as a cloak for their oppressions, that these could not have constituted an oligarchy by themselves, so the equal omission from the annals of the thanes and of the ceorls, proves that the absence of notice of the latter is no proof of the supremacy of the former, the landed aristocracy, as a body. The germ of the practical freedom we enjoy was produced among the Anglo-Saxons, but not guarded by the artificial barriers and distinctions which the experience, and suspicions of a more civilized age have raised about us. We perceive, in the Chronicle, the monarch acting as the representative of the State, but acting by the advice of the 'great and wise men' of his realm. The richest and furthest-descended of the nobles were his counsellors, and had a virtual monopoly of office. They were controlled, not within any regular or definite limits, but, as the last resource, by force of arms, wielded, as in the mutiny of Northumbria against the viceroy Tosti, by the landowners of the neighbourhood. The burghers had a slight influence through the influence of money, and the instinct of lords of the soil, whether Danish, Saxon, or Norman, that trade must have security in order to flourish. Lastly, the ceorls, being the tenants of the thanes, were protected by them from the aggressions of other seigneurs, for their own interest, and as a matter of pride and honour. But safeguards of liberty, existing in the shape of recognised charters and institutions, are not described by the early chroniclers, for the simple reason that there were none such.

In the same way, we miss that numerical harmony which later writers looked for, or fancied they had discovered, in the local divisions of Anglo-Saxon England. From an escape from this source of error, we are indebted, in a great measure, to the diverse authorship of the volume. Had the whole record been the work of a monk of the capital of the royal province, Winchester, we should, probably, have had exhibited to us the semblance of a national unity which would have existed only in the fancy and vanity of the West-Saxon annalist. A succession of monks, now of Peterborough, now of Canterbury, now of Abing-

don, reveal the distinctions between England in its then condition as a confederacy, in which, eventually, the same man occupied the throne of each separate member of the league, and its subsequent state as one kingdom, indivisible even in conception, in their true proportions, and yet in no more than their true proportions. We see a whole country the heritage of one nation, yet broken up, so far as constitution, into many independent units with the same tendency and direction; and that, apparently, not from any artificial agency, but the spontaneous and natural effect of a similarity of circumstances and popular character. A distinct period, styled the Heptarchy, is proved to be a fiction, not because we have it demonstrated to us that there never existed that splitting up of the land into distinct states, but because no definite period can be assigned as the time when all were consolidated. So far as records go, we are unable to discover that, in principle, or even in practice, were the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons at any time very unlike. So far, again, as records go, we are unable to point to any single epoch when Mercia, Northumbria, or East Anglia, made, with Wessex and the South-Eastern provinces, one compact kingdom. Everything is in a state of change and modification, perhaps development. The precipitate is only discovered on the sudden fusion of the elements which the rude shock of the Norman Conquest brought about. Yet it is difficult always to rest satisfied with such a conclusion, so unsystematic, so incomplete. It makes England seem an exception to the general condition of the kingdoms of Europe, which were formed out of the dissolved mass of the Roman empire.

It is this very want of system, and incompleteness which warrants the truth of the narrative. But it is the actual facts and course of the nation's life from which these seeming defects proceed. They are not the fault of the chronicler, but of his subject; not even of the race, but of its circumstances. It was persecuted and worried on every side till its very history loses unity, and the existence of a real beating heart within the mass is scarcely recognised. In the multitude of sides which it had to present to assailants from within and without, we lose the effect of a single panorama; for against these attacks each division and section had to develop, for its own protection, independent vitality, till we almost forget to see anything great or noticeable in the multitude of independent repetitions of woes, however nobly endured. When we are led to comprehend that the annalist is following the facts, that there were various sides, but one form, and one reservoir with so many distinct streams, our appreciation of the merits not only of the historian, but also of the people, apart from its interest as containing the germ of our own England, becomes clear and vivid. We see that

the nation was not one which originally had had a tendency to tumble to pieces from anarchy and incapacity for self-maintenance, but that it had been long lacerated and torn by attacks from without.

It is, indeed, a race well worth studying for itself. Not yet condensed into one body, it was then, and continued to be, spite of interruptions, in process of growing into a great kingdom. In addition to, and in close juxtaposition with indications of a grave, statesmanlike, and self-governing temperament, are found in the Chronicle abundant tokens of a brightness and mobility, as well as solidity of genius. The Anglo-Saxon is often spoken of as prosaic, dull, and matter-of-fact; while with the name of Norman are associated dreams of the Crusaders and knights-errant. Nothing can be more fallacious. The former was, and is, matter-of-fact, it is true, but neither dull nor prosaic. Poetry is the birthright of his stock; it was not the amusement, but part of the substance of his life. It breathes in his history, it even lights up his laws:—‘Let him who burns ‘trees in a forest, pay the fine for each tree,’ pronounced the austere legislator, ‘for fire is a thief.’ The not less grave history often blossoms forth with flowers of ballad and hero-song. Yet, strangely enough, the Normans have entered into his heritage of poetic fame, and monopolized the credit. Their’s are the tedious metaphysics of Gower; *his* are ‘Chevy Chase,’ and ‘Robin Hood.’ In itself, the Anglo-Saxon race was far more poetical as being more various: and that from the greater individual freedom and independence of its members. With a tendency to become the most orderly and law-loving of all peoples, it displayed, in the morning of its nationality, more disorder and confusion than any other nation. The cause was that which finally resulted in subjecting it to discipline, viz. the determination of each man to obey only what he had helped to form. Compare the great men of the Saxon Chronicle with those of the later histories;—how poorly do the latter show! The Conqueror’s house display, it is true, admirable energy and strength of will, for they, being at the head of all things, had their whole nature strained, and almost dislocated into kingliness. Just in the same way, and for the same reason, the Genghiz Khans, and Timurs of Tartaria, excel our modern European sovereigns, except that wild man in the midst of order and discipline, that Mongol of the West, the first Napoleon. But, beneath this energy, we see a terrible sameness. Chivalry itself had but one side; only, this side was polished. Nay, that impulse itself did not arise to give a little beauty to the dreariness of the Norman character, till the victors had fused with their more intellectual subjects. In one, and this its

more religious phase, it was not so alien to the Anglo-Saxon mind. The Anglo-Norman chronicles are full of tales of Templars and Crusades. The Anglo-Saxon loved to tell of battles with Danes and Welchmen, but could also dwell with pleasure upon a king's pilgrimage to Rome. He could not, however, comprehend knight-errantry. It seemed all folly and hypocrisy to him. 'Hugh of the Temple got much gold here and in Scotland for 'Jerusalem,' and enticed men thither. 'Thus were all these 'people miserably betrayed.' Such is always his tone. For the rest, even those mighty nobles, with domains which were in themselves petty kingdoms, were all formed on the same type, indulge in the same round of vulgar tyrannies, and have the same ambition, or rather, impulse. To the very end of their era of despotism as a conquering race, they were the same, always uninteresting. Cœur-de-Lion himself is but a rough sort of hero, an exaggeration of brute, obstinate courage. As we advance beyond the Anglo-Norman to the English period, the scene opens, and new characters enter. The warriors of the Black Prince's and Edward IV.'s court are of a superior order to the earlier Bohuns and Bigods. But even to the fall of the feudal system, the Norman element was too strong in the English nobility to allow of much diversity in the model and shape. The Nevilles, the finest cast from it, catch the eye from the boldness of the outline, but do not bear looking into. Garth and Harold fighting about the hill, from which still floated the standard of a free people, are a nobler spectacle than all the Wars of the Roses. Cedric the Saxon is as clearly the most interesting character in 'Ivanhoe,' as is the whole novel superior to the unmitigated Normanism of the 'Last of the Barons.' None of the characters of those 'grands seigneurs' had any delicacy of contour, or finish of detail. What variety, on the other hand, we remark in the Wilfrids, the Egberts, the Alfreds, the Thurctyls, Edrics, and Godwins. Each seems to have acted as a free agent. The Norman barons were uncontrolled on most occasions; but their education, characters, and circumstances being all the same, made them act all upon the same principle, and even in exactly the same mode. Their poetry and their vivacity itself were very automaton-like, much like that of our own neighbours, not bred in the heart and affections, and, therefore, with but few changes and tones. Shakespeare is most Anglo-Saxon in character and feeling, yet only one play bears marks of his having had his attention turned to the rich mine of history blended with poetry; and in the character of Siward, to which we allude, he has taken the phase which was most Norman. He saw, indeed, the defect in the character of the classes which he was bound, by the taste of the then patrons

of literature, to depict, and the consequence of his own good taste is the production of that great contrast to historical novels which his historical dramas present. In them he leaves, as far as possible, the common specialities of his knights and barons, and makes them men actuated by various passions. He could not have selected personæ from Anglo-Saxon history; first, because it was indispensable, in a historical plot, to portray the Nevilles, and Beauchamps, and Bohuns; but secondly, and chiefly, on account of the want in the earlier period, arising from its actual circumstances, of sufficient concentration there for the purposes of a drama. He would have found no lack of poetical material.

Indeed, the evident truthfulness and simplicity in the older compositions is itself presumptive evidence of poetical capacity in a people whose representatives could thus look straight at Nature, and not at its picture in a mirror reflecting their own fancy and conventional prejudices. The narrative of a miracle by the Anglo-Norman writers is heralded by a sort of pompous preface which casts an air of doubt over the whole story, or of consciousness that their readers would not receive it, unless either amused into faith or deceived. But the more ancient record narrates everything, even the phenomenon of springs of blood, with the same solemnity and appearance of candour as when a witan's acts are being registered. It was not so much that these writers were in the poetic stage of development, as that they were by origin and race poetical: being apt to discover relations between the deeds and fortunes of men and the phenomena of nature; to record the appearance of a comet or of wild fire, a terrific tempest and the apparition of many ghosts, in the same breath, and with the same feeling, with which they speak of the exile of an Atheling, or an Archbishop. They insinuate the connexion as of cause with effect by the order of the narrative. The relation of the two events they give as a fact; they do not, seemingly, wish to suggest a theory, or to consider the connexion as a plausible hypothesis.

Most books, even most histories, can easily be broken up under different heads. There are passages which aim at being poetical, and others which deal with what is considered the dry, serious work of history: descriptions of debates in Parliament, battles from gazettes, and eventful alliances from the genealogical trees of Burke. When they depict the life of the people and their morals, they do it as though it were, as though it could be, a separate subject; as though, in short, the people were one thing and the nation another. The strangeness of this our only really Popular History of England, at once of England and the English, consists in the perfect blending of all the details, so that it is only by violence that they can be plucked

asunder, and bound up into smaller, separate bundles of disquisitions. It is poetical, suffused with the fire of high imagination; it is full of feeling, and full also of delicate appreciation of character; it tells of battles, and of councils, of plagues, and famines, and fires. But it is not of one aspect only, but with as many phases and modes of development as the nation itself delineated in it. Such a volume it does not do to attempt to describe by quotations. We might transcribe a ballad, glorifying Edgar, as at once the Peaceful and the Bracelet-giver to heroes, or singing the triumph of Athelstan at Brumby. But such a method of criticising, however suitable for Henry of Huntingdon, would not be adapted for his great original. It would prove that there have existed such beings, from the earliest ages, as Anglo-Saxon poets; but that would be but small and scanty information as to the merits or demerits of Anglo-Saxon history. It would, on the contrary, give a false notion of the Chronicle, to suggest that it was a compilation of ballads and of songs. On the contrary, it only took and absorbed these poetic fragments as describing most really and picturesquely the poetic moments of a nation rising in its strength against the oppressor, in the same manner as it might, at a subsequent period, had it reached so far, have taken a stave from the praises of Robin Hood, or even Wat Tyler. It did not borrow them to lend a grace to a tedious narrative; it does not take pains to make them fit in nicely and neatly; it does not, on quitting the song, sink down into prosaic minutiae. Indeed, sinking down are words which can never be rightly used of the Saxon Chronicle. Throughout it is penned—though by men whom the Humes of our day delighted to style ignorant, and to picture as debased, sensual, unpatriotic—in a high and lofty spirit, with an apparent sense of dignity in the writer, but as though the dignity and grandeur were essential to the story he was telling. Yes, grandeur; for over the whole scene of Anglo-Saxon misfortunes, as there depicted, there is an exceeding brightness and glory. It was not as though the nation were slowly sinking from the germ of constitutional disease, but as if the blows came only from without. Much of that spirit which is so apparent in the Greek dramatists, breathes almost unconsciously in the Chronicle. It makes us look upon the nation from the first, when the writer was one who could not possibly have seen with his own eyes the fatal catastrophe of Hastings, as doomed, as speeding on to destruction, by a species of necessity. Crimes there were and weaknesses; but the impression is, not that they were causes of the decay, but rather a species of effects contemporary with the causes. Everything in the narrative tends to encourage the same sentiment, or rather sensation. It partakes in no wise of the nature of a prepossession; but creeps over one insensibly

during the perusal of the book itself. The notices of natural and social portents are enough to stock a chapter on the domestic character of the people, and the physiological character and history of the age and country. But the Chronicle weaves them into the narrative, which is, after all, not a narrative, but a scene, as constituent parts along, and equally with wars and tumults. The Anglo-Norman annalists drag a meaning out of such natural occurrences, interpreting harshly and rudely this their great exemplar and authority. This itself simply places side by side the change of human fortune and the revolutions of nature. It does not strive to prove its writer's skill by exhibiting a significance. It just shows him they sympathize together, and leaves the reader to point the moral. This year came a comet, and the same year a hero or a tyrant was borne away to joy or lamentation; one summer, wild-fire burnt up hamlet, and wood, and minster; at the same time came a storm of Danes to complete the carnage initiated by Heaven. Even the phenomena of political science, in their relation to the native population, are connected with celestial phenomena; with the same *naïveté* with which the appearance of 'a star, which some men called a comet,' is related in the same breath with the death of a prelate or a king—no causation being asserted as to the two events—with the same guilelessness is each act of Norman policy, whether it were the laying on of a tax to maintain hostilities in France, or a camp in Wales, tacitly brought into juxtaposition with misery and bane to the Anglo-Saxon. Every event in the records of the race and its land, tells for the conclusion, and sad woful point of the story. There is no break or interruption when the narrative neglects the ravages of foes, or the solemn inauguration of an abbey, to speak of natural portents. All things in nature and society are viewed as having more or less significance in unfolding the history of this one people. But, although the narrative is tinged deeply with sorrow, it is the sorrow of a Hercules burning in the poisonous robe on the summit of the Ceta. High endurance, and a proud contempt for their enemies, even in the midst of their victories, mark it throughout. The treachery of the Edrics and the massacre of S. Bride's, are touched upon but lightly, and the chronicler gladly passes to the noble, however futile struggles of an Edmund, when the glories of Alfred's dauntless son and grandchildren were not for his pen. It tells well for the harmonious blending of all the topics of the narrative that, though the whole is charged fully with woe and conflict, the effect produced is so different to that which is the result of reading the Anglo-Norman chroniclers. *They* appear to be always viewing the melodramatic side of history; and, true as their accounts may be,

to be searching the records for a tournament, or, at all events, for a striking fancy police-report. The Saxon Chronicle, with much *matériel* of this special character, forces one to feel that the everyday life of the nation, and genuine realities are passing before our eyes. The difference is great.

Not merely in the selection of subject-matter, but in all else, a most conspicuous contrast exists between this and its successors. Even when they both treat of the same events, they do it from such different points of view that we hardly perceive that the topics are the same. It is satisfactory to be able to come to the clear conclusion that of the two narratives the Anglo-Saxon is, most certainly, as far at least as regards the Anglo-Saxon period, the more faithful, since it is also of the two far more complimentary to the then dominant race. Something of *couleur de rose* there may be. It never says what the author believed to be untrue; but it may be conceded that it at times suppresses facts, not for the purposes of a historical theory, or to catch a grace of style, but from patriotic prejudices. Thus its very defects and concealments have a historical value and significance of their own. The *lacunæ*, however, whatever their importance, are few and far between. A lengthy list might, it is true, be compiled of anecdotes discreditable to the Anglo-Saxon, of which the Chronicle makes no mention. But most of these facts, so damning to the memory of our ancestors, rest upon no contemporary evidence at all. Neither the laws with their graduated register of penalties for all imaginable crimes, nor the annalist with his annals of sufferings cruel and long at the hands of the Danes, reveal any great depths of depravity. It is to William of Malmesbury, and his gossip-mongering Anglo-Norman followers, that we owe the tale of Athelstan's murder of his brother Edwin, of Edgar's cold-blooded and tyrannical severity, of the unprovoked character and terrible completeness of Ethelred's vengeance upon the resident aliens. The same authors speak with a never diminishing undertone of contempt of the semi-barbarous Englishmen, making the Normans, spite of the horrors perpetrated by Norman barons, and depicted by themselves, their types and heroes. There is nothing in Anglo-Saxon history to equal the enormities of the reign of Stephen. But the English were prejudged; they were in the eyes of the fastidious Anglo-Norman monks, all savage and rude, their saints abnormal, and their heroic kings strangers. The later writers spoke of its race and its glory from presumptions formed from the spectacle of the same in its degradation. It seemed, perhaps, a degenerate people on account of the complete annihilation, that is to say, absorption in the lower orders, of the cultivated ranks, at least

for a time. The English were described by them as, even in their antecedents, peasants and boorish, because the narrators only knew, in fact, of Englishmen who were peasants and boors. But who can read of the Harolds, and Edwins, and Morcars, and then compare them with the common pictures in the monkish chronicles of the later date, without observing that these men who outshone the court of Normandy, and were received with distinction among the chivalry of Italy, Germany, and Constantinople itself, must have sprung of a noble stock, although the best specimens and representatives of the higher kind of cultivation existing here precedent to the Conquest had disappeared? The Anglo-Saxons seem, indeed, to have been capable of a high degree of advancement, not to call it refinement. They had, in themselves as a nation, the germs of modern England. But their bloom and flower was swept away by the storm of invasion by a yet rougher and harder race, the Norman; and the substratum, left exposed to the superficial gaze of the annalists, looked rude and stony. A conquest often thus steals away the beauty of national polish, and induces men to rank a people with barbarians as unjustly as men would act in making Whitechapel and S. Giles' the measure of London's civilization. Really, the Anglo-Norman, notwithstanding the plausible completeness with which they invest their narrative, and the abundance of their details, had no real basis for their accounts other than this very Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. The laws they neglected as foundations for historical investigations. The Anglo-Saxon annals were too meagre to attract their audience; it perhaps, too, did not exhibit that race in the inferior intellectual condition, relatively to their conquerors, which the sense of propriety and political fitness, or historical harmony of the writers' imagination thought right. They have therefore attempted to colour the dusky photograph. Athelstan, not born strictly within lawful wedlock, they describe, according to their own notions of hereditary succession, as an usurper. They even charge him with having acted the murderer, explaining, and perhaps inventing the crime so alleged, on the ground that he felt his illegitimacy made him an intruder. Of such a thought he, strong in the national choice, was probably himself altogether incapable. Elfric and Edric they convert, in the same way, into regular Norman-like traitors. Everything in their narrative is so well rounded off, and, according to their conventional standard, so perfectly systematic,—after a fashion which Hume himself, who indeed relies upon them, might envy,—that we have learned to discover a defectiveness and gaps in the authentic original records, which, it may be, have no existence in reality.

It would hardly appear to be, *prima facie*, inimical to our claim

for this volume of the place and dignity of a national history, not merely of a description of the country, that the great names of Hume's and William of Malmesbury's Anglo-Saxon history enjoy by no means a monopoly of consideration therein. We should be ready to allow that the chronicler may have had plausible reasons for not dwelling upon these heroes exclusively. Had the whole country been in the reign of an Ina, an Egbert, or even an Alfred, one consolidated kingdom, the absence of any extraordinary degree of reverence for these names might indeed have been a fatal objection to any argument in favour of the pre-eminence, among records of the age, of this volume. It could then have been explained away only by the confession, ruinous to its fame as the best exponent of those old times, that annals framed by different individuals, living in different districts, and with dissimilar opportunities of observation, necessarily were peculiar in their modes of noting events. But in fact, so loose during the whole period in question was the unity of the realm, that even, throughout the reign of Edward the Elder, Ethelfleda had most independent authority over the Mercians; much less, before his time, was the right of the kings of Mercia to treat of war and peace of their own free will ever contested. From the first, with the exception perhaps of the reign of Offa, the Saxon Chronicle makes the state of Wessex the type and exemplar of the rest of the country. But in describing that one principality it intends to draw a picture of a province which best represented the whole, not to confound the part with that whole. So, as must be always the case with records of primitive times, we find these records dwelling altogether and solely in personalities, the acts and policy of prelates and kings. But they do not tell of one prelate alone, not even of a Dunstan to the exclusion of an Ethelwald, not of an Alfred to the exclusion of a Burhred. They were intended to give a picture of the time and country. No single personage engrosses the scene. In the same proportion, however, as the prospect really did open, and all England began to grow accustomed to the claims, if not to the actual supremacy of one sovereign, the oneness of the Chronicle increases. Alfred himself was, as there represented, somewhat to our astonishment, and, it may be, disappointment, only the great *Anglo-Saxon* monarch of Wessex, and champion of all the Anglo-Saxons in England against the Danes. He does not occupy the space upon the canvas of the tutelary king of England, because such was not looked upon by these writers as his position. That Hunniades, Sobieski, or Marlborough saved Germany, would be no excuse for a historian who should devote himself to composing a biography of one of them as identical with the national history of that country. Thus,

Edward the Elder and Athelstan, Edmund and Edred, fill a larger part in the annals of early England than this our national hero himself; and for this reason, that, in the North as well as the South, *they* were found exercising the prerogatives of kings. Thus, finally, the Chronicle dwells absorbed on the glories of Edgar, as being the sovereign of the realm of England now first made one. While the later writers speak of Alfred, Athelstan, and, above all, Edgar, because of their liberality to the monasteries, the elder Chronicle singles out the first two on account of their schemes, partially carried out, for the attainment of a more regularly acknowledged supremacy; the last, primarily, on account of his far-extending power, secondarily, for the policy engendered by that power, which made him a patron of the class, the ecclesiastic, which at least was a link between nations, and a necessary instrument in the hands of a prince who wished to be known beyond the shores of his own island.

So as the narrative goes on, each reign engrosses more and more of the chronicler's attention, not, as one is tempted at first to fancy, on account of the nearer approach of the writer to something like civilization, and, therefore, his clearer comprehension of that theory of history, now old-fashioned, which made the writer look to a monarch as the centre point of all, but because of the actual condition of things making this theory the true one, and that which contained the exact principle for embodying the facts. A great warrior or legislator is recognised there as such; but the narrative lightly passes on, unless he were also the embodiment of the State. It is, on this principle, natural that Ethelred, amidst all the calamities of his reign, should occupy a central position, for such was his place, partly as inherited from his father, partly because these very evils drew all Englishmen more nearly together. The sagacity of the first Danish king consolidated the realm eventually; and what Canute had initiated, Edward the Confessor's rule consummated. Ages of almost continuous invasions, and, virtually, permanent settlement within the frontier, had prepared the way for this amalgamation, till the contest became one, not for the annihilation and dispossession of one race by another, but for sovereignty and preponderance in the confederacy of which they were both really, though by no formal act, members. We have this result very properly expressed in this volume by the delineation of a whole people, whether Danish or native, grouped round one man. The *one* sovereign now did at last represent the entire nation, though the different divisions still kept their formal distinctiveness. His predecessors had been passed over cursorily, however eulogistically, because they did not. But the spectacle of such apparent *eventual* unity, though succeeding centuries of disunion,

dazzled the eyes of the historians of the Anglo-Norman period, and made them ascribe, as does—following them, and some preconceptions of his own, and prejudices in favour of the same conclusion—our own Hume, the instances of petty State-governments in the age preceding Egbert to the ignorance and provincialism of the native writers, rather than to the circumstances of the times. They endeavoured to cure the constitutional disease of the facts, which showed a complete want of system, by assuming, on all occasions, the Prince of Wessex, or, in earlier days, of Kent, Northumbria, or Mercia, to have been *de jure* and *de facto* King of England.

A difference in their historical point of view is another and more creditable cause of the contrast to the Saxon recorders which the Anglo-Norman annalists display when treating of the same periods and events. When the subject is the period succeeding the Conquest, both sets of writers maintain the same absolute position; but the relative inferiority of the later ones, it must be confessed, greatly diminishes from the nature of their subject-matter, having now come more within the radius of the light which their torches can throw upon it. The Saxon Chronicle is the history of a race at one epoch conquering, at another subject. Its writers have a closer sympathy with the soil itself than with that of any other country. They do not dwell on the glories and sufferings of Pendragon and Arthur with tender interest; these heroes were nothing to them but enemies of the Anglo-Saxons. When the dominion of their race is established, its heroes and kings are naturally the subjects on whom they concentrate all attention. The fact of their having tried to demonstrate their claim to stand forth as the chroniclers of the race by describing only the masses, would, instead of being a proof of that right, have been a most suspicious circumstance. They care for the whole nation, and show this by taking for its representatives, in the period of its independence, ealdormen, prelates, and kings. But though the authors of the volume were the casual historical teachers of widely separated monasteries, from the very first, along with naturally a greater minuteness as to the events of the neighbourhood of the then writer, a general thoughtfulness is shown respecting the fortunes of the whole commonwealth; Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, are in it manifestly regarded as constituting one nation. Again, while the 'great men' and the 'wise men' are its personæ, it attends to the events, dearths, ravages, and pestilences, and, especially, the signs and portents, which affect the populace. We must repeat, that the race is the sole direct object of its interest, and the nobles and court as representing the race.

How different is the spirit with which it enters upon the Anglo-Norman period. The Conquest was properly and immediately the catastrophe, in a war of king against king, of William against Harold. Throughout the whole affair there is something intensely personal. The two chief personages are always being brought face to face in deadly and deliberate opposition. Yet, as soon as the conflict has terminated, the character of the war, such as it was at its outset, seems forgotten, so far at least as the outward form and plan of the narrative is concerned. The victorious monarch is treated as having a legitimate right to his throne. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, though designed for an account of England, takes for its apparent centre the man at the head of the Council, Court, and Church; and, indeed, could not have done otherwise consistently with the origin of the record, a compilation probably from the secretary's minutes, brought back to the abbey by deputed monks and abbots, of the proceedings in Gloucester, Winchester, or London. The death or misfortunes of a prince excited the pity or indignation of men personally, who had perhaps beheld his state, and received favours at his hand. But, as historians, they had to do with the *de facto* ruler, and not with the steps by which he had risen to or descended from his lofty station. As ecclesiastics, too, set in the midst of semi-barbarism, and from their riches ever exposed to the envy and covetousness of neighbouring feudal lords, a king, of whatever disposition, was looked upon by them, professionally, with interest (if not with good will), if only he proved himself possessed of royal determination, and a will to maintain peace in the land.

In short, as historians of the race, they still thought it necessary to describe its rulers, though aliens and tyrants. But even the writers who knew the court, and speak with authority of a sovereign's character, yet affect the coldness of foreign critics, not the affection, or the hatred of subjects. Cold respect is paid to them as rulers *de facto*; but they have no love for them as sovereigns *de jure*. They praise them fully for all the instances of good government they discover in their administration—for the Saxon race from the first had an instinct for law and order—but they understand the reason by which these oppressors were induced to maintain justice; they see in it not the patriotism of Alfred, but the selfishness of sentinels set to guard the soldiers' booty from camp-followers. Bitter is the emphasis with which they dwell upon the facility with which every petty object of continental princes' ambition seduced them into becoming themselves perpetrators of the selfsame oppressions for which they had the moment before been chastising a dangerously powerful baron. Nothing is more

noteworthy, more suggestive, than the strange, and, at first sight, apparently contradictory way in which the man who held the pen for the time mingles with his praises censure, and almost anathemas. 'Mild,' he tells us, 'was the Conqueror to 'those good men who loved God,' but 'a very stern and wrathful prince,' establishing 'such good order, that any man 'might travel with his bosom full of gold.' Then comes the blame, with no softening shades between: 'He was a builder 'of castles and oppressor of the poor, taking money, and with 'little need, being given to avarice.' So, again (and with, spite of the Saxon approval of good government, whatever the machinery, a Saxon's equal and contemporaneous loathing of tyranny), 'All must will that the king willed, if they 'would live and keep their lands.... Alas! that any man 'should carry himself in his pride over all! May God 'Almighty show mercy to his soul!' Thus did not the Alfreds and the Edgars, though they were strong-handed, sometimes indeed red-handed, as well as strong-minded monarchs. Their acts were not double-faced, like the policy of the Norman dynasty. They did not contain within them tokens that this strict and impartial discipline, forced on yeoman and lord, was intended by the sovereign as an engine of self-aggrandizement.

Besides, whatever the true motive in the background, a Norman prince's measures were regarded from behind a strong barrier of prejudice. If the act looked good for the country, still men who hated all that was English must, they believed, have some ulterior design in it. Even the miserable folly and weakness of Ethelred, which betrayed a kingdom to its enemies, is not blamed as a public crime, but rather pitied as a calamity to the king himself. The tranquillity preserved by William the Conqueror and Henry I. is made an occasion for bitter, though covert execrations. Moreover, the Chronicle, though still, as we have said, dealing with kings and nobles, is no longer, as before, a history, properly speaking, of the *kingdom*. The race was previously merged in the kingdom; now it is separate and a distinct subject. It is as though a man were writing a history of the Poles: biographies of Casimir and Sobieski would be essential constituents, but not of the Emperors Constantine and Alexander. Great public events are noticed, but only for their relation to some misery or oppression of the Saxons flowing out of them. Every triumph or reverse of the Norman lords on the Continent or in Wales has, in their eyes, besides, and far above its public significance, a domestic and gloomy meaning relatively to the unhappy natives. Taxes and death, famine and plague, have a regular and logical sequence, seldom broken or interrupted in the pages of the Chronicle now. Local

portents and incidents take up a more prominent position than formerly, and seem all to have an undercurrent of meaning, relatively that is, to the government of the Normans.

As might be supposed, this being the case, the policy of the kings is not very clearly marked. The Chronicle does not care to discover the reason of their acts; it contents itself with pointing out how great and invariable a pest each of these acts proved to their new subjects. The Anglo-Norman chroniclers are not nearly so much national historians, in the more modern sense of national, though they approved apparently of the popular idea of that office. They do not seem to comprehend the possibility of being called upon for any notice of the state of the people, or even of the way in which the acts of their lords affected them. For them, the relation of those acts of one man to another of the same rank, monarch, prelate, or noble, is the sum and entire scope of history. Yet this is not so surprising, when we consider how the seigneur did really monopolize all the opportunities of action; how the tenantry and burghers were, practically, treated as existing for him. It is the contrary phenomenon in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle which more legitimately startles us. It is not that separate paragraphs are devoted to statements of the condition of the multitude, not even that it goes out of its way to describe the masses, but that they seem to come in its way; that the bearing upon their happiness of the doings of their superiors is noticed as proper matter of history. The Anglo-Saxons seem forgotten by the Anglo-Norman historians, except when, in panegyricizing a king, they sum up his praises by declaring, with the effrontery of ignorance, that a man (Henry I.) who worked out order by open tyranny, and was hated accordingly, 'ruled the people with moderation,' and was 'for the rectitude of his conduct beloved by them in return.' If this were the sum of their short-comings it would be venial. Kings and nobles were so pre-eminent in the times succeeding the Conquest as to be rightly made the great centres of the narrative. But the earlier epoch has been described by them just as though a selfish caste-domination had always been the normal state of things. The difference between the two periods, as portrayed by them, does not strike the mind, because in their account kings and nobles appear as distinct and isolated a race in the former as in the latter epoch. Their theory of the Saxon-government is copied from their knowledge of the Norman; and some modern historians, when writing of the same times, have copied them. The nation at both epochs is not considered so much as represented by these castes as identified with them.

Consequently, there is an unreal appearance of completeness

and unity about the Anglo-Norman descriptions of the earlier period, as well as of their own, which has deceived posterity. The converse charge can scarcely be alleged against their predecessors. The Anglo-Saxon chroniclers wrote at the time. They wrote, too, as a matter of business, and from a feeling of their obligation to preserve the memory of the present, which must soon become the past, and, but for them, the forgotten. Their successors, on the other hand, composed from a love of fame, or as regular professors of history in the monasteries, which were then, as afterwards, great places of education. The former had no present by which to interpret the past; no foreign habits and modes of expression for which to seek distant analogies in another time and other customs; no semi-foreign race to conciliate to the task of listening to what did not directly concern their own race and constitution, by describing the similarity as greater between themselves and their subjects than between their subjects and them. Hence, composing from their own narrow point of view, their gaze was not distracted. They saw what they did see clearly, and, not discovering obscurity in it themselves, they did not attempt, what with the chaotic state of things, and their meagre conceptions of the idea, would have been of doubtful success, the task of elaborating the image of a constitution. At the same time, they avoided the temptation to centralize all scattered facts round the powerful focus of some hypothesis. They described what they were perfectly acquainted with, and, not imagining that they could be obscure to any who might take interest in the same events, they fortunately use the expressions which were then in vogue for daily occasions, and not those which might, by their cosmopolitan vagueness, have appeared to them more likely to be intelligible to men ignorant of the period and race.

While making no attempt to interpret the hated new constitution as merely an aspect of the old, which they adored, at the same time they could not conceal resemblances between the two, or the existence of relics of the one in the other. We perceive from them, what we should never else have learned, or but very imperfectly, from the later series of chroniclers, that the Conqueror and his progeny looked upon themselves as successors of the descendants of Egbert, and desired to be so regarded by their subjects. Thus the two Williams, and Henry, and Stephen, wore their crowns before their subjects, and kept their high festivals at the same places and in the same order as their predecessors. The Anglo-Norman writers, however, saw in these solemn progresses only the desire to astonish foreigners, and not the intention of nourishing in their new vassals, by the spectacle of the maintenance of old forms, the

belief that fealty was owing to them by a *quasi* right of inheritance. So, again, the Anglo-Normans, with their love of the splendid and imposing, dwell exultingly on the pageant of the magnificent Edgar the Peaceful on the Dee at Chester, with his regal regatta. They speak of it as though it had been a grand show, got up simply to exhibit that monarch's widely extended sway. The Saxon Chronicle, by its casual expressions, intimates that it took place on the occasion of the customary progress through his dominions, after the coronation, of the Anglo-Saxon king (whom it styles before the ceremony most significantly, but unconsciously, the Etheling, or Crown Prince, though now in the fourteenth year of his reign). It was when he went to be installed king in the different provinces, each still maintaining the claim of choosing its own sovereign, and of not being bound, at least in theory, by the election of Wessex, that these, the more distant dependents of his sway, assembled all together at one city to render him their homage. It intimates, too, by its reproaches of the same sovereign's love for foreign fashions and foreign favourites, that the English sovereigns were now attempting to join the confederacy of European potentates, and to bring the free Anglo-Saxon under the sway of that systematic feudalism which alone, they perhaps thought, could properly protect a kingdom against the unforeseen attacks of an enemy like the Dane. This is alluded to as being planned by Edgar, in the oath administered to the vassal princes at Chester that they would be 'his faithful *fellow-workers*.' It also suggests that that king did not, spite of his surname, 'the Peaceful,' quietly succeed to the supremacy over all England; but that Edwy and the secular clergy's partizans were still powerful enough to make it inadvisable for him to attempt, at an earlier date, to exchange his rank of Prince Royal for that of King.

In these, and many other instances, the unconscious fidelity of the elder annalist has brought us within the flickering shadows of important truths. Yet, at the same time, it must be confessed that the theory of historical composition taken up by the later monks has replenished their volumes with a much fuller and truer conception of the Norman potentates, as monarchs of a powerful country and influential continental princes,—in short, as the masters of, and able to evoke great resources,—than could come within the scope, or even the capacity, of their predecessors. The picture of William is deeply coloured in the latter; but it is that only of a magistrate and conqueror. In William of Malmesbury and his compeers, it (and the companion portrait of Rufus) come out with a most marvellously marked individuality, so that we can almost see

them. We could not have known William I. by the light of the Saxon history as the cunning politician. Indeed, this is a part of the ferocious fox-like Norman character which has generally been forgotten in our confusion of the original examples of the race with the more English warriors of Edward III.'s and Henry VI.'s courts. William of Malmesbury tells us that, brave and daring as he (the Conqueror) was, he would trust nothing to the blind chances of war; 'often purchasing the forbearance of his enemies with gold.' So with Rufus. The Chronicle assigns as the motive for his extortions, what was perhaps to some extent a popular calumny, love of pleasure: the Anglo-Norman writers, more profoundly, while allowing for this,—though, in a courtly manner, veiling it under the name of hospitality to strangers,—tells us that he had as fiery and unfathomable an ambition of dominion as his father; and that his object in accumulating treasures was to buy of needy Crusaders, duchies and principalities. So the latter explains the suspicion and dislike felt by the noblesse for Henry I. 'He 'was inferior in wisdom to no king of modern times, contending 'by *counsel* rather than by the sword;' and, as Roger of Wendover informs us, by his aversion to the lengthy debauchery of the table, inducing the censure of being effeminate. In the same way, the Anglo-Saxon gives no hint or help toward interpreting the unpopularity in England of the Empress Maud, notwithstanding the grossness of Stephen's usurpation, and his notorious incapacity. The Anglo-Norman, on the other hand, offers a suggestion; viz. that the odium proceeded from the Philo-Germanic prejudices of the princess; which were so violent as to make her most reluctant to quit her adopted country; and, further, from a dislike of long standing among the nobles of the Angevan connexion. Yet with this keen observation of all that concerned the relations of king and nobles is combined, in the Anglo-Norman annals, a habit of glossing over the vices of the great. These writers saw nothing but what was judicious and paternal in the compilation of Domesday Book: their predecessor sneers, just as did the Persians of old at Darius, 'the tradesman,' or as a modern farmer at a registration system, at the unkingliness of inquiring into such minutiae as the number of each man's acres, cattle, and chattels. 'It is shameful to relate,' cries the indignant monk, 'what *he* thought it no shame to do.' Saxon rulers (this seems to be their current of thought) would never have interfered in such a meanly meddlesome spirit with others' property: *they* lived independently upon their own estates, and let others live on theirs. The Anglo-Norman authorities see nothing but vigorous and impartial justice in the execution of

Earl Waltheof, that domestic traitor; unable, though honoured, and he a Saxon, with the hand of the Conqueror's niece, to restrain his evil inclination to sedition. The Saxon, on the contrary, while hardly sympathizing with a native noble turned Norman courtier, yet remind their readers that he was beheaded, spite of the king's pledge and forgiveness; and that, too, to the desecration of S. Petronilla's Festival. The same, loving archbishops and bishops, even when foreigners, and intruded into the place of Englishmen, because they strove (with however different a motive) against the tyrannous wills of Norman lords, behold in the apparition of a comet a sign of the exile of Anselm, 'little being done here according to right:' William of Malmesbury, more truly, sees in that voluntary banishment, not the zeal of a martyr for the people's rights, but of the champion of Pope Urban, whom Rufus hated. The latter dwells upon the rough churlish magnanimity of that boorish knight with an ardour incomprehensible to the former.

They never give way, even when extolling Athelstan or Edgar, to exalted flights of classical parallelism. The Anglo-Normans revel in memories of Queen Margaret's literary romantic court; its 'tale-bearers in endless multitude,' and 'scholars equally famed for verse and for singing,' though suggesting a reason for the general silence of the lady's own countrymen respecting her merits, in that selfish elegant prodigality which 'brought 'many claims on her tenantry, and took away their property, 'she meantime little regarding their sarcasms.' Even the unsparing justice of Henry I. in punishing his attendants who had oppressed the people with purveyance, and pre-emption, and in other ways, calls forth two different tones from the two sets of annalists. The latter eulogize it as a proof of the sovereign's impartiality; the earlier appear to suspect that it was a pretext for afflicting and destroying, as implicated in the charge, certain troublesome natives; for 'many men of truth said that many 'of the forty-four (then slain) suffered with great injustice; 'but our Lord God seeth that the miserable people is oppressed 'with all unrighteousness: first, men are bereaved of their 'property, and then they are slain!'

Thus it is everywhere in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, on the one hand, and in the Anglo-Norman on the other. Every fact related in the former has some bearing on the condition of the people; the stars in their courses, and wildfire, and meteors tell ever of some coming woe, or vengeance for them, or on them. The severity of magistrates and kings is only remarked with reference to the state of the native population, as more or less oppressed by every act emanating from authority; and wars and discords attract most attention as portending a tax.

Sufferings there were in plenty during the former period ; and many parts of that division of the Chronicle read like a parish register of the time of the plague. But then the nation suffered as a nation, kings and prelates, earl and churl, all together. The triumph of one was the triumph of all ; the devastation of one shire sent a thrill of sorrow, despair, and terror through the whole national heart. Now the calamities, though not more, even far less numerous, read more sadly. It is as if the private sorrows of families and individuals were made matters of history, and as when each death is a murder. The Anglo-Norman annals, on the contrary, are, even while dwelling on precisely the same epochs, full of splendid details. The horrors of the Danish wars themselves are interfused by the writer with romance ; and sober, grave Saxon sages and ealdormen might start at finding themselves at times transformed into noisy and wantonly adventurous Norman knights. In the Anglo-Norman epoch itself there is no lack of intimations that the people are tyrannically treated. But a tone of tragedy is spread over the whole, and attention is so completely engrossed by the boldness of the perpetrators, that we naturally glance at their victims chiefly in the light of necessary subjects for these magnanimous kings and barons to operate upon. The tale of the desolation of sixty miles of cultivated land in the North dazzles us with the spectacle it affords of the Conqueror's stern will and grand sweep of policy. The Norman chronicler's allusion to 'once magnificent cities with towers threatening heaven itself with their loftiness,' instead of inducing reflection on the victor's horrible selfishness, gives a pleasing air of unreality, or strangeness, and remoteness from ourselves, to the whole.

Their history of both periods, and especially of their own, has allured modern students and writers, because representing the times as so much more polished than they really were. For these men only described nobles, or great and wealthy monasteries ; kings at the head of armies, and brilliant courts ; persons and subjects, which always have a sort of appearance of elevation from the greatness of the scale, whatever the actual character of the period. But the Saxon Chronicle produces before us the whole nation ; the king and nobles in the front rank it is true, but only so as important constituents of the commonwealth ; and all together struggling for life and existence. It dwells only on the details of the mutual and independent relations of the different ranks, not on the peculiarities of any one section of the nation for its own sake. It refrains from portraying the splendour and refinement of courts. But not because such did not exist in Anglo-Saxon England.

Edwin, and Morcar, and Waltheof were gentlemen more polished than the Odos and Warrennes:—Siward and Leofric were in energy and martial skill their equals. But the chronicler conceived he had to do with nothing peculiar to a single class, and cared not to expatiate on accomplishments which though common accidents of wealth in these as in many half-civilized ages, were not supposed by him to affect the historical or social position of the kingdom as a whole.

The Anglo-Norman chroniclers fail from an absorbing love of the marvellous and the picturesque. They were themselves beguiled before they endeavoured to beguile their readers. But Hume, the recognised modern historian of England, whom, however much he may be blamed, all continue to study, seems coldly and deliberately to have set himself down to the task of deceiving posterity. He sinned against his own powers of discernment, and, we will not say, knowledge, but capacity for, and means of discovering the truth. His hypothesis he first found in the intuitions of an unenthusiastic and conservative temperament, and then undertook to drag a crowd of little trembling facts within the verge of the fascination of his principle. About all which does not make for his hypothesis he is careless, and confessedly apt to neglect the authority of writers, whom, though the only genuine sources of our acquaintance with these early times, he regarded simply as ignorant and prejudiced churchmen. Between every political and social change there would seem, according to his narrative, to have been a gulf. He does not appear conscious, that in national history general revolutions are usually gradual. As he ignores the Saxon usages, while that race was dominant, so he concludes that, by the Conquest, all trace of them was swept away. On the contrary, the mass of laws continued unchanged. Those laws were still administered in Anglo-Saxon, sometimes in Latin, never in Norman French, at least till the English epoch of the Edwards; facts perfectly opposed to the doctrines of Hume and his successors.

Again, in other points we detect the same carelessness and want of painstaking, if not worse, which made one of the most sagacious of men lay emphasis upon the slight prominence of contrasts in the institutions of the two periods, rather than upon the great substratum of resemblance. In the Anglo-Norman and Hume's narratives of the Danish forays, the Danes are exhibited as a completely foreign nation, which ravaged the country simply in quest of booty; and the dynasty of Canute is spoken of as equally un-English with that of the Conqueror. But the Saxon Chronicle, while it reveals the ineradicable nature of the Danish people, and the secret of their success

against the Saxons, by the perpetual use of the term 'army' in relation to them even when settled down in East Anglia, or Northumbria, does also open up a new view of them as regular colonists in the country, by its various allusions to their bands as 'owing obedience to different towns;' as though corporations of nobles had by this time become centralized, according to their custom, in camps or fortresses, a habit so different to the Anglo-Saxon system, in pursuance of which noble and peasant lived together, sharing the same hopes and dangers. That strange expression which it uses after the death of Sweyn, that 'all the Danish kings were outlawed from England,' tends to the same conclusion, viz. to suggest that the invaders had at length made good their footing by a certain analogy of race and habits, and were looked upon as subject, in a certain manner, to the decision of the councils of the English nation; that they were, in short, when offending, liable to the penalties inflicted on domestic traitors, and not to be treated as alien foes. What French writer could have spoken of an assembly of French nobles, before the reign of Charles the Simple, outlawing Hasten or Rollo from the land of France? This expression in our Chronicle prepares us for the comparative tranquillity with which the annalist writes of the substitution of a Danish for a Saxon dynasty, and for the apparent ease and facility with which Canute adapted himself to the national tastes and sentiments, even, but half convert as he was, to the monastic predilections of the day.

Nor is it only in the historical suggestiveness of its facts and details that this Chronicle comes forth so brightly, as contrasted with Hume and the Anglo-Normans, whose likeness consists in an equally artificial system and method. The latter betray a formed and deliberate design of amusing by tales of sorcery, of inspiring enthusiasm by stories of miracles, and of polishing their pupils' minds by paraphrases of the classics. The former is at once contemptuous, both of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman, and desirous of slurring over especially the earlier period as absolutely barbarous and devoid of civilization. He seems scared at the vestiges and tracks of liberty (whether democratic, or aristocratic, all equally harmful to his hypothesis of the continuity of royal absolutism on the soil of ancient England), on which his feet would every now and then strangely echo as he groped his way along what seemed to him, in a constitutional as well as a social point of view, a mere barren waste.

But it is also in higher respects that the Saxon Chronicle is often, we affirm, more philosophical in its guileless unconscious truthfulness than the philosopher. What is the view and idea

of the English constitution and social condition during the Anglo-Saxon epoch, which we get from the pages of Hume, and what from those of this our eldest Chronicle? Hume declares England to have been consolidated into one kingdom by Egbert, in size and limits nearly resembling the present. Yet he is compelled by the force of facts, to speak of independent appanages granted to Athelstane and Ethelbald by their fathers, of Brictric acting as real monarch of Mercia; of Mercia, Northumbria, and East Anglia, as having been omitted altogether in the division of England (which he asserts to have been complete) made by Ethelwulf between his elder children. Besides all these contradictions to the beauty of his theory, he is perpetually inveighing against the gross darkness and barbarism of the entire nation. The antithesis of a rude race and an elaborate constitution is not strange enough for him; he accumulates wonders by allowing that in this nation, which, though practically broken up and fragmentary, was to be proved to possess a regular system of government, the idea was prior to the fact. In times of civilization this will naturally be the case, but the reverse holds good in what may be called, by analogy, the inductive periods. These states, first through some fortunate combination of happy circumstances, and a strong-willed and patriotic sovereign, learn, by actual experience of the different steps, what good government is; it is not for centuries that they have leisure to reflect upon it. The Saxon Chronicle, with its intuitive philosophy, does not assert for its nation this completeness of constitution in theory. *It* never speaks of England as consolidated, whether in the reign of Egbert or of Alfred, when the broad Danelaghe still lay before its eyes a separate realm. Yet, on the other hand, it does not, like Hume, who assumes this perfect unity of the land, overlook the relationship and co-membership as to race and country, between Northumbria, East Anglia, and Mercia on the one hand, and the southern kingdoms on the other. It lays more emphasis upon race, the natural bond in large and thinly peopled territories, and less on the form of government which bound all the parts together.

So it is with all the kindred deductions from this head and title. Hume talks of the king as being England, but yet shows what, allowing this, would have been a most extraordinary propensity to treason in any kingdom. The Chronicle brings the sovereign before us as naturally king of one province, there regularly obeyed, and expelled from thence the last of all his possessions. It shows him to have had a suzerainty, more or less real, according to the character of the reigning prince, over the rest of the realm. These principalities were separated from

Wessex by both original and after-growing differences in race and customs, and, especially, by their distinct dynasties of rulers, ignored most completely by Hume in the next page to the one in which he has styled them, in obedience to his authorities, kings and princes. So *he* has his national codes of laws enacted by Alfred and Edward, while demonstrating the sentiments and habits of the different districts to have been very dissimilar, and acknowledging that the laws, which he assigns to some definite legislator, must have grown up gradually in the heart of the nationality. The Chronicle talks of Alfred as signalized, not by his legislation, but his justice as a magistrate in administering the law; of the Confessor, as king of a mixed people of Danes and Angles, but, by peculiar circumstances in his position and connexions, recognised by either constituent, in some degree, as its natural monarch. Hume has his sneer at the universal degradation of the Anglo-Saxon laity, yet, at the same time, scoffs at the learning and foreign civilization which, scanty as it might be, only the clergy could import from abroad. He derides the ignorance of the clergy; yet, in describing the reign of Edred, laments that men who had been useful instructors of youth were now giving way to the novel rule of the Benedictines, who were of no use whatsoever. As, in regard to the constitution of the nation, he had a hypothesis of the absolutism of the king, a hypothesis partly encouraged by the prominence given to the sovereign as representative of the people, even in the (with all its truthfulness) personality-loving Saxon Chronicle, and as, in spite of the apparent opposition of facts to this hypothesis, he made it override them all, so, in regard to the social condition of the race, he had conceived a prejudice against the clergy, and, therefore, along with bitter denunciations of the torpidity and rudeness of the people, he assails the Ethelwulfs and Alfreds for endowing the sole teachers, and the Edreds and Edgars for their policy of choosing for ministers educated churchmen, like Dunstan and Odo. He appears to fancy that all these princes had conceived as systematic a scheme as Louis XI., of humbling a noblesse by putting over their heads men not more cultivated, but less obnoxious to royal jealousy.

Hume misjudges the Saxon race altogether. He would make out the Conquest to have been an unadulterated good; he would make it out to have, very properly and happily, introduced a completely new system, so that the English nation, though the raw material and base be Anglo-Saxon, is, really and truly, Norman in sentiment and development. With his view of the Anglo-Saxon people, he could not have done otherwise; only his facts confute his theory; and the chief of these facts come,

diluted through the Anglo-Norman Chronicles, from this Anglo-Saxon History. This volume proves the race not to have been a worn out and effete one, as Hume's conception of it, as possessed of a constitution perfect, theoretically, but, practically, most vitiated, would tend to demonstrate. It here appears in a constant process of development, in one same way, and with one regular bias. We here can watch it, impeded by Danish invasions, yet still progressing; though grievously checked and overlaid with foreign accretions by the Conquest, not annihilated; not sinking under alien customs, but meditating on its state of subjection, and that not merely as a body of Polish nobles, but as a nation still. It was the coercion of its county courts, and the overruling of its cherished privileges, together with its oppression by taxes to which it had never consented, which it lamented; but yet these institutions were not extinct, but only depressed. That such is the more philosophical view, the details which Hume does not controvert, but, on the contrary, is forced to make use of, must evince. But the gradual emerging of the race after the reign of Henry II., till it finally burst forth in those of Edward III. and Richard II., is a sort of proof by results, forbidding us to imagine that Anglo-Saxon nationality could have ever been (we will not say hidden) but completely crushed and destroyed.

ART. VI.—*On Liberty*. By JOHN STUART MILL. London:
John W. Parker, 1859.

It has been said that a *via media* may be found everywhere. The kind and degree of celebrity to which Mr. John Stuart Mill is entitled, is certainly a case in point. In a book called 'Men of the Day,' containing brief biographies of most of our highly distinguished, and of many very slightly distinguished, characters, no notice whatever has been taken of one, who is certainly among the first thinkers and writers of the age. But, as if to atone for this neglect, a recent critic, Mr. Henry Thomas Buckle, author of the 'History of Civilization,' who seems to be a perfect idolater of Mr. Mill's genius, and a follower (*haud passibus æquis*) in his track, commences his critique upon the work before us, by the assertion that, 'If a jury of the greatest European thinkers were to be impannelled, and were directed to declare by their verdict who, among our living writers, had done most for the advance of knowledge, they could hardly hesitate in pronouncing the name of John Stuart Mill. Nor can we doubt that posterity would ratify their decision.'¹

For ourselves, we are unable to follow Mr. Buckle in the excess of his admiration. His eulogy, in part, depends upon the assumption that Mr. Mill's views on Political Economy, and on the province and functions of Logic, are gaining ground. Now, we are all apt to regard our own world as *the* world, and to register its *dicta* accordingly. Mr. Buckle's assertion is no doubt perfectly sincere, and we may be mistaken in believing it to be entirely incorrect; but that Mr. Mill, who is, in Political Economy, a follower of Ricardo, does not retain undisputed possession of the throne, is evidenced by the appearance of the lectures of the late Professor Jones, of Haileybury.² Any one who will be at the trouble of reading the excellent Prefatory Notice, which Dr. Whewell has prefixed to that volume, may have an opportunity of judging whether the anti-Ricardo school is so prostrate as Mr. Buckle seems to imply. It must be remembered that Mr. Jones, though one of the largest and most comprehensive thinkers, was no mere theorist. The author of a large portion of the Tithe Commutation Bill of 1836 has at least as good a claim to a hearing, on the ground of practical acquaintance with the subject, as can be assigned, even by his most fervent admirers, to Mr. Mill.

¹ *Fraser's Magazine*. May, 1859. P. 509.

² London: Murray, 1859.

Nor does the case stand otherwise with Logic. Mr. Buckle, apparently reverencing the decisions of his master as being well-nigh those of a kind of scientific *Pontifex Maximus*, from whose sentence there lies no appeal, feels but little doubt of the ultimate triumph of Mr. Mill's view respecting the nature of the Syllogistic process, and the position that 'Logic, considered as a science, is *solely* concerned with induction.' For our own part we should be prepared to plead, in a sanguine spirit, before Mr. Buckle's imaginary jury, on behalf of Mr. Mansel's counterposition, that the above views are 'a remarkable instance of a total misconception of the nature and purpose of Logic.'¹

But although we cannot approach a new work by Mr. Mill with anything like prostrate reverence, we are very far from wishing to underrate his really great and remarkable powers. We look upon him as a man of much depth of thought, of varied and extensive information, and a sincere love of truth. The tribute to the memory of one, whose assistance he had enjoyed in the composition of former works—his departed wife—betokens much more of affectionate feeling than those who only know Mr. Mill by his writings might have expected from such a quarter. We must add, that his pictures of certain phases of modern society display wonderful and accurate observation. They resemble photographs, but, like photographs, they often deepen the shadows, and are somewhat limited in their range.

We purpose to give, *firstly*, a brief statement of Mr. Mill's object in this Essay, with one or two of the passages which may be read with profit, and, in our judgment, with at least a partial acceptance; *secondly*, to give our reasons for dissenting from the main propositions of the volume, and from several of its *obiter dicta*; and, *thirdly*, quitting Mr. Mill and his follower, Mr. Buckle, to enunciate some propositions of our own upon the possibly dry and uninviting, but certainly not unpractical, subject of Liberty and Toleration.

I. It is only fair to the author to let him state his object in his own words:—

'The object of this essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of

¹ Prolegomena Logica. P. 169. The fallacies pervading Mr. Mill's view of the Syllogism were also pointed out with much acuteness by a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1857; if we remember rightly, in the June or July No. of that year.

their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is *to prevent harm to others*. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant; he cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear, because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinion of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him, must be calculated *to produce evil to some one else*. The only part of the conduct of any one for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.—P. 21.

The examination of this leading position shall be deferred. At present we will only observe that an all-important theme of difference lies in the sense to be attached to the words which we have taken the liberty of italicizing. What is meant by '*harm to others*,' and '*evil to some one else*?' To this point we shall recur presently; meanwhile, our readers may be glad to see a few passages, which will repay their thought and attention:—

'Before quitting the subject of freedom of opinion, it is fit to take some notice of those who say that the free expression of all opinions should be permitted, on condition that the manner be temperate, and do not pass the bounds of fair discussion. Much might be said on the impossibility of fixing where these supposed bounds are to be placed; for if the test be offence to those whose opinion is attacked, I think experience testifies that this offence is given whenever the attack is telling and powerful, and that every opponent who pushes them hard, and whom they find it difficult to answer, appears to them, if he shows any strong feeling on the subject, an intemperate opponent.'—Pp. 95, 96.

We believe this warning to be needed by all of us who take part in controversy. It is well to ask ourselves whether the wit and sarcasm, the boldness of speech, which we admire when employed on our own side, would have appeared even tolerable if exerted against us; and whether, *e contrario*, the ridicule which we denounce as repulsive and irreverent, the denunciations which seem so extravagant and uncalled for, would have struck us in anything like the same light if we had sympathised with the opposition which they express. Of course we do not hereby mean to say that the truth or falsehood of that which is attacked or defended does not necessarily change the character of what is said; but at any rate, in cases where we feel *any* doubt as to the side on which truth lies, there is the greater call for a tolerant spirit.

A similar caution may be fairly applied to the accounts which reach us respecting the tone and spirit of publications which we do not mean to read. Do our informants support or oppose

the views of the productions in question? Are they in danger of imagining that an answer of one sort rather than the other would be gratifying to us? In such case, their speech in favour or disfavour of the spirit of a given book or pamphlet must be received by us with caution, and in a discriminating temper.

The following passage again admits of a separation from its context, and may be admitted to be a true statement of certain facts in human nature without necessarily involving subscription to certain inferences:—

‘To say that one person’s desires and feelings are stronger and more various than those of another, is merely to say that he has more of the raw material of human nature, and is therefore capable, perhaps, of more evil, but certainly of more good. Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses, but more good may always be made of an energetic nature than of an indolent and impassive one. Those who have most natural feeling are always those whose cultivated feelings may be made the strongest. The same strong susceptibilities which make the personal impulses vivid and powerful, are also the source from whence are generated the most passionate love of virtue, and the sternest self-control.’—P. 108.

The same truths would, we suppose, admit of being stated, in another form, somewhat as follows. The majority of mankind are not so gifted as to be in danger of becoming, on the one hand, great and abandoned villains, or, on the other, of growing up into saints. But strong and forcible natures cannot rest content with the sort of mediocrity which satisfies the many; they *must* do something more than the common herd, and that something *ought* to be of the highest benefit to others.

‘Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, ’twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch’d
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.’

But if men thus endowed will not exert their powers in a right direction, they must needs walk with faster strides towards every form of evil than those around them. If they do not attain to what even a heathen could term ‘a super-natural virtue, something heroic and divine,’¹ they are but too likely to lapse into some form of the opposing vice, brutality—a state as much below as the other is above the ordinary standard. It is impossible to read the statements of ancient writers respecting Catiline—his powers of hardihood and endurance as attested by Sallust; his wonderful versatility as described by Cicero—

¹ τὴν ὑπερ ἡμᾶς ἀρετὴν, ἡρωικὴν τινα καὶ θελαύ. Aristot. Eth. Nicom. vii. 1.

without perceiving the presence of gifts¹ which might have made a man like Bishop Selwyn, or even Francis Xavier. The temptations of such men are more fiery, their rise is loftier or their fall deeper. To the judgment of Him who made them we commit them.

There are other interesting and valuable *morceaux* in Mr. Mill's volume. His description (p. 110) of the censorship at present exercised by society over individuals, from the highest class down to the lowest, is suggestive, and even amusing, though in our judgment somewhat over-stated. It is also well worth considering whether the existence of Mormonite polygamy may not owe some portion of its success to a cause mentioned by our author, namely (p. 165), 'the common ideas and customs of the world, which, teaching women to think marriage the one thing needful, make it intelligible that many a woman should prefer being one of several wives to not being a wife at all.'

We have been obliged to separate these passages from their context, because they stand in connexion with remarks which do not command our assent. It is, however, highly probable that other extracts, equally safe and valuable, might be culled from Mr. Mill's volume, though we have not space for any more. Let us proceed to the consideration of his main subject.

II. One point we have herein in common with our author. He does not profess to treat the question of *Liberty and Toleration* as a simple and easy one. If it were such, it would not require an essay, written in a very compressed style, of more than two hundred pages. Now thus far, Mr. Mill differs from many public men of the day, who imagine the subject to be so easy that it can be settled with a few pungent sentences, in some lecture delivered at a mechanic's institute. Even men so able as Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell have not escaped this delusion; for delusion it certainly is. The question before us is one of profound difficulty both in theory and practice; it is one on which good and wise men may reasonably differ, and which may probably demand a very different solution in different countries, and different ages of the world.

With that part of the question which touches upon control exercised for the good of the individual, we shall not at present meddle. Our silence must not, however, be construed into an admission of Mr. Mill's position. We proceed to the point of difference already indicated, namely, *what is meant by harm to others?*

A person is passing through a back street at twilight, and receives a blow upon the face. It may not have been severe, nor even very alarming; but if he succeed in apprehending his

¹ Pro M. Cælio, § iii.

assailant, and handing him over to a policeman, the law of the land will punish the offender. The possible excuse that the assailant mistook the identity of the person will not be accepted. The man has *done harm*, however slight, to another, and is punished accordingly. So far Mr. Mill is in favour of the action of the law.

But on another occasion, in the same place, in broad daylight, our imaginary passer-by is struck with the presence of improper books and pictures in a shop-window. Has he any right to appeal to the law, on the ground that this display is calculated to *do harm*?

A large class of theorists would at once answer in the negative. They maintain, with Locke, and perhaps with Warburton and Lord Macaulay, that the State has no conscience; that it is an association intended for the preservation of life and property; and that any attempt at action, beyond the limits thus imposed, is an error, or even a crime. As railway directors, or the members of the Royal Academy, or the guardians of the poor, aim, in their respective capacities, at definite objects, without inquiring whether the passengers or shareholders, the artists or purchasers, the farmers and labourers, are of this or that persuasion, or are even moral in their tone,—so the State is, on this theory, bound to proceed in like fashion.

Now, even supposing that this could be established (and it is far less easy of proof than it seems) respecting such subordinate societies, it would still prove nothing, as Dr. Arnold has justly observed, as regards the functions of a sovereign society like the State. We prefer, however, at present, instead of examining the theory, to look at the practice as manifested in England at the present day.

Now, not in virtue of any law which is a remnant of mediæval times, but by an Act passed but a few years since, at the instance of the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the exposure of immoral books and pictures has been made penal. The offending articles may be seized, and the expositor must bear the loss. Nor has this Act remained a dead letter; it has really been put in force. We do not, however, gain from Mr. Mill's volume any clear reply to the question, whether this is, or is not, an infringement of his notions of liberty. Of the purity of Mr. Mill's moral tone there can be but one opinion, and, in practice, we cannot but believe that Lord Campbell's bill has his approval.

But, then, the very existence of such an Act at once proves that, in Great Britain at least, the theory of Locke¹ and his

¹ *Respublica mihi videtur societas hominum solummodo ad bona civilia conservanda promovendaque constituta.*

Bona civilia voco, vitam, libertatem, corporis integritatem, et indolentiam, et

followers is not accepted. The display of immoral prints and publications may inspire very bad thoughts in one person, and feelings of disgust and indignation in another, but it cannot be said to affect, in any direct way, either the purse or the liberty of any man.

Such, however, is the law of the land; nor do we believe that any of those who opposed Lord Campbell's bill for a moment questioned the *right* of the State to make such an enactment. They pointed out, indeed, difficulties which might arise respecting its execution, or they questioned the wisdom of the procedure, but no one, so far as we know, ever so much as attempted to controvert the principle.

But if this principle be admitted—if the open display of what is immoral be calculated to *do harm*—in what way is it inconsistent to suppose, that the open display of that which is blasphemous, and inflicts outrage upon the religious belief of a vast majority of the population, may also be calculated to *do harm*? Merely insulting negations teach nothing; seldom, indeed, do they draw the mind of a man nearer to the truth.¹ We shall hardly expect to bring a Buddhist, or a Mahometan, one step towards Christianity by scrawling coarse invectives against Buddha or Mahomet on the gates of a Chinese temple, or Turkish mosque; nor do we imagine that even the most pugnacious of foreign secretaries would have much to urge on behalf of a British subject, who had by such means subjected himself to punishment at the hands of a magistrate. The same rule would hold good with respect to an insult offered to the Roman Catholic religion in Spain or Italy, and we believe to Christianity in several of the United States.

And now let us suppose the case of a professed and known unbeliever, who has for fifteen years annoyed and distressed his neighbours by writing upon walls and gates sentences of a blasphemous and disgusting character. Men are morally certain who the offender is, but there is a lack of legal proof. An advertisement is placed in the local papers, warning the culprit that perseverance in such a course will draw down upon him the vengeance of the law. The man repeats the offence, and moreover, signs his name with the word 'blasphemy' written before it. At the request of several persons, a clergyman comes forward as the prosecutor.²

rerum externarum possessiones, ut sunt latifundia, pecunia, supellex, &c.—'Epistola de Tolerantiâ.' London, 1765.

¹ It is worthy of remark that an ancient council, that of Illiberis, decreed that the honours of martyrdom should not be paid to those who broke heathen images and insulted their worship.

² We must own that our friends north of the Tweed have an advantage over us here. By Scotch law, a public prosecutor, the Procurator-Fiscal, would undertake the case, as in France, and many other continental countries.

Let us further suppose that the attack has been directed, not against some distinctive tenet held by Dissenters, or Churchmen, or Roman Catholics, as such, but that it has assailed Him who is revered by all who profess and call themselves Christians, with the most gross and abusive epithets which the language can furnish. Suppose that the very children of the neighbourhood read them and inquired about them. We ask our readers, is such a man likely to do 'harm to others;' is his conduct 'calculated to produce evil to some one else?' If not, we must suppose that it is no evil to the young to have that which is so infinitely holy, connected in their minds with all that is lewd and wicked. If the exhibitor of bad books and prints is punished by the loss of his injurious stock-in-trade, the outrageous insulter of his fellow-men for years must deserve a far severer punishment.

Our readers are probably aware that our last case, though put hypothetically, is simply a statement of facts. A Cornish man, by name Thomas Pooley, *was* guilty of all this; and in July, 1857, received sentence of imprisonment for something short of two years, in the presence of an audience so strongly roused to indignation at his conduct, that there appears to have been a mental tendency towards the execution of Lynch law.

It does seem strange, but the case of Thomas Pooley is selected by Mr. Mill as an exemplification of the want of liberty in England! Fifteen years' annoyance of one's neighbours in the most gross and wicked manner, ought not, it seems, to render a man amenable to any kind or sort of punishment. But perhaps Mr. Mill had never inquired into the details. We trust and believe not. Differing *toto cælo* from Mr. Mill's tenets, we are slow to believe that he, a pure and high-minded man, can have ever seriously intended to undertake the defence and patronage of such conduct as this. But then, what becomes of Mr. Mill's strenuous advice to his readers to study all sides of a case before they speak and act? He calls upon *us* to carry out such principles on all occasions, to an extent that is practically impossible, but he first supplies us with an instance of the most flagrant violation of his own rules, in a case to which they are not only strictly applicable, but in which the breach of them is a very serious blemish upon his book. His account of the transaction is indeed calculated to *do harm*, for it leaves on the reader's mind a thoroughly false impression, and has to be corrected by research in other quarters.

Thomas Pooley received a free pardon five months after his conviction (with the full sanction of the respected judge who tried the case, Sir John Coleridge), on the ground of insanity.

One would certainly be glad, for the credit of human nature, to believe that he was mad, and the opinion of the authorities at the Home Office, coupled with the consent of the judge, deserves of course great weight. We cannot for our own part pretend to feel convinced of the reality of this defence for Pooley, though it is quite possible that our lack of confidence may arise from not having had full opportunities of examining the evidence. But the sanity or insanity of the prisoner does not in anywise affect Mr. Mill's argument. It does indeed come into the attack upon Sir John Coleridge, made by Mr. Mill's reviewer, in *Fraser*, Mr. Buckle,¹ but it is no part of the case as put forth by the author of the *Essay on Liberty*. And so long as the vast majority of the people of Great Britain believe that such insults and outrages upon their most cherished convictions are as hurtful as a blow on the person, or a libel upon character, so long, on *Mr. Mill's own principles*, will they support the existence of laws which are calculated to repress atrocious blasphemy.

We now pass on to the consideration of our author's advice in respect of the formation of our opinions. It is somewhat alarming (or, shall we say, consoling?) to find that 'ninety-nine in a hundred of what are called educated men' (p. 67), have not yet adopted Mr. Mill's suggestions. They amount to this. Before we have a right to our convictions, we ought to have heard *all* that can be urged upon the other side. This would entail upon every educated Christian a study of the remains of Julian and Porphyry, and the works of Voltaire, Strauss, &c., to say nothing of treatises on Judaism and Mahometanism, and other creeds. It would necessitate, on the part of every educated Churchman, a thorough acquaintance with the literature of every class of Dissenters. The educated democrat ought to have mastered the works of De Lolme and others in defence of the British Constitution, and the treatises of Salmasius, and the chief defenders of Monarchy. Without such examination, a man has, on Mr. Mill's theory, no right to act; 'the rational position for him would be suspension of judgment' (p. 67). We should really like to know how many educated men are on these principles justified in acting at all on the subjects of 'morals, religion, politics, social relations, and the business of life' (p. 66); how many, for example, were at all entitled to record their votes upon either side during the recent elections. Life may be imagined as something very different from what it really is; we may picture to ourselves a quasi-antediluvian existence, with time sufficient for these protracted investiga-

¹ We hope to say something upon this attack in an appendix.

tions, and an absence of all immediate call to action; but such is not life, as it has to be lived by earnest men in the present condition of the world; and our author's recommendation must consequently be regarded as a mere theory, not indeed unsuggestive nor *wholly* false, but still far above the reach and capacity of mortal men.

Willingly, indeed, do we admit that if any man were qualified to attempt the realization of this dream, it would be Mr. Mill himself. Gifted with great and varied powers (and for the most part), dispassionate in judgment, he is really anxious to see the whole of a question. Nor will we say of him, as Van Artevelde of Lois de Vaux—

‘It is his pride to see things on all sides,
Which best to do he sets them on their corners.’

But, in making the attempt at all, he is undertaking a task which, with our limited faculties, is, we believe, simply impossible. Let us try to take from his own work a single illustration of our position.

It will hardly be denied, as a matter of plain historical fact, that both the philosophic systems and the religious creeds, which have exercised the greatest influence over the mind of man, have, in very many cases, entailed more or less of suffering upon their originators or first professors. Mr. Mill has, naturally enough, a good deal to say upon this subject. He points out instances of success, real or apparent, on the part of persecutors; and, while condemning, mentions some of the palliative circumstances which may undoubtedly, in many cases, be adduced in their behalf. These, and some other aspects of the connexion between suffering and the influence of great teachers, are put forth with our author's accustomed force and clearness. But there is one very important point of view which finds no place in Mr. Mill's philosophy; we mean the marvellous power of suffering and self-sacrifice to set a seal upon men's convictions. Mr. Mill gravely argues, as if the teaching of Socrates would have had precisely the same charm for enthusiastic tempers, precisely the same influence over the human intellect at large, if the Athenian sage had died quietly in his bed, instead of being a martyr for the rectitude of his conduct and sentiments. To reason thus is surely either to be destitute of some generous sentiments which most other men possess, or else to stifle such emotions, and to ignore some of the most patent facts of history. Mr. Mill is well read in his Plato; has he forgotten those remarkable words in the second chapter of the *Phædo*? ‘I was conscious of a certain strange sensation, and an unwonted blending together of joy and grief, as I reflected that he was

'forthwith to die.'¹ So speaks the disciple of the effect produced by the contemplation of the coming fate of his master, Socrates. Such sentiments may, for aught we know, seem to Mr. Mill unnatural or superstitious. But they do nevertheless influence the minds of millions, and ought not to be ignored by any one who professes to take comprehensive views of life. We can hardly imagine them to be wholly absent from the mind of the living historian who is most allied to Mr. Mill's school, Mr. Grote. The influence of such feelings is, if we mistake not, distinctly traceable in that remarkable chapter (the 68th) of Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece,' which narrates the career and fate of Socrates.

There are indeed still deeper and diviner truths connected with suffering, but on these we shall not touch in connexion with our present theme.² But it is important to comment upon some of Mr. Mill's remarks in reference to this branch of his subject. He tells us (p. 53) that 'persecution has always succeeded, save where the heretics [*i.e.* the dissentient minority] were too strong a party to be effectually persecuted.' But only six pages farther we arrive at the following statement: 'Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian Church grew up a stately and spreading tree, overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade.'

It is not at first sight easy to reconcile these statements; inasmuch as the position that the disciples of Socrates were a strong party at the time of their master's death, is one that few will attempt to maintain; and which, if transferred, *mutatis mutandis*, to the early Christians would be pronounced by all men, simply absurd. For this last case Mr. Mill has, however, attempted to provide a loophole. Christianity was not extirpated by persecution; but then 'no reasonable person can doubt that it *might have been* extirpated' (p. 53). Now we may not be reasonable persons; but whether we are such or not, we must entirely decline to read history after this fashion. The task of the historian lies, after all, more with the indicative mood, with what *was* and *is*, than with any form of the potential. Herein at least we agree with Mr. Carlyle, 'that these *'same would-have-beens* are mostly a vanity; and the world's history could never in the least be what it would, or might,

¹ ἀποθνήμι τί μοι πάθος παρήν καὶ τις ἀήθης κράσις ἀπὸ τοῦ τῆς ἡδονῆς συγκεκραμένη δμοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς λύπης, ἐνθυμουμένω, ὅτι αὐτὶκα ἐκεῖνος ἐμελλε τελευτᾶν.

² These aspects of suffering have been recently treated with depth and eloquence in the second of Mr. Ellicott's Cambridge University Sermons.

'or should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it is.'¹ Of our sure conviction, that Christianity could not have been extirpated, which is based upon the promise of the Divine Founder of the Church, that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, we say nothing. We are content at present to rest upon patent facts. After ten bitter and sanguinary persecutions, Christians were more strong than ever. The expression *martyrum sanguis semen ecclesie* passed into a proverb. Even persecutors began to doubt whether their plan was a safe one. The Emperor Galerius had for six years been a savage persecutor of the new religion. But he must have enjoyed as good opportunities of forming an opinion respecting its efficacy as Mr. Mill, and yet on his death-bed he renounced it as a mistake. We subjoin a few extracts from his famous edict of toleration, published in A.D. 311.

'We were particularly desirous that the Christians who had deserted the creed of the forefathers should return to good convictions (*εἰς ἀγαθὴν ἐπιστάσιν*). . . . In consequence of our former decree many of them have been subjected to danger, many have been harassed, and have undergone every kind of death: and since numbers persist in the same madness, we see that they neither pay the worship due to the gods above, nor attend to the God of the Christians, . . . we have now thought proper to extend our clemency in this matter, that they may again be Christians, and may rear anew the buildings in which they used to meet, &c. &c.'

But still more striking is a somewhat later proclamation by another eager persecutor, Maximin:—

'Josius Maximin Augustus to Sabinus. I am persuaded that it is well known to your Gravity, and to all men, that our lords and sires, Diocletian and Maximian, when they saw that almost all men after deserting the worship of the gods, joined themselves to the sect (*ἑθνεῖς*) of the Christians, rightly ordered that all who abandoned the worship of the immortal gods should be recalled thereto by open correction and punishment. But when under happy auspices I first came into the East, and learnt that many men, who were capable of serving the State, had been sent into exile by the judges for the aforesaid cause, I issued orders to each of the judges, that none of them should hence proceed with harshness against the inhabitants of the provinces, but rather recall them by indulgence and exhortations.'

Maximin proceeds to intimate that he found this latter plan succeed better. This may have been an idle vaunt, but this much is certain, that the Emperor's language is not that of a man who had found persecution to answer.

Mr. Mill, however, appears to think that persecution can well-nigh *always* succeed in crushing truth. His mode of proof

¹ French Revolution, Book III. chap. vii.

² Eusebius. Hist. Eccles. viii. 17. Cf. Gibbon, Decline and Fall (chap. xvi. *versus fin.*).

³ Eusebius, H. E. ix. 9. Cf. De Broglie, 'L'Eglise et L'Empire Romaine,' tome I. p. 244.

seems to rest upon such arguments as we have just been considering respecting primitive Christianity, on the omission of other instances of its failure, and on the production of a very equivocal set of illustrations in favour of his own view.

We are not about to rush into the opposite extreme, and assert that persecution has *never* triumphed. But when our author supplies a list of men whom he seems to regard as unsuccessful precursors of Luther, it must be observed that some of them never intended to take Luther's line of action, and that some others would have been inveighed against and put down by Luther, and by Calvin, too, as rigorously as the Anabaptists or Servetus. Mr. Mill, however, writes as follows:—

‘To speak only of religious opinions, the Reformation broke out at least twenty times before Luther, and was put down. Arnold of Brescia was put down. Fra Dolcino was put down. Savonarola was put down. The Albigenes were put down. The Vaudois were put down. The Lollards were put down. The Hussites were put down.’—P. 53.

This is a brief and off-hand way of writing history. If all these people preached truth, and if the influence which they exercised perished with them, then, but not otherwise, Mr. Mill establishes his case. Let us look at the first four as they stand.

Arnold of Brescia was far more of a politician than a theologian. He was indeed, like his master, Abelard, suspected of erroneous views respecting the Holy Trinity: views, be it observed, which, as affecting so fundamental an article of the faith, would have met with not the slightest countenance, nor even tolerance, from Luther. He is said to have taught that there was no salvation for ecclesiastics who possess property; a doctrine assuredly not acknowledged as truth by the members of any existing Christian community. He taught the town of Zurich to frame a free constitution, and succeeded in establishing for some years a republic in Rome itself. ‘The Pope,’ says Sismondi, ‘branded his opinions with the name of *the heresy of the politicians*.’ He was put to death in A.D. 1155; ‘but,’ adds the same historian, ‘his precepts survived, and the love of liberty did not perish with him.’¹ Fra Dolcino was a monk, who, in 1305, is said to have preached community of goods, and to have defended himself by force of arms for two years. Assuredly a strange exemplification of persecuted truth. If he was a precursor of any one, it was of those objects of Luther's fiercest denunciation, the Anabaptists.²

¹ Italian Republics, chap. ii. Cf. Hist. des Republiques Italiennes, chaps. vi. and viii. Cf. Nouvelle Biog. Generale, Art. Arnaud de Brescia; and Milman, Latin Christianity, Book VIII. chaps. vi. and vii.

² It is, however, fair to admit that Dean Milman inclines to (though he does not prove) a more favourable view of Fra Dolcino. Mr. Mill's supporters are quite welcome to such aid as they can obtain from the description of Dolcino's general-

Savonarola, though a *protester* against certain abuses of his time, was certainly not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, a *Protestant*. His ardent desire was to reform the Church from within, and though it is true that he was put to death, yet it is scarcely correct to say that he was put down. From the day of his death down to the present century, Savonarola has been, as it were, a living presence in the Church of Rome, associated with influential schools of thought and action within her pale. Of one of the most versatile and remarkable Italians of the sixteenth century, whom Rome canonised as S. Philip Neri, we are told on high authority that he 'had a true devotion to 'Jerome Savonarola, and a tender memory of his Florentine 'house.' Among living laymen of distinction in her communion, who hold a higher place than the Sardinian statesman, Massimo D'Azeglio? Now, D'Azeglio has written an historical tale, well known to many of our readers, *Niccolò de' Lapi*, which may be termed a glorification of many of the leading ideas which, even at the present moment, many Italians hope to see realized.

And then to think of the Albigenses as samples of the witnesses for *truth*! The Albigenses, revivers of the tenets of those Paulicians, who dared (to use the words of Gibbon) 'to 'violate the unity of God, the first article of natural and revealed 'religion.' 'I have been more disposed,' says Hallam, 'to 'state explicitly the real Manicheism of the Albigenses; especially as Protestant writers, considering all the enemies of 'Rome as their friends, have been apt to place the opinions of 'these sectaries in a very false light.'

On the other hand, we must not forget the many instances which tell the other way. Mr. Mill admits the success of the Socratic philosophy and the triumph of early Christianity. He might have added that the long possession of power, most unscrupulously employed, by the Arians, did not avail to overthrow S. Athanasius. And why, in his enumeration of instances, is there no mention of the Netherlands, where, on the lowest computation, 50,000 persons were put to death? 'In '1523, July 1st, two Augustine monks were burned at Brussels, 'the first victims to Lutheranism in the provinces. Erasmus 'observed, with a sigh, that "two had been burned at 'Brussels, and that the city *now began* strenuously to favour 'Lutheranism.'

ship, plunderings, and war against society, as having made war upon him and his, given in the 'History of Latin Christianity' (vol. v. p. 431). For the popular accounts see the commentators on Dante, *Inferno*, chap. xxviii. 55—60 (Ed. Milano, 1828, for Italian ones), and the English translations of Cary and Carlyle.

¹ Decline and Fall, chap. liv.

² Middle Ages, chap. ix. pt. 2.

³ Morley's 'Revolution of the Netherlands.'

To Mr. Mill's assertion that the Reformation would have been suppressed in England if Queen Mary had lived, we are content to oppose the following remarks of Hallam :—

'But what had the greatest efficacy in disgusting the English with Mary's system of faith, was the cruelty with which it was accompanied. Though the Privy Council were, in fact, continually urging the bishops forward in this prosecution, the latter bore the chief blame, and the abhorrence entertained for them naturally extended to the doctrine they professed. A sort of instinctive reasoning told the people, what the learned on neither side had been able to discover, that the truth of a religion begins to be very suspicious when it stands in need of prisons and scaffolds to eke out its evidence. And as the English were constitutionally humane, and not hardened by continually witnessing the infliction of barbarous punishments, there arose a sympathy for men suffering torments with such meekness and patience, which the populace of some other nations were perhaps less apt to display, especially in executions on the score of heresy. The theologian, indeed, and the philosopher, may concur in deriding the notion that either sincerity or moral rectitude can be the test of truth; yet among the various species of authority to which recourse had been had to supersede or to supply the deficiencies of argument, I know not whether any be more reasonable, and none, certainly, is so congenial to unsophisticated minds. Many are said to have become Protestants under Mary, who, at her coming to the throne, had retained the contrary persuasion. And the strongest proof of this may be drawn from the acquiescence of the great body of the kingdom in the re-establishment of Protestantism by Elizabeth, when compared with the seditions and discontent on that account under Edward.'

—*Constitutional History of England*, Vol. I. chap. ii.

So great, indeed, is the efficacy of suffering in support of a cause, that painters and poets almost invariably recur to it. In Scotland the opposing principles of Whiggism and Toryism were once embodied in the persons, as it were, of the two chieftains of the great clans of Campbell and of Grahame. And what point in the career of those chiefs do artists select that they may awake our interest? Their moments of triumph? Not so: they represent Argyll in prison the night before his execution; they paint Montrose, tied in a cart in a peasant's dress, as he descended the Canongate of Edinburgh to the place of his execution, amidst the utterly futile efforts of his enemies to render him an object of contempt.

Look, again, at the cause of Royalty. Mr. Carlyle would have us believe that the execution of Charles I. for ever broke the charm of king-worship. We have answered one assertion of Mr. Mill's in the words of Hallam: we will meet the somewhat similar teaching of Mr. Carlyle on this head in the language of a distinguished living Whig and Presbyterian politician :—

'The part which Presbytery took on the occasion of this announcement (of the trial of Charles I.) is well known. The commissioners were instantly instructed to protest, in the name of Scotland, of the Covenant

and the Constitution, against an act which was deemed a violation of justice, and of all law, human and divine.

'I do not sympathise with Covenanting Presbytery in all or in most of the grounds of its difference with Cromwell; but in this I do. I look upon the execution of Charles I. as Presbytery looked upon it then,—as an unwarrantable and needless crime. This, I am aware, is a most unfashionable opinion among "liberal" politicians and "philosophical" historians. Biographers like Carlyle speak, of course, in terms of triumphant sympathy with this, and all other deeds their idol did. Cromwell did it; he thought it necessary to be done. They therefore think it necessary too, and consequently right. With this summary conviction there is no means of reasoning. But in reference to this event Mr. Carlyle has condescended to tell us the specific ground on which he thinks this deed was necessary, and forms a subject of congratulation to after times. It broke, he thinks,—and was needed to break,—the idolatry of kings. It was as the unpunished insult offered by a pagan queen to a volcano which her people had believed a god,—it broke enchantment, and ended servitude!

'Perhaps few "philosophical" explanations of any historical event have been less consistent either with reason or with fact. That violent excess on one side is productive of as violent excess on the other, is a law of our nature which, I should have thought, had been very generally observed,—very proverbially known. The principle is of such general application, that it has been admitted to the rank of a text for copy-books. Even, therefore, if Mr. Carlyle had lived and written during the Protectorate of Cromwell, without foresight or knowledge of subsequent events, it would have been strange to anticipate the decay of king-worship from a deed against a king which was revolting to the moral sense,—to the judgment and humanity of a vast majority of the British people. But that any man who lives and writes since the Restoration should ascribe such effect to the murder of Charles I.—with full knowledge of that mad and drunken reaction which again, much more abjectly than before, placed the liberties of a nation at the feet of a despot—is surely not a very happy effect of historical philosophy. I ascribe it, however, to another idolatry, at whose shrine Mr. Carlyle is an abject worshipper—the idolatry of Genius. This, too, is an enchantment and a servitude which it would be well to break. Yet I should doubt the efficacy of an expedient such as Mr. Carlyle thinks (despite the Restoration) was so successful in respect to Kings. He probably knows best whether his reverence for Cromwell would have been less if that extraordinary man had been shot or hanged, I suspect not. The noblest light which ever flashed from genius may be easily quenched in blood. But this would only exaggerate the memory of its brightness, and enshrine it as the object of a still blinder admiration. And so with the right and prerogative of kings. They may be taken by assault, or cut short in violence. But this, if it be done at the expense of any sacred principle, whether of natural or political obligation, is directly calculated to induce that reaction and excess which in the present instance actually occurred with such long and deplorable effect.'—*Essay on Eccl. Hist. of Scotland by the Duke of Argyll*, chap. vii.

We may add that Lord Macaulay, paraphrasing the famous speech of Talleyrand (respecting the murder of the Duc d'Enghien), pronounces the execution of Charles I. to have been 'not only a crime but an error.'¹

¹ Hist. of England, vol. i. p. 128. Cited *in loc.* by the Duke of Argyll.

The same plan for the abolition of monarchy was tried in France about a century and a half later. Was the execution of Louis XVI. a success? Was it not rather the death-blow to the republic? We may refer our readers to the observation of the wisest of French commentators on those scenes, Count Louis de Carné.¹ They virtually confirm the remarks of Sir A. Alison. 'For a few years, the death of the king, by implicating so large a body of men in the support of the republic, was favourable to democracy: it ultimately led to the restoration of the monarchy. With what eagerness do the royalist historians now recount the scenes in the Temple! what would the republican writers give to be able to tear the record of these from the French annals!''²

So magical indeed is the effect of suffering, that even when not unmerited, it has frequently produced some form of intense re-action. Bad and selfish as was the character of Julius Cæsar, yet it was not from the hands of those whom he had laden with benefits, that the fatal blows should have come; and with M. de Carné, we believe that to the death was the throne of Augustus in great part won, '*que la grandeur d'Octave était moins sortie des services de César que de son sang verse par Brutus.*' And so too, while it is easy to defend the statesmen, who after making trial of Elba, banished Napoleon to the rock of S. Helena, it is undeniable that the captive's predictions of the effect upon his fame, and the chances of his dynasty, have proved abundantly true; that (as Lamartine has eloquently shown) no one circumstance has so much softened the judgment of posterity on his acts, nor perhaps contributed more decisively to the restoration of the empire in France.³

Much more in respect of purer contests for nobler and more enduring objects. Persecution has indeed had its triumphs; but it has experienced more utter failures. In the long run, we still rely upon the triumph of Truth. *Vincit qui patitur* is still the motto borne upon her shield. And again, *Dominus mihi adjutor: non timebo quid faciat mihi homo.*

We are compelled to touch (with great brevity) on only two more points of Mr. Mill's book; namely, the value of eccentricity, and the alleged integrity and virtue of unbelievers. And first of eccentricity.

Eccentricity is a term of very wide range, extending from

¹ Etudes sur le Gouvernement Représentatif en France, Tome I. chaps. iv., v.

² Hist. of Europe during the French Revolution, Vol. III. chap. viii.

³ The images by which the captive illustrated his convictions are indeed sadly irreverent. Yet his remarkable speech, '*Si le Christ n'avait été attaché à la croix, il n'aurait pas été Dieu,*' shows how deeply he had been impressed with a principle of which Mr. Mill seems never even to have caught a glimpse.

the display of slight and harmless whims to the very verge of absolute insanity. Mr. Mill complains of the frown which society puts on at the slightest outbreak of eccentricity. Now there is one broad line between two forms of such variation from established rules: there is the eccentricity which does involve, and the eccentricity which does not involve, principle. The former kind has always appeared to us (and we have, we believe, with us men so different as Dr. Johnson and Dr. Arnold) to be very far from an object of any deep admiration or respect. Persons who *will* indulge in vagaries of such kind, are confessedly setting the world at defiance, on points whereon there is no reason to think that the world is either morally or intellectually wrong; and it is difficult, at the very best, to acquit them of a shade of vanity.

It is far otherwise with the eccentricity of a discoverer who, in opposition to common belief, proclaims some valuable physical truth; or the eccentricity of a moralist who, by precept and example, rebukes some popular and fashionable form of evil. It may be sad that such as these last should not at once be recognised as benefactors. But just as the hatred of the world, and the persecution of the ungodly,¹ are the promised lot of the holiest and the best; even so does the less brilliant aureole which shines around the brows of our lowlier benefactors, but too often involve the reflection of a similar shadow. And if those who are thus misused, have any particle of heroic virtue, they will recognise their lot; and if they cannot, like martyrs, rejoice to suffer, will, at least, trust to the justice of posterity:

. Now thy brows are cold
We see thee, what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But such men will never be silenced by the knowledge that ordinary whims and fancies, without any particle of greatness in them, are in process of being put down by society at large.

Mr. Mill asserts (p. 55) that it is historically true that a large proportion of infidels in all ages have been persons of distinguished integrity and honour, and suspects that many of us have not 'the smallest conception, how many of the persons in the 'greatest repute with the world, both for virtues and for attainments, are well known, at least to their intimates, to be unbelievers.'

Now, the former of these positions is less startling to a thoughtful Christian than might at first sight be imagined. We have been taught from childhood to believe that there are

¹ 2 Tim. iii. 12.

three great avenues whereby sin approaches the soul: the world, the flesh, and the spiritual pride (with its cognate errors) which is believed to be especially the work of the Evil One. And as all men are not tempted alike, nor the same men similarly at different periods of life, there is no difficulty in supposing that a man who has had but little inclination to the lower forms of error, may succumb to the loftier and more spiritual one; or, again, that one who has gone astray, and then become steady and well-conducted, but without repentance and self-humiliation, may err grievously on questions of faith.

It may be, as Mr. Mill hints, that secret infidelity is far more widely spread in England than most suppose. The persons of whom he speaks 'are well known, *at least to their intimates*, to be unbelievers.' If this shrinking from the public announcement of their virtues arises (as we know it often does) from a wish not to bring upon other minds the misery which they themselves are suffering from their scepticism, we deeply respect their motives, and would think not altogether unhelpfully of their condition. But if it arise from a wish not to break with society and lose its prizes, then such men, however 'in repute with the world,' are wanting in the one great virtue of sincerity. They have nothing of the martyr spirit about them, and in no sense can they hope to be enrolled in its band.

We know, indeed, of cases where the published correspondence of unbelievers has been doctored for the public press in such a manner as to give a very false idea of the man's real mind. But, even supposing that unbelief thus kept in check does but little outward harm to society, is that a reason for feeling no apprehension of the same principles when released from all check, as Mr. Mill would desire to see them, and openly proclaimed and spreading from the intellectual few, who may be above the grosser forms of temptation, to the reckless many, who are but too likely to prove in such cases wholly enslaved to them?

We answer, that this freedom has been tried. It has, indeed, been weighed in the balances and found wanting. A great nation across the Channel determined that the unbelief of the majority (or apparent majority) should not be known only *to their intimates*, but to the world at large. They proclaimed openly that there was no God; they wrote up over the cemeteries that death was an eternal sleep. They closed the churches. They canonized two dead men; they placed the remains of one of them upon the altar of what had been a church, offered incense and bowed down before it. And having won for themselves this liberty, they proceeded to place upon the exercise of any form of Christianity restrictions, compared to which the fetters of the middle ages were light and tolerant.

The success of this experiment, even in the lowest point of view, was not such as to induce to lend a favourable ear to proposals which, in our humble judgment, tend but too much in the same direction. After a trial of some years, it was put an end to, and stigmatised as '*an insane policy.*' The man who uttered these words was not a religious fanatic, and, indeed, could hardly at that time be called a believer in Christianity. But he *was* a statesman; a statesman engaged in a stupendous work; no less than the restoration of the framework of society. Of the step which he then took he never repented: he gloried in it on the rock of S. Helena.

III. And now, leaving Mr. Mill, we will venture to set down a few propositions on the much-vexed question of Liberty and Toleration, which our readers may be able to consider at leisure. The compressed form in which the state of our pages will render it necessary to state them, may probably render them in some instances more startling than they would prove if we had time to elaborate them. We subjoin in a note the names of a few writers who are worth looking at on the subject.¹

1. The law of nature, by which we, of course, mean the law which God has imposed upon nature, is essentially intolerant. Standing involves withstanding. 'To fill a place is to exclude others.'² Things inanimate obey the conditions of their being: 'He hath given them a law which shall not be broken.' There is a law of gravitation: disobey it, and your roof falls in. There is a law of crystallization: disregard it, and you take oxalic acid for sulphate of magnesia, and are poisoned. Even where man seems to overcome these laws, his victory consists in obedience. In the words of the great man who gave the largest impulse to such conquests: *Natura . . . non nisi parendo vincitur.*³

2. The patriarchal dispensation was probably not only intolerant of error, but entrusted its punishment to the civil power. 'If,' says the patriarch, 'I beheld the sun when it shined, or 'the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been 'secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand: this also

¹ See Coleridge, *The Friend* (Vol. I. Essay xiii.) Sewell's *Christian Morals*. Locke's *Letters on Toleration*. Smyth's *Lectures on Modern History* (Vol. I. Lect. x., with the notes. Smyth is seldom or never profound; but he is remarkably honest, and not unsuggestive; his references to Hallam, Robertson, and others may be trusted.) W. Archer Butler's *Letters on Development* (Letter III. sect. vii. Not one of the most felicitous parts of this able work, but valuable for historic data and for references.) Balmez, *El Protestantismo*, &c. (Vol. i. cap. 34. Paris, 1849. Of course extreme on one side, as Locke is on the other; but curious and well worth studying. There is an English translation.) Nicolas, *Etudes Phil. sophiques* (2nde Partie, chap. xiii., a truly admirable disquisition.) We owe something to all these, but especially the first two.

² Coleridge.

³ Bacon. Nov. Org. Aphor. iii.

'were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should 'have denied the God that is above.' (Job xxxi. 26—28.) The words '*to be punished*' are, indeed, supplied by our translators; but there seems little doubt of the correctness of their interpretation.

3. The Mosaic dispensation is essentially intolerant, extending even to the degree of revealing private information. 'If 'thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy 'daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as 'thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and 'serve other gods, . . . thou shalt not consent unto him, nor 'hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt 'thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him: but shalt surely kill 'him.' (Deut. xiii. 6—9.) 'And they entered into a covenant to 'seek the Lord God of their fathers with all their heart and with 'all their soul; that whosoever would not seek the Lord God 'of Israel should be put to death.' (2 Chron. xv. 12, 13.)

4. Christianity, though not less intolerant of error, seeks other weapons whereby to repress it. Its intolerance was the charge brought against it by many of the heathen. 'We will 'admit,' said they in effect, 'the object of your worship on a 'par with the objects of ours. Why cannot you be content 'with this, instead of denouncing our gods?'

But it is alien from its genuine spirit, either directly or indirectly to take away life. 'Ye know not what manner of spirit 'ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's 'lives, but to save them.' (S. Luke ix. 55, 56.)

4*. The Athanasian Creed is denounced as intolerant. It is just as much so, but not more than, the following passages of Holy Scripture:—'Though we, or an angel from heaven, 'preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, 'let him be anathema.' 'If there come any unto you, and bring 'not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid 'him God speed: for he that biddeth him God speed (*χαίρειν*) 'is partaker of his evil deeds.' (2 S. John 10, 11.)

5. S. Ambrose of Milan, and S. Martin of Tours, are protested loudly against, the first heretical blood judicially shed, that of Priscillian.*

6. S. Augustine wavered, and finally inclined to sanction punishment short of death (*pœna præter supplicium. mortis*) on the Donatists.

7. By the time of the thirteenth century, the theory had

¹ This is well put by Paley, in his *Evidences of Christianity*. Mr. Kingsley, too, has felicitously touched this point in his *Hypatia*, though in saying this we do not bind ourselves to accept his picture as a whole.

² W. Archer Butler, *ubi supra*.

become the acknowledged practice, and was countenanced by men of the saintly character and personal gentleness as Louis IX. of France, and Ferdinand III. of Spain.

8. There seem to be in the main two classes of persecutors: one class who, like Nero, persecute out of very wickedness; one who, with S. Paul before his conversion, with S. Louis and S. Ferdinand, really act, however mistakenly, with the very best intentions and full convictions that they are doing rightly.

9. It may be questioned whether the extreme schools of the theology on either side have much to urge against each other. '*Quomodo . . . lernæ hereseôn et pertinacissimo homini parci potuerit, non video,*' writes one famous personage to another in the fifteenth century. Is it Cardinal Pole to Mary, and shall the hiatus left be filled up with the word *Ridley*? Not so; it is Bucer addressing Calvin, and the name to be supplied is *Serveto*. The same Calvin tells our Protector Somerset, in England, of two sets of troublesome people, who ought to have the sword drawn upon them.¹ John Knox, in a conversation with Maitland, asserted most explicitly the duty of putting idolaters (i. e. all Roman Catholics, in his judgment,) to death. 'Nothing,' says Hallam, 'can be more sanguinary than the Reformer's spirit' in this remarkable interview. S. Dominic could not have 'surpassed him.'² Some four-and-twenty Roman Catholics were put to death during the Great Rebellion; 'facts very disgraceful,' says Smyth, 'to the presbyterians and republicans.' But Robertson's remark is just, that 'to the first reformers and their followers it would have appeared a symptom of diffidence in the goodness of their cause, or an acknowledgment that it was not well founded, if they had not employed in its defence all those means which it was supposed truth had a right to employ.'³

This list might be almost indefinitely multiplied. But, on the other hand, besides the Inquisition in Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands, already alluded to, it must not be forgotten that Aquinas had ruled that heretics were persons *penitus eradendi* by the civil sword where it was possible: and the Roman Breviary, not content with recording the zeal of S. Ferdinand against misbelievers, mentions with praise the appalling circumstance, that '*propriis ipse manibus ligna comburendis damnatis ad rogam adhibebat.*'⁴ And yet such was the entire sincerity of men of this stamp that it would have been useless to quote the precept, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even

¹ Smyth, vol. i. p. 266.

² Const. Hist. Vol. I. chap. iii. note (u).

³ Cit. ap. Smyth, p. 242.

⁴ *Officia Sanctorum pro aliquibus locis.* Die xxx. Maii.

'so to them.' For such men would have replied with truth that if they ever fell into heresy, they were ready to suffer all that they inflicted. And we perfectly believe that they were ready.

10. We regard it as a great gain to the cause of Christianity that these cruel persecutions on either side have passed away. Not only do we believe them to have been contrary to its spirit, but we also think it evident, from the admissions of Roman Catholics on the one side, as Dr. Newman and Mr. Dalgairns, and of Protestant investigators, as Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Robert Chambers, that they caused an immense amount of hypocrisy and secret unbelief.

11. Yet such is the sad lot of fallen humanity that we must never look for absolute gain unchequered by *any* disadvantage. We have said that there are two kinds of persecution. We must add, that there are two kinds of tolerance. There are men who, while firmly attached to what they hold for truth, are tolerant from a large spirit of fearless charity which makes allowance for the culture, &c., of others, and believes that truth will in due time find its own. There are also men, from Gallio, and perhaps Josephus, downward, who are tolerant simply because they do not believe in the existence of objective truth, whose tolerance, in short, is but a specious form of utter unbelief.

Now, although the former kind of tolerance should be earnestly sought by Christians to whom the kindness of God's providence has given education and the means of forming large views, we can hardly, it must be feared, hope to see it displayed on a large scale. Can we feel confident that the Spaniards and the Scotch, who are probably the two most intolerant people in Europe, would be improved by becoming indifferentists? And would they be likely to pass from the one extreme without rushing into the other? We much fear not.

12. A much-vaunted ground of toleration is proclaimed *de haute voix* by Lord Brougham, Mr. Buckle, and others, namely, that belief has no more to do with the *will* than the height of our stature or the colour of our hair; that it is, in short, wholly independent of our own control. Mr. Mill, who inclines this way, says, that a man born in Pekin will be a Buddhist or a Confucian. Possibly; but he may *will* which he chooses to be, and even then he has the further choice of listening to followers of Lao-tze, or emissaries of the Tae-Ping, and perhaps even to Christian missionaries. But we will not argue: we leave this tenet to the common sense and instincts of mankind.

13. Perfect toleration is allowed on all hands to be impossible. Civilized society could not on such terms hold together

for a day. The reasoning of Balmez is irresistible on this head. Even Mr. Buckle allows that governments are not called upon to tolerate anything that threatens their own existence.

14. Men who wish to benefit their fellow-creatures must be prepared for opposition, and *some* species of persecution. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'every man has a right to preach truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it. *The test lies in endurance.*' That test will be applied while the world lasts.

15. We may adopt as our own the words of Coleridge in the Essay referred to: 'I fully coincide with Frederic H. Jacobi, that the only true spirit of tolerance consists in our conscientious toleration of each other's intolerance. . . . But notwithstanding this deep conviction of our general fallibility and the most vivid recollection of my own, I dare avow with the German philosopher, that, as far as opinions and not motives, principles and not men are concerned, I neither am tolerant nor wish to be regarded as such. According to my judgment, it is mere ostentation, or a poor trick that hypocrisy plays with the cards of nonsense, when a man makes protestation of being perfectly tolerant in respect of all principles, opinions, and persuasions, those alone excepted which render the holders intolerant. For he either means to say by this, that he is utterly indifferent to all truth, and finds nothing so insufferable as the persuasion of there being any such mighty value or importance attached to the possession of the truth as should give a marked preference to any one conviction above any other; or else he means nothing, and amuses himself with articulating the pulses of the air instead of inhaling it in the more healthful and profitable occupation of yawning.'

16. We must seek to make all possible allowance for the holders of error without countenancing error. To be firm and zealous, and at the same time charitable, is not an easy task; but it is a noble one, and well deserving our best efforts and our prayers. Love for enemies is one of those sublime and supernatural gifts which make men the true children of their Father which is in heaven.

NOTE.

Mr. Buckle's Attack upon Sir John Coleridge.

If any reader of *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1859, should chance to cast his eye hastily over the pages of Mr. H. T. Buckle's review of Mr. Mill's Essay on Liberty, as he might do

while cutting the leaves of the periodical in question, he would, very probably, observe that the quiet tone of the commencement of the article was not preserved throughout. After the first twelve pages, a number of violent epithets meet the eye, and a general impression is produced that Mr. Buckle is angry, and is writing with an intent to damage somebody.

Mr. Buckle has succeeded perfectly. He has damaged one person severely, deeply, perhaps almost irreparably, and that person is himself. Whether regarded as one claiming to be an investigator of facts, an educated and well-informed writer, or, lastly, a gentleman, he has given a blow to his reputation, from which it must inevitably take a long time to recover.

Regarded as an inquirer, he has given a version of the trial of Thomas Pooley, at Bodmin, in 1857, so utterly incorrect, that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he must have taken the details straight from a pamphlet by the well-known infidel writer, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, or from the *Secularist* (a print, we believe, edited by the same person), without any further examination. Yet Mr. Buckle says, 'I have carefully investigated the facts, and have the documents before me.' If Mr. Buckle had the documents before him, his bitter intolerance (somewhat similar to that of which Gibbon so justly accuses Voltaire)¹ has led him to distort them into what becomes a thoroughly false account. If he had them not, but contented himself with Mr. Holyoake's version, he has simply stated what is untrue.

The well-informed man in ordinary society is expected to know that the judges go on different circuits by arrangement among themselves; while barristers, on the contrary, do not, except under special retainer, plead out of their own circuit; that neither judge nor counsel have anything to do with the getting up of the case; and that the judge (excepting in the Courts of Equity) has no option upon the question, whether he will or will not be guided by the law of the land, although he has, within certain limits, a discretionary power as regards the degree of punishment to be awarded.

And, lastly, a gentleman (we do not, of course, say a Christian, which Mr. Buckle does not, we presume, pretend to be, unless in some esoteric sense of his own)—a gentleman is expected, as a matter of merely decent courtesy, to refrain from imputing to any man, above all, a man of high character and blameless life, that he has acted upon the lowest and basest motives; that he has virtually entered into a conspiracy with magistrates, and with his own son, a barrister, for the purpose of oppressing a poor and innocuous man whom he knew to be

¹ 'In his way, Voltaire was a bigot, an intolerant bigot.'—Decline and Fall, chap. lxvii. note 13.

insane; that he is 'a stony-hearted man,' an unjust and unrighteous judge; that he and the magistrates acted in 'the pride of their power and the wickedness of their hearts;' that the judge used his authority 'to gratify his own malignant prejudices, 'or to humour the spleen of some wretched and intolerant faction 'with which he was connected;' and that he would not have 'dared to commit such acts in the face of a London audience 'and in the full light of a London press.'

We will not insult Sir John Coleridge by writing one syllable in defence of his character against the above insinuations. It has already been observed that Pooley did not show any apparent symptoms of insanity during his trial; and it may be well to add, that the authorities of the County Lunatic Asylum discharged him, when pardon was granted by the Crown, as not being a fit subject for the asylum.

There is, indeed, one mode of repairing the injury done to his own fair fame, which still lies in Mr. Buckle's power. He may, if he think fit, confess that he has been hasty and prejudiced: that he feels grateful to the ex-judge whom he has attacked in such outrageous terms, for his generosity in not indicting him for libel; and that, being still a comparatively young man, he hopes to profit by the lesson thus taught him. A man of generous temper might yet, by some such course, do something, at least, towards recovery of his lost ground.

We must not, however, be understood to be offering advice to Mr. Buckle. A writer who appears to be content with the authority of Mr. Holyoake in such matters, is not likely to trouble himself with the comments of reviewers whom he would, probably, put out of court as High Church bigots, members of some intolerant and wretched faction. We have written, simply because the subject arose naturally out of our critique on Mr. Mill's book, and because it is very possible that many of our readers might not have had an opportunity of seeing the tone which 'a priest of the altar of the liberty' thinks proper to adopt, or of reading the reply, in the June number of *Fraser* (a perfect model of high-toned and righteous indignation), with which Mr. John Duke Coleridge has overwhelmed the unhappy assailant of his father's high and spotless reputation.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Churchman's Almanack for the Year 1859, &c.* Published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.
2. *Parker's Church Calendar and General Almanack for the Year of our Lord 1859.* Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker.
3. *Cleaver's Companion for Churchmen; a Calendar containing the Lessons, &c.* London: Cleaver. 1859.
4. *The Churchman's Diary: an Almanack for the Year of Grace 1859.* London: J. Masters.

THE repeal of the duty on Almanacks, at a comparatively recent period, was followed by a multifarious issue of such yearly visitors, of all degrees of cheapness; but the Church found no representative in the throng, till the publication, under the auspices of the Christian Knowledge Society, about the year 1840, of the 'Churchman's Almanack,' with which our readers must have long been familiar, as for some years the only one of the kind, and, in its form of a single sheet, still the most convenient of any for reference to the tables of lessons (often, however, incorrect in the concurrence of festivals), the recurrence of festivals, and other matters connected with the Calendar, though one certainly desiderates some means of distinguishing sacred from secular in the notices of the minor anniversaries.

The number of the latter, it is true, is somewhat reduced in the later editions; not only have Luther and Napoleon been summarily ejected from the society of S. Jerome and S. Ambrose, but even the remembrance of the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo has of late disappeared; and now even the dog-days seem no longer to occur in the course of the ecclesiastical year. We are far, however, from thinking that historical reminiscences are out of place in the calendar, nor do we make any particular objection to the few secular anniversaries which still remain; only in a '*Churchman's Almanack*' it were surely not unreasonable to look for some distinction being made between the Lord Mayor's Day and the Transfiguration of our adorable Saviour,—between the birth of the Prince Consort, and the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin,—and even, some may be so bold as to think, between the Accession of Queen Elizabeth, or the Landing of William III., and the beheading of S. John the Baptist. Nay, useful as it may be for a number of the clergy

to know the several University terms, this might be effected without apparently putting them on a footing with the commemorations of those lights of the Primitive Church which still find a place in our calendar. For that the so-called black-letter Saints' Days have some higher object than merely to indicate terms is obvious, with all deference to Wheatly, from the fact that though they had no place in the first reformed calendar, they were after a century of neglect restored in 1604, and that, at the last revision, in 1661, the Bishops not only over-ruled the objections taken against them primarily on the ground that 'they are useful for the *preservation of their memories*,' but farther, dignified the names with the prefix of *Saint*, and the title of Martyr, Bishop, &c. as the case might be, and actually added two—S. Alban and Ven. Bede—not previously commemorated.

In such matters of typography the arrangement adopted in Parker's 'Church Calendar' is a great improvement. Not only are the Sundays and such other commemorations as have special services indicated by the appropriate type—the Old English, red for the festivals, and black for the fasting-days—but by the use of small capitals a suitable distinction is also made between the minor holidays and other anniversaries, such as term-days. Care is also now taken to append to the name of each saint a word or two of chronological and descriptive notice—an addition especially useful in the case of those of less note.

The unequal celebrity of the saints thus commemorated is indeed a remarkable feature of our calendar, and one which makes it difficult to conjecture what general principles of selection guided its revisers in restoring these 'festivals of devotion,' as they were called of old. Some, of course, were inserted from their connexion with the history of our Blessed Lord and His immediate attendants, others from their commemorating saints of high distinction in the primitive Church, as SS. Clement, Cyprian, Martin, Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome; and others, again, probably from their connexion with the early progress of the Gospel among ourselves, as S. Alban, the proto-martyr of Britain, S. Chad, Pope Gregory and his missionary, S. Augustine, the Apostle of the heathen invaders of the south of England, the Venerable Bede, and King Edward the Confessor—lights of the Anglo-Saxon Church—and Boniface, its illustrious missionary to the pagan Saxons of Germany. But there still remain others, whose claims on the regard of the Church appear less than those of saints, having no place in our calendar. At least, without venturing to assert that there may not be reasons for the selection, it is not easy to suppress some feeling of surprise that when such names as Valentine, Giles, Enur-

chus, Lambert, Britius, Hugh, &c., are inserted, room was not found also for Polycarp, Ignatius, Athanasius, Patrick, Cuthbert, Anselm, and others, whose praise is in all the Churches.

Some of these deficiencies are supplemented in the calendar of the Scottish Prayer-book of Charles the First, which, containing sixteen additional saints, further recalls to the grateful remembrance of their children in the faith, the names of 'Palladius, Apostle to the Scots;' Ninian of Galloway; Columba, the founder of Iona; Colman, its apostolic missionary to the North of England; Margaret, the saintly queen, and her son David, to whom Scotland owes the foundation of most of her existing sees—commemorating, however, along with them, others known only by name, as Constantine, Drostan, Ode.¹ It is not very clear what authority this calendar now possesses in Scotland, but it seems now to have received a sort of tacit acceptance, as its commemorations find a place in the tables prefixed to more than one recent hymnal, as well as in the 'Churchman's Diary,' published by Masters, where we meet also with the names of Timothy, Polycarp, Chrysostom, Basil, and perhaps one or two others.

There are, besides, other calendars—without ecclesiastical authority, of course, but yet of more or less weight in their own localities—which contain, occasionally, names not inserted in our Prayer-book. We have, for instance, an 'Oxford Calendar' with certain additional saints, mostly such as have some reference to the principal foundations in the University. Such a calendar is also published at S. Augustine's College, Canterbury, containing the names of celebrated missionaries of all ages, to the number of fifty or more. Among them we observe those of Columbanus, Eligius, and Rupert, of Willebald, and other early English missionaries to the then heathen continent; of Aidan, the apostle of Northumbria, and Ansharius, of Sweden; and in later times, of Robert Boyle, Doctor Thomas Bray, and Henry Martyn; and of George Berkely, Bishop of Cloyne; Samuel Seabury, of Connecticut; Charles Inglis, of Nova Scotia; Thomas Middleton and Reginald Heber, of Calcutta; and Charles Stewart, of Quebec.

This principle might still further be carried out, and all the blank spaces of our almanacks of the day filled up with the names of other saints and worthies of the Christian Church. There are abundant precedents for this, not only in the calendars which one meets at all hands on the Continent, with a saint's

¹ There is also one Eastern Bishop, S. Cyril of Jerusalem, commemorated, doubtless from the high regard in which his exposition of Eucharistic doctrine was held by the compilers of the Scottish Liturgy.

name for every day in the year, but in those also which were current in this country before the change of style. Two are particularly referred to in an article in the *Quarterly Review* for March, 1843, viz., Philomath Gudbury's and 'Poor Robin'—a new almanack, with a twofold calendar, containing the 'honest, true-hearted Protestant old account, with the martyrs 'for pure religion on one side,' &c. 'Poor Robin,' we are told, 'in his day, was the delight, the counsel, the judge of the English countryfolk. Quaint rhymes and ludicrous prose fill his pages; not always the most delicate or refined, yet perhaps as innocuous as the useful information now presented to the intelligent of the masses by his untaxed successors. "*B. Franklin born*"—"Voltaire died"—"*Day when Oxford Dons get drunk*," and so on, as may be seen in the "*Temperance Almanack*," to the great edification, without doubt, of the numerous respectable clergy and pious ladies by whom the said society is patronized. "Poor Robin" affords much matter for consideration. He shows that the tradition respecting the appropriation of the days to particular saints was considered by the common people as eminently *Protestant*, that is to say, as part and parcel of the Church of England; and that an almanack without saints for every day was nought.'

Of course, we allude to such examples as precedents, not as models; for, as an innovation on the usage of a century, such a change as is proposed would require great pains in the selection of names to adapt it to the peculiar circumstances of our day. At the same time, it appears to us that it should be made on the broadest principles. Side by side with the saints of the primitive Church should stand the worthies of the medieval ages, both of East and West, along with the most illustrious Christians of modern times. Nor do we see why—following the usage of the Greek menologies—a place should not be found also for those saints of the Old Testament propounded by S. Paul as models even to Christians, and men of whom the world was not worthy. Care should be taken to distinguish, by an appropriate difference of type, the new additions from the saints who have already an authoritative standing in our calendar; and dates should be given in all cases, along with a descriptive designation, whenever the name is one which is not already familiar in our ears.

In Cleaver's 'Companion,' we have, besides the calendar, only some directions for the celebration of Divine service, which occupy about a page and a half, but which it is not our present purpose to criticise. Much fuller 'Notes' on the same subject are given in Masters's 'Diary,' in which, as well as in the other two, we have also various items appended to it, as is usual in publications of the kind. In a *Church Almanack* we look,

naturally, for a considerable amount of information on the statistics and progress of the Church; but, too often, we look in vain. The Christian Knowledge Society gives us Poor Robin's Maxims; and nonsensical verses and dry apophthegms on the virtues of cleanliness and thrift. Tables of bishops, and of the officials of Universities, &c., indeed, we find—just as we should in any almanack—and associated in the same way with other useful tables of a more general kind—as of the members of Parliament, the sovereigns of Europe, the rates of postage, &c.; but with the exception of a few lists, as of the members of Convocation, and the leading Church societies, we get little which cannot be found elsewhere. Yet, we do remark a progressive improvement in the later editions, which are considerably fuller. Parker's 'Calendar,' especially, instead of a mere list of bishops, gives a comprehensive summary of all the principal office-bearers of the Church, with a good deal of information regarding the number of clergy, churches, schools, and general population of the several dioceses; and adds, in the case of the Colonial Episcopate, a diagrammatic table, illustrative of its progressive development, and the filiation of the sees established in such rapid succession throughout our world-wide dependencies. There is wanted, however, yet another table, giving the suffragans under their respective metropolitans; in the case of the provinces of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India; and grouping together the bishops of the same district where this primitive ecclesiastical relation has not yet been revived, as in British America, and the West Indian dependencies.

But the point of all the most important would be to get some insight into the state and progress of the real work of the Church, the in-gathering and edification of souls—the progress of which of late years is at once the healthiest symptom of our condition, and the one great solace to many a pious soul, wearied out with the angry din of controversy. Mere statistical returns, which are all an almanack can give, may not go far in this way, but yet are not altogether to be despised. We may instance a return of the new churches consecrated during the year, and of the number of those with daily service or weekly Communion; a short notice of the various sisterhoods of charity and mercy, Church guilds, and other such associations for purposes of practical piety; and a brief account of the operations of our principal Church societies, and of the progress of missionary work both at home and abroad, as additions of general interest, and as means of strengthening the hands of those who are actually engaged in such works, by cheering them on with the prospect of the

number and progress of their fellow-labourers. And what, too, is more likely to stir up the prayers of others to the Lord of the harvest than He would send forth more labourers, than a knowledge of the work even now being done by the small band already engaged? No small labour of course would be required to collect the sort of information we have in view, for much of it would have to be drawn from the fountain head, never having been yet embodied in any tabular return. Time also, as well as labour, would be required to make this department at all complete; but on this very account it is the more important that a beginning should be made: for however imperfect the first summary of Church work might be, it would at least serve as a nucleus, to the enlargement of which we doubt not all concerned in such undertakings would gladly contribute, by furnishing the publishers with the most important particulars of the kind in connexion with their own neighbourhoods.

We may notice yet another point as tending to the completeness of a Church Almanack;—such a general survey of the present state of Christendom as would be furnished by a comprehensive notice of its leading communities. In the case of the Greek and Roman Churches, a list might be given of the provinces, with such particulars as space could be allowed for, regarding the number of Bishops, the condition of the religious orders, and other ecclesiastical matters. Details of a corresponding character might likewise be added in reference to the leading Protestant communities, as well of this country as of America and the Continent of Europe; and any gleanings of information which could be appended concerning the present state of the heretical Churches of the East, would possess an ever-increasing interest as prospective events bring us into closer relation with them. Here also we are well aware that some of the desired information would not be of easy acquisition; but a good many of the materials required for such a sketch would be found ready to hand in Neale's '*List of all the Sees in the Holy Eastern Church,*' and in the almanacks and official returns which are published in this and other countries.

We shall only, in conclusion, express our hope, that if we have carried with us the interest of our readers, they will feel inclined to excuse us for spending so many words on what may appear, at first, to be so small a subject.

ART. VIII.—1. *Herodoti Musæ*. Edidit BÄHR.

2. *Transactions of the Geographical Society*.

3. *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*. By Dr. LIVINGSTONE. London: Murray. 1857.

4. *Sinai, Hedjaz and the Soudan*. By JAMES HAMILTON, Author of 'Wanderings in North Africa.' London: Bentley. 1857.

COMPARISON between ancient and modern opinions and habits of thought is always more or less instructive, and sometimes highly curious. And it is, perhaps, in the domain of natural history and physical science that the notions of the earlier world contrast most piquantly and instructively with those of more recent times.

Dr. Livingstone's travels have recalled the days of Bruce and Mungo Park: we shall make no apology, therefore, for taking the River Nile, and the history of ancient and modern thought respecting it, for our subject; not undertaking, however, to exhaust the topics suggested by it, but contenting ourselves with some of the more salient and familiar of them. It will readily be admitted, that if there be one natural feature of the world more likely than another to furnish materials for such a comparison as we have suggested, it is the Nile. Curious, and all but unique (though not absolutely so), in respect of its annual inundation; a riddle of several thousand years' standing as to its source; a favourite subject of ancient mythological and modern scientific speculation (for the ancient mythologies were in this instance at least, as we shall see hereafter, in reality speculations in physical science); it is a theme which has seldom or never lacked a commentator. We shall have occasion, it is true, to dwell somewhat more at length on ancient than on modern opinion about it; but this is simply because the answer to a riddle is generally much shorter than the riddle itself. And one reason in favour of the choice we have made of a subject is, that the speculations of the ancients on this particular river furnish a peculiarly good specimen of their general ways of thought on physical topics; while at the same time our modern science itself has left some part of their questions unanswered.

We will ask the reader, then, to accompany us in thought, in the first instance, into a remote period of time when very strange notions were entertained concerning the world which we inhabit. It will not be beside our purpose (as will appear hereafter), to dwell for a moment on the general cosmical creed of those ages.

Those were days, then, when all alike, the wisest and the most ignorant, were, in the matter of physical science, the merest children, wondering at what they saw, and making the oddest guesses as to the nature and the causes of it. In those days, for example, it was thought, quite seriously, that the stars were bright studs or nails, fastened firmly into a hemisphere of blue crystal, not very far above our heads. According to a more advanced school of speculators in natural philosophy, there were nine or ten such crystal spheres, one outside the other, like the coats of an onion, or a 'nest of boxes,' all revolving round one centre, and carrying each one its freight of stars. It was further imagined, that each of these spheres rung out, as it moved, one of the notes of the musical scale, and thus produced the far-famed 'music of the spheres.' To these notions, of course, Milton alludes in the lines,—

' Moon that now fliest,
With the fixed stars, *fixed in their orb that flies.*'

And again, when he says:—

' Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time.'

These opinions, we say, were seriously entertained. They were the tenets of philosophers, not the mere fancies of poets; which is worth insisting on, because they have come down to us, for the most part, through a poetical medium. Originated, or, as is more likely, first methodised by Pythagoras, about 550 B. C. they were the popular creed of ages.¹ Plato, whether he believed them or not, made use of them to set forth his metaphysical creed. Ptolemy, in the second century of the Christian era, adopted some of them as the basis of his now exploded cosmical system. The Christian fathers and schoolmen acquiesced in them in default of better knowledge. And so lately as the

¹ In the regular Pythagorean system, from which some departures were afterwards made, there were ten celestial spheres, revolving round the *tertia*, or central fire of the universe, as follows:—1. The fixed stars. 2. Mercury. 3. Venus. 4. Mars. 5. Jupiter. 6. Saturn. 7. The sun. 8. The moon. 9. The earth. 10. *ἀπὸ τοῦ κόσμου*.—*Arago's Popular Astronomy*, p. 482.

days of Dante, and of our own Hooker, it was all but an article of belief that each of the nine spheres was moved by one of the nine orders of angels. 'God's own eternity,' says Hooker, 'is the hand which draweth angels in the course of their perpetuity; their perpetuity the hand that draweth out celestial motion, the line of which motion and the thread of time are spun together.' (*L. E. P.* v. lxix. 2 ed. Keble.) The outermost of these spheres (it should be explained) is that of the 'Primum Mobile.' Nothing, it was supposed, was in motion, but everything absolutely at rest, beyond the sphere of this 'Primum Mobile,' whence the name. But this outermost sphere was conceived to be circumscribed and curtained by the empyreal heavens, or region of pure light, or fire. This region was held to be of a cubical form, and itself motionless. Here was supposed to be the blissful seat of the departed. Here, too, Plato localised the abstract existences, virtues, and the like,—his famous *Ideas*; the types to which all earthly things are conformed, and from which they are in a manner espied: whence Pope,—

'Go mount with Plato, th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair.'

Hence, too, the modern expressions of 'moving in such and such a sphere;' 'a sphere of duty;' and the like.

The following, as is well known to the readers of Hooker in Mr. Keble's edition, as well as to the less numerous students of Heywood's 'Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels,' was the scheme according to which nine orders of the heavenly hierarchy were assigned their task of moving the nine spheres respectively:—

The Seraphim actuated the Primum Mobile.
The Cherubim actuated the sphere of Fixed Stars.
The Thrones actuated the sphere of Saturn.
The Dominations actuated the sphere of Jupiter.
The Virtues actuated the sphere of Mars.
The Powers actuated the sphere of the Sun.
The Principalities actuated the sphere of Venus.
The Archangels actuated the sphere of Mercury.
The Angels actuated the sphere of the Moon.

Nor, setting aside the schoolmen's theological additions to this creed, were these guesses of the ancients altogether so wide of the mark. What does modern astronomy reveal to us? Not, indeed, solid spheres, but 'great circles' of imaginary ones;—orbits approximately circular, in which the planets revolve at different radii or distances from a central body. The action, that is to say, of the planets lying in different 'spheres' was, mathematically speaking, a perfectly correct one; and what is

more, the order in which these concentric spheres were conceived to succeed each other was approximately correct. The 'fixed stars' are the most remote; and they, too, no less than the planets, as the oracles of Urania now proclaim, have a proper motion, though in an orbit of inconceivable magnitude, round some unknown centre. Again, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, all are in the ancient scheme in their right places relatively to a common centre. Substitute the earth for the sun in the order above given, and the earth, too, is in her place; further from the sun than Venus, nearer to him than Mars. These are surely curious, and by no means contemptible, attainments of science in her infancy.

In those days, again (we speak now of ante-Ptolemaic times), the earth was—still *au grand sérieux*—conceived to be a vast circular disc, vaulted over by a proportionately huge hemispherical cover, and fringed round with an ever-flowing river called Oceanus. The sun was supposed to be a meteor of very moderate dimensions, affected by every vicissitude of weather; liable, in fact, as we shall see presently, to be blown clean out of his course by the storms of winter, and right glad, at the close of that inclement season, to get back to warmer quarters in the heavens. When the sun, again, went down, it was assumed that a real exhaustion of the light of all lands took place; that the curfew of all nature rung out night after night and was obeyed. The fiery globe, plunging into the waters of Oceanus, splashed and hissed like any other heated mass under similar circumstances; and, by those who dwelt on the edge, or rim, of the flat *orbis terrarum*, the splash and the hiss were distinctly audible.

These conceptions, entertained as they were, *bond fide*, by such as were at the trouble to hold any cosmical creed at all, had of course considerable influence in shaping the ancient geographical tenets as to particular countries and regions of the terrestrial *disc*, not globe. If the reader will be at the trouble to cast his eye over an 'Orbis Veteribus Notus,' in Cellarius or elsewhere, he will have before him a portion of the eastern hemisphere, laid down according to a somewhat wide anticipation of 'Mercator's projections.' Dismissing all correct and modern information that he may possess as to distances and other circumstances, he is to understand that what is before him is to be conceived of as some thousand miles only in breadth, from east to west, and somewhat more from north to south. Right over the middle or equatorial line of this area, the sun performs his daily course, with the Mediterranean immediately under him. On the extreme east are the Indians, to whose heads the sun comes so near at his rising, as to

turn them black, and frizzle all their hair. Towards the north rise certain mountains, so lofty as to intercept the rays of the sun from those who have the misfortune to live further north still. These unhappy mortals are the *Hyperboreans*, who never saw the sun itself at all, and only enjoyed certain reflections of his light even in summer; while in winter they slept, perforce, six months without intermission,—a manifest instalment, this, of our present Arctic knowledge. Between them and the more southern climes lies the land where, as was reported by the Scythians, it rains feathers continually.

There were, further, certain ideas entertained of balancing and compensation between the two terrestrial hemispheres;—ideas which, applied to the terrestrial *globe* in later times, contributed to the discovery of the western hemisphere. In virtue of these conceptions (not always very clearly explained), it was deemed that Scythia and the Black Sea were each of them square in form, and of equal area. On the same principle it was that Herodotus conjectured the course which the Nile would be likely to hold in the southern semi-hemisphere, by observing that of the Danube in the northern.

From cosmical and geographical views such as have now been described, the transition to those of modern times is immense indeed. Since those days, the secrets of the universe have to a vast extent been unlocked. Man has done more than obey the behest of the poet, addressed *ex post facto* to the Newtonian stage of physical philosophy:—

‘Go, wondrous creature, mount where Science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides:
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run;
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun.’

Abating rhetorical exaggerations, we say, man has done all this, and more. In the words of a poet of our own day, he has learnt to

‘Fix where the unseen *planet* glows,
And count the speed of light.’

The *à priori* determination by Adams and Leverrier of the position of the planet Neptune, verified by actual discovery, bespeaks the marvellous exactitude to which the Newtonian laws are now reduced. Our appreciation of the enormous extent of the universe, supposed by ancient simplicity to be so circumscribed, has been opportunely and happily accompanied by the discovery of a *unit of measurement*, without the application of which, in aid of our conceptions, the difference between greater and less distances, where all is on so vast a scale, could hardly have impressed the mind in a sensible manner. ‘The speed of light’ being fixed at 192,000 miles in a second, we form some-

thing like an idea of the distance of the fixed stars, when we are told that it takes thousands of years for light to pass from them to our earth. So, again, our now familiar conception of our own solar system enables us to take that system itself as a unit, by multiplication of which we form some notion of the immensity and the character of that 'cosmos' which we are assured is a *system of such systems*, each system having its proper motion, and revolving at an inconceivable distance round some awful and unknown centre. All those are marvellous expansions both of our knowledge and of our mental instruments, so to speak, for viewing the universe.

Meanwhile, the surface of our globe, it is needless to say, has been investigated with proportionate scientific care and skill, and with the most ample results. But though this is so, there are nevertheless questions, physical and geographical, which modern science, no less than ancient, has failed to answer altogether. And among these a very prominent place must be assigned to the phenomena of the river Nile,—meaning thereby its annual overflow, its source, and the regions traversed by it. This problem, correctly enough stated by antiquity, modern research has as yet failed to solve.

Let us hear what antiquity had to say on the subject, taking Herodotus as the exponent of her conceptions. And since 'antiquity' is but a vague term, it may be well, *pour fixer les idées*, to remind ourselves of the date at which the Father of History flourished. In the year, then, that Coriolanus besieged Rome (if he did besiege it—a question which we may safely leave to be discussed between the partisans of Niebuhr and Sir G. C. Lewis); four years before the Spartans fell at Thermopylæ and the Athenians triumphed at Salamis; just fifty years after the return of the Jews from the Captivity—that is to say, in the year 484 B.C., Herodotus was born. And by the year 445, the History which has immortalized his name, was completed. For in that year he recited it publicly at the Olympian games. And thus, as we may say, while Esther was seated with Haman at the banquet of wine; while Cincinnatus was returning from his dictatorship to his plough, Herodotus was writing his History. And well worthy of note is the juncture at which the Genius of Profane History thus made its first appearance in the world in the person of Herodotus. The records of Sacred History had just closed. Haggai and Zechariah, and, according to some, Malachi also, had uttered the last words of ancient inspiration, prophecy, and history. And the year in which Herodotus published his history *viva voce* (445 B.C.), is the same in which Ezra is said to have collected the old Scriptures into the form in which we now have them. A remarkable

coincidence and continuity, it must surely be admitted; more especially when we bear in mind in how many points, of Egyptian history more especially, the sacred and the profane narrative illustrate or supplement each other.

But what should induce Herodotus, it may be asked, being a Greek, and avowedly the historian of Grecian rather than of foreign events, to enter into cosmical questions generally, or into the phenomena presented by the Nile in particular? How was he carried by his subject into Egypt at all? or, if he was, what sufficient reason was there for dwelling at such length on its river? We believe that all this lay properly and really within the scope of the historian, though it may at first sight present a partly episodical appearance.

Herodotus, designing to write a history, then made a choice of a subject, and of a manner of treating it, which should flatter the national pride of his countrymen, not merely by placing on record their martial deeds, but also by investing those deeds with their proper grandeur and importance as features in the world's history. To realize his position, we must bear in mind that nothing worthy of the name of history existed hitherto. We must try to imagine some Napier or Macaulay reciting, *vivâ voce*, to some remote settlement, some Pitcairn's or Norfolk island, where books and histories were unknown, the exploits of Hougoumont and Mont S. Jean. He would naturally endeavour to set forth, at the same time, the character and the importance of the great continental struggle, which marked the commencement of the present century. He must not be content to begin at Toulouse and Vittoria, if he would convey any idea of the vast issues that were staked upon the die at Waterloo. He must endeavour to give some insight into the growth and resources, for example, of the empire of Napoleon. But in order to do this, he must first go back to the old monarchies,—the French more especially,—on the ruins of which that empire arose. The French was the most ancient monarchy, as is well known, in an uninterrupted line of male descent, in all Europe, extending from Hugh Capet in 987 to Louis XVI. in 1793, a period of 800 years. In a perfectly parallel manner, Herodotus was, strictly speaking, to tell of the laurels won by the genius of Freedom in his day, in the struggle with the mighty Persian empire. During his childhood and youth, the world was ringing with the exploits of Marathon and Thermopylæ, of Salamis and Plataea. Marathon was fought six years before his birth. He was four years old when Thermopylæ was defended, and Salamis was won. The sun of Greek glory had risen at his birth, and was in its full splendour in his manhood. He stood, with reference to the great victories over Persia, to

Marathon and Salamis, pretty much where our generation of middle-aged men stand with reference to Trafalgar and Waterloo. And he too, to make himself intelligible, or rather to secure a due estimate for the facts he had to relate, must go back to the rise of the Persian monarchy. But that monarchy was, in itself, but of yesterday. It was no older, though more continuous, than the dynasty of Napoleon is now. Originating with Cyrus some half century before, its duration had been as nothing compared with that of the old Assyrian, and yet older Egyptian monarchies. It consisted of the *débris* of those monarchies, and its history must be read in theirs. Thus was there something like a real necessity, all circumstances considered, for Herodotus' dealing somewhat fully with the history of Egypt.

It is true that this recurrence to earlier times, as being the seed plot, and in some sense giving the interpretation of later events, may be carried to excess. The prudent will stop somewhere, and not imitate the too curious diligence of one Florian de Ocampo, a Spanish historian, referred to by Mr. Stirling in his 'Cloister Life of Charles V.' This worthy, designing to write the history of that emperor, his patron, commenced his work with the Flood, and after thirty or forty years of labour, was surprised by death while engaged upon the wars of the Scipios. Herodotus was wiser, and drew the line above Egypt, though indeed it is probable that his information reached back no farther. But it may still seem strange that, our author's proper and avowed business being history, he should have thought it necessary to his purpose to enter so largely into the physical phenomena of the Nile. But we conceive that, even from the historiographer's point of view, he was perfectly justified in so doing. It is of course a nice question, to what extent the province of the geographer or the naturalist may legitimately be trenched upon by the historian. But that it may and must do so to some extent, there is no doubt. The rôle of the historic muse extends, as must be obvious, far beyond the mere narrations of what has been done in time past. There must be, every one acknowledges, an analysis and investigation of character; there must be discussion of causes, more or less remote. And amongst these latter, physical causes will on occasion occupy a very important place. In the conception of the enlightened and far-seeing historian, man, as seen in history, is not only an actor on the world, considered as his stage; he is also to a great extent the exponent of its mysteries. He is the great commentator; in this sense, that the fact of his existence, and the actions performed by him, serve better than anything else to expound the design of the universe. The natural world,

without man, is, it should seem, an entity without any adequate final cause. We say any *adequate* final cause, for doubtless the existence of the natural world is to be referred, in part, to the promotion of God's glory, by the mere fact of its existence and its obedience to the laws imposed upon it, as the Psalmist teaches us continually. But we may well seek a design, beyond this, for the marvellous structure of creation; and it is when man is placed in it, and becomes, so to speak, a function of it, being acted on by it in certain ways,—it is then that we trace a worthier and a perfectly sufficient purpose for its having been brought into being. Whatever moulds the fortunes of humanity, or advances its intellectual growth, or even enters as a test into the process of its probation, fulfils a great function. And this is perhaps the highest ground that can be taken for the study of natural history, as it is called, that it is the necessary and the only key to not a few of the phenomena of humanity. Lovely as nature may be in herself, and curious and instructive for their own sake as are her organizations and her laws, she can never be so properly interesting or instructive to us in any other connexion, as in her bearings upon the condition and the history of man. This is one sense, at any rate, in which the much-questioned saying is true,

'The proper study of mankind is man.'

There ~~is~~, after all, this supreme and architectonic phenomenon of the lower world. All the main lines, at least, of nature's operations, centre in man, and find their *rationale* there. And conversely, it is really no mean part of the historian's office, rightly conceived, to exhibit nature in its bearing upon events; physical facts in their relation to man's mental and external history. It is all but necessary to set forth how such and such a combination of physical circumstances fashioned the character and influenced the fortunes of this or that nation; to point not merely to the Greeks or the Soot breathing the air of independence in their hills, and the Asiatic sinking into the sloth of their plains; but to trace by a yet finer analysis the unwieldy despotism of some vast Russia to her dreary expanse of steppes, and the no less vast, but more manageable, survey of some free England to her insular position.

In truth, all the departments of science and of thought are in reality so intimately connected, as Humboldt has shown in the most practical manner, that there is no one of them all which can afford to do without the aid of the rest. And so, evidently, thought Herodotus. It is an instructive fact, that he should have divided his History into nine books, prefixing to each one the name of one of the Muses; signifying that around

Clio, the muse of history, ought to be grouped the several tutelary deities of music, poetry, and the rest: not omitting Urania, the muse of the heavenly system and of physical philosophy.

It is no matter of mere conjecture that it was by considerations of this kind that Herodotus was induced to dwell at such length on the characteristics of the Nile. His acute and penetrating genius at once discerned that the personal ἡθός of the Egyptians, and through it their history, had been to a very great degree influenced and moulded by the fact of their inhabiting a country so peculiar and exceptional in its physical conformation and circumstances, in virtue of its great river. What their λαμπρότατος αἰθῆρ was to the Athenians, what our sea-girt shores have been to us, in the formation of national character, all this and much more was the Nile to the Egyptians. What Herodotus says of their land, was true of themselves; they were the work or 'the gift' of the river. Whatever they were, different from the rest of the world, in arts or in agriculture, in bodily or mental condition, or in religious belief; all this the Nile, more or less, made them. 'My reason,' says he, 'for entering at such length into Egyptian matters, is 'that I have observed that, along with a climate peculiar to 'them, and a river differing in its phenomena from all known 'rivers, they have inherited a character and ways'—and therefore he implies a history—'different from those of mankind in 'general.' And he proceeds to make good his assertion by instancing the peculiarity of their agricultural ways; how the otherwise universal curse laid upon mankind seemed in their case to be taken off. He views with astonishment this exceptional phenomenon. A fine time of it, says he, 'have 'these same Egyptians in the matter of agriculture. Surely, 'never did mortals partake of the fruits of the earth at a 'cheaper rate. They give themselves no trouble, not they, 'about making long furrows with the plough: it cannot be 'said of them, that

" Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke."

'No digging or delving for them; no toiling and moiling like 'the rest of the sons of men. No; they have but to await the 'inundation of the river, which, without any pains of theirs, 'takes place in its season, and irrigates the plains, and then again 'retires. After this, they have but to cast every man his seed 'into his field, and turn his swine into it to tread it in. This 'done, they may even fold their arms and await with tranquillity the certain harvest.' This picture is so far overdrawn, that in all ages some degree of labour has been found necessary

in the way of cutting canals, and otherwise managing the water by artificial means. Indeed, Moses seems to insist upon this as one kind of agricultural labour, from which, at any rate, the Hebrews would be free in the land of promise. 'The land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, *and wateredst it with thy foot*, as a garden of herbs . . . but a land *'that drinketh water of the rain of heaven.'* (Deut. xi. 10, 11.) The 'watering with the foot' may of course refer to labour in general. But Philo among the ancients, and Niebuhr (the traveller, father to the historian) among the moderns, refer it to a machine worked like a treadmill used for distributing the Nile waters, and called to this day by the Arabs, the *foot machine*. However, after making all deductions on this account, Herodotus is no doubt right in the main in felicitating the Egyptians on the comparative facility of their agricultural processes. Indeed, we know of nothing parallel to it, if we except the cultivation of the potato in Ireland, which, as is well known, has always cost our Irish fellow-subjects so little trouble, and has, in consequence, exercised so undesirable an influence on the national character.

Again, the Egyptians had confessedly made progress in the arts and sciences far beyond their contemporaries. When Moses came out of Egypt, fully a thousand years before Herodotus was born or Greece had a literature, there was, we know, learning and wisdom among the Egyptians, for Moses was a proficient in it. They were great, even then, in sculpture, in the working of fine textile fabrics, in music, and in architecture,¹ for the knowledge of all these things the Israelites brought with them out into the wilderness. Now to what are we to attribute their marching thus in the van of science and art, if, indeed, they did not stand alone? Can anything be more reasonable than to suppose that this too, like their agriculture, was in a manner 'the gift of the river'?—that their attainments were the fruit of their leisure, as their leisure was a boon carried down to them upon the waters of the Nile?

There is in the case of those who are released comparatively from toil, and yet are not from other causes sunk in sensuality, a tendency to thoughtfulness and speculation. This not unfrequently takes the form of plaintive musing on the condition of man, all his greatness and all his littleness. Such a strain of moralising, the fruit of mental discursiveness joined to constitutional indolence, breathes throughout the romantic literature and the religious mysticism of the East. It found a natural

¹ See Osburn's 'Egypt'; Hengstenberg's 'Moses and Egypt.'

home in Egypt; she too had her Brahmins and her mystic philosophy, bespeaking the meditative tone of the national character. Who that has ever read that exquisite creation of fancy—that profoundly touching lament over the natural condition of humanity, the ‘Rasselas’ of Johnson, but must feel with what propriety the scene of it is laid in the reverie-inspiring valley of the Nile? One of the most finished and most harmoniously constructed sentences that ever was written, thus at once introduces the tale and sums up the moral of it: ‘Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia. Rasselas,’ proceeds the moralist, not unmindful, as it should seem, of the influence of Father Nile upon the character of his children,—‘was the fourth son of the mighty monarch within whose dominions the father of waters begins his course; whose bounty pours down streams of plenty, and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt.’ Further on, Rasselas is represented as plaintively soliloquizing over the problem of human happiness; while one of the chapters is significantly entitled, ‘The wants of him that wants nothing.’ All this, we say, is true to Egyptians, or rather to Nilotic nature; Rasselas is but the intensification of the national temperament; the *roi saineant* of a musing and meditative, because leisurely, people.

This same superabundant leisure led the Egyptians in all ages to expatiate in the fields of abstract philosophy, as well as in those of science. They taught philosophy to the Greeks themselves; Pythagoras, and Lycurgus, and Plato, sat at the feet of a nation of philosophers, or at any rate of a caste of them; men whose names have perished, but whose lessons through their means have become immortal. And it was at Alexandria in later times that schools of philosophy, Jewish and Christian, sprang up; it was from the Arabian writers that revived mathematical science was handed on to Europe in the tenth and eleventh centuries.

It may be remarked, indeed, that a very peculiar part has been assigned to Egypt in the culture and formation of philosophy and science. We owe to her, perhaps, neither the origination nor the perfecting of anything, but the transmission of everything. For it is now pretty well agreed among those who have examined the question, that literature and the arts, taking their rise in the regions contiguous to the birthplace of humanity, in the Caucasian and Indian climes, and thence passing into Egypt (whether by way of Abyssinia, or, as seems

much more probable, from the north-east,) were finally made over to the Greeks. Thus have the three great continents of the western hemisphere had others to share in the progress, none can say that it has had no need of the others. Asia was the cradle of the actor, Africa their school or gymnasium, Europe the lists or the theatre for the display of their matured powers. What then might not the consequences have been, had the Egyptian not known that respite from toil which they owed to their marvellous river? would the arts, humanly speaking, ever have emerged from their infancy, as not finding in Oriental indolence that opportunity for growth and exercise, which Egypt, midway between Oriental and Western temperament, more active than the East, more contemplative than the West, happily afforded? And the Nile, we may say, was indirectly the means of nurturing them for transplantation in due time into the stronger soil of the Grecian intellect, whence has sprung up the astonishing growth of modern science.

The mythology of Egypt, once more,—her religious belief and worship,—was of a very peculiar character. But this too may very reasonably (though of course there are other theories on the subject) be traced to the same source, her great river. The leading personage in that mythology is Osiris; among other things believed of him, was that after his death, by a kind of monopoly of metempsychosis, his spirit animated various animals, which were on that account worshipped by the Egyptians. Of these, the ox was the chief, though the ram was also worshipped, and received from the Greeks the name of Jupiter-Ammon. Now the *rationale* of this myth appears to be that Osiris is in reality no other than the Nile. The river, as the great benefactor, was likely to be conceived of as a deity; and accordingly as such had in some places temples of its own; and as the source of agricultural and pastoral prosperity, it was no less natural that it should be represented as animating in a mysterious manner the ox and other chief domestic animals. A more eloquent, but manifestly kindred legend of Greece represented the river Achelous as having contended in the form of a bull with Hercules, and as having one of its horns broken off, which afterwards being filled by the nymphs with fruit and flowers, became the famous *cornu copiæ*, or horn of plenty. The legend, no doubt, refers to the draining and rendering fruitful of the lands bordering on some tributary of the Achelous. Taking Osiris, then, as the central figure of Egyptian mythology, it would result that the whole structure of Egyptian religion was little else than a varied and elaborate mode of worshipping their great and godlike benefactor, the Nile.

In confirmation of the views which we have expressed thus far, we are glad to be able to quote the writer of the article 'Nilus' in Dr. Smith's Geographical Dictionary :—

'Of all the rivers of the globe known to the Greek and Roman writers, the Nile was that which from the remotest periods arrested their liveliest curiosity and attention. Its physical phenomena, and the peculiar civilisation of the races inhabiting its banks, attracted alike the historian, the mathematician, the satirist, and the romance writer. Herodotus and Diodorus, Eratosthenes and Strabo, Lucian and Heliodorus, expatiate on its marvels ; and as Egypt was the resort of the scientific men of Greece in general, the Nile was more accurately surveyed and described than any other river of the earth.

'The civilisation of all countries is directly influenced by their rivers, and in none more so than in Egypt, which has been truly called the gift of the Nile. To its stream the land owed not only its peculiar cultivation, but its existence also. The limestone which lies under the soil of Egypt, the sands which bound it to E. and W., were rendered by the deposits of the river fit for the habitation of man. . . . The religion, and many of the peculiar institutions of Egypt are derived from its river.'

But when we speak of the Nile, there are two topics connected with it, which at once occur to every one, as interesting beyond all others. While the effect produced by the great river upon the character or fortunes of the inhabitants of its valley, is a matter of past or of merely local importance, the questions of its annual overflow, and of its hidden sources, are problems of present and permanent interest. These are the two features or phenomena of the Nile, which, both in ancient and modern days, have attracted the largest share of attention. Others of much interest there doubtless are, such as the cause of the peculiar colour and singular fertility of its waters. But these, in reality, resolve themselves into the questions of the source and origin of the stream. Let us hear, then, how our lively informant, and no less intelligent inquirer, Herodotus, states one of these problems. He had, we need not say, travelled to Egypt for the very purpose of informing himself on this and other subjects. 'Now as to the peculiar phenomena of this river,' says he, 'I could not find that the priests, or any one else, could tell me anything. The point I was particularly anxious about, was as to the reason of the Nile's beginning to increase from the time of the Summer Solstice, and continuing to do so for a hundred days ; after which it begins to diminish again ; so that it is scant of water during the winter, until midsummer comes round once more. What I wanted to know, and what nobody could tell me, was why the Nile should thus do exactly the contrary to all other rivers.' Thus foiled in his inquiries on the spot, he failed not, however, to make inquiry of the learned at home ; and was agreeably relieved, as he somewhat mischievously informs his

readers, to find that, though the natives were profoundly ignorant on the subject, his own countrymen possessed a fund of information respecting it. He, therefore, places their opinions on record, though only to dissent from them. One opinion (that of Thales the Milesian) was, that the Etesian winds were the cause of the swelling of the river, by retarding its progress towards the sea. His answer to this was, that very often the river overflowed when the Etesian winds were not blowing. 'Besides which,' he acutely adds, 'in that case, all other rivers running contrary to the direction of the Etesian winds, ought to overflow similarly; which they do not.' It should be said, however, in justice to the great Milesian astronomer, that it is the opinion of modern scientific men, that the blowing of these winds has some considerable effect in augmenting the amount of the inundation at the Delta.

The next opinion which he mentions (that of Hecataeus), he rejects as most unscientific, and savouring too much of the marvellous for his taste. It was, that Oceanus, a sort of sea-like river, girdling the circumference of the flat, orbicular world above described, flowed into the Nile at this particular period of the year. Herodotus had yet to learn, he said, that there was such a river, except in the fertile imagination of Homer and the poets. The opinion of its existence, however, is so far curious, that it in some sense anticipates the phenomenon of the mighty *tidal wave*, which, to the eye of modern science, is ever rolling round the earth, and producing every high tide *but* that of the Nile: and that not once a year, but twice a day.

The third and last view Herodotus has to mention (that of Anaxagoras) is, in his opinion, by far the most plausible, yet the most certainly and demonstrably wrong. It is, that the river was swelled by the melting of the snow in the regions through which it flows. 'An absurd supposition enough,' says our somewhat off-hand philosopher, 'seeing that it flows from Libya, through the midst of Ethiopia, and thence into Egypt: that is, from a warm country to a colder. Why, the very *winds* from Ethiopia are warm: how, then, can there be any snow there? Then, again, *we all know*, that after there has been snow, there must, of necessity, be rain within five days after. Whereas there is certainly no rain in these countries: therefore there is no snow; therefore the Nile does not rise from melted snow. 'Q.E.D.' The reader will have observed that the then current belief about snow is curiously parallel to our own common saying, that three white frosts are commonly followed by rain. Of course, the fallacy of his assumption, that a hot country must necessarily be free from snow, lay in his not considering (though the fact must have been familiar to him) that difference of elevation may more than counteract the effects of latitude. Thus, on

the two sides of the Himalayas, we have the greatest extremes of heat and cold: the livelong summer of the low plains of Hindostan, and the almost perpetual snow of the table-land of Thibet. As to the snow being the cause of the Nile's overflow, there is, doubtless, some truth in it: but it is plain that it will not account for the extraordinary degree of it. That rivers should rise in snowy mountain ranges is common enough: but the Nilotic inundation is almost unique.

Herodotus has now exhausted his stock of other men's conjectures, and proceeds to state his own: and a highly curious one, to say the least, it is. 'If,' says he, 'I am asked my opinion about it, I will tell you why it is, in my judgment, that the Nile is fullest in summer. The fact is, that in the winter season, the sun being driven out of his course by the stormy weather, makes for Libya direct.' That is, to the south and west of Egypt. 'Well,' he adds, with amusing *naïveté*, 'that is the whole of the matter: for, of course, whatever country this luminary happens to be nearest to, and most vertically above it, that country will suffer from dearth of water, and its rivers will diminish in volume.' Perceiving, however, on second thoughts, the necessity of being a little more explicit, he develops his theory as follows:—'When the sun gets into those Libyan parts, seeing that it is naturally a warm and genial country, undisturbed by any chilling winds'—(the reader will see the importance of bearing in mind the Herodotean views about the sun, above stated)—'of course he produces the same kind of effect there in winter as he does in summer in the countries which then lie beneath him in his regular course in the mid-heavens. That is, he attracts the water to him, especially from the parts nearest to him: and then, by the action of the winds, it is dissipated, and passes away in vapour. Not that the sun,' he adds, 'parts with *all* the water in this manner: for, *of course*, he keeps some for his own use:' alluding slyly, perhaps, to another curious popular belief of the day, which he did not care to call openly in question, that the sun subsisted by drinking up water and vapours. 'As, then,' to complete his account of the phenomenon, 'the stormy weather abates, the sun gets back again into his old course in the heavens, and by his presence absorbs the water of the other rivers of the world: from which cause, added to the cessation of the rains of winter, these rivers diminish in volume in the summer months: whereas it is in *winter* that the Nile, having no rains at any time, and yielding his *maximum* quota of vapours to the sun at that time, suffers diminution accordingly. In this manner,' he concludes, 'I conceive the *sun* to be the cause of this phenomenon.'

But he adds a curiously characteristic illustration of his

theory. 'Let us suppose,' he says, 'that the quarters of the heavens, from which the winds blow, were to change places—so that that which is now called the north wind, and is essentially cold and stormy, were to blow from the south, and *vice versâ*. In that case, the sun, driven by the now stormy south wind to the upper parts of Europe, would have precisely the same effect upon the Danube, Europe's great river, as it now has upon Africa's great river, the Nile.' Bearing in mind that, for a reason before mentioned, Herodotus assigned to the Nile a course parallel in all respects to that of the Danube, this illustration is thoroughly to the point, and sets our author's meaning in the clearest light.

Such then is the theory of Herodotus as to the annual overflow of the Nile. And the first remark which it is obvious to make upon it is, that we have here, in full operation, the ancient cosmical and physical views to which attention was drawn in the early part of this article. We have the flat table of the earth; we have the sun performing his daily semicircular course above it; we find him *affected by*, rather than affecting, the temperature and the weather. We see his feeble and weather-beaten globe disturbed and beaten about, like the merest fire-balloon, by the storms of winter. And we find the notion of balancing and compensation between the two hemispheres of the *orbis terrarum* manifestly forming the basis of a parallel between the Nile and the Danube.

We remark, next, that Herodotus is singularly correct in his description of the phenomenon which he professes to account for. This is especially true of the number of days assigned to the inundation; which he reckons at about one hundred. For it is found by observation that the swelling commences early in July, reaches its greatest height towards the end of September, and then remains stationary for about fourteen days, when the decrease begins. Giving thirty days to each of the three months of July, August, and September, and adding the fourteen stationary days, we have as nearly as possible the 'hundred days' of Herodotus; and these, too, measured from the solstice, or a little after it.

Another very remarkable feature in his solution of the phenomenon is that, according to it, the annual alteration in the condition of the Nile is to be viewed in the light of a *decrease*, not of an increase, of its proper volume.¹ The normal condi-

¹ The commentators have not realized this; and in consequence do not really understand the solution offered by Herodotus. Thus the writer already quoted, in Dr. Smith's Dictionary, says that 'Herodotus suggested that the vertical position of the sun in winter reduced the waters of Southern Libya to the lowest ebb. But this hypothesis kept out of sight (!) their overflow in the summer.'

tion of the river, he conceives, its proper and natural state, is that it should fill the Nile valley all the year round. And this it would do, he considers, if the sun would allow it. But that meddling, or rather that hapless, luminary, constrained to make an annual winter incursion into the southern parts, becomes a great 'disturbing force.' He inflicts, *malgré lui*, on the river a *diminution* of water as the winter draws on; and it is not till the summer solstice that the stream begins to recover itself, and to fill the Nile valley in the manner natural to it. Whatever be thought of the correctness of this view, the acuteness of it will hardly be called in question; he who framed it must first have pondered well the problem that lay before him.

And now, after all, was Herodotus altogether so wide of the mark in his opinion, or conjecture, as to the cause of the overflow of the Nile? Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, we venture to affirm that he was not; modern research and science being the judges. Not, of course, but that as to the secondary causes he is palpably wrong. The nature of the sun's action in the matter, he misconceives altogether. But as to the primary cause of the overflow—the power or influence which ultimately produces the phenomenon to be accounted for, he is perfectly right in making it to be no other than the *sun*. 'And so, I take it,' says he, 'the cause of these things is the sun.' The genuine natural philosopher comes out here. He perceives that the time of occurrence of the overflow coincides with a particular and remarkable point in the sun's apparent motion; viz. with the solstice; extending from March to about the equinox. Here was something to go upon. This could hardly be accidental. The sun was somehow at the bottom of it. The intermediate agencies he might and did err about. But, as to the main cause, he felt sure that he could scarcely be mistaken. It was a thousand to one that the sun's motions and the Nile's overflow stood to each other in the relation of cause and effect.

Modern science, we repeat, is entirely with him in this. For it is now agreed that, whatever other causes may swell the stream of the Nile, it is to the *tropical rains* that the phenomenon is mainly and supremely due. These rains falling upon the mountains of Ethiopia in May, occasion the rise of all rivers flowing to the northward. But what is the cause of the tropical rains themselves?

'As the sun in his progress from the equator to the tropic of Cancer becomes successively vertical over points north of the equator, the air is heated and rarefied, and the cold currents set in from the Mediterranean to restore the equilibrium. They pass over the heated plains of Egypt; but as soon as they

'reach the lofty mountains of Abyssinia, they descend in 'torrents of rain. . . . In the last days of June, or at the 'beginning of July, the rise is visible in Egypt.'

Herodotus, then, was not only right in attributing the overflow to the sun in a general way, but also in connecting it with the sun's verticality of position at a particular time of the year. Only, curiously enough, the effect of that verticality is to produce the summer *inundation*, and not, as he thought, the winter *decrease*.

All things considered, it must be admitted that Herodotus accomplished great things in the department of physical science; not least by his stubborn adherence to inductive reasoning, in reference to the Nilotic inundations. Whatever may become of the story of his appeal to all Greece, at the Olympic games, for the truths of his history, he has manifestly in these physical speculations appealed to a more scientific and better-informed age than his own. Kepler said he was well content to wait a hundred years for readers and disciples of his planetary discoveries, 'since it had pleased the Almighty to wait six thousand for an interpreter.' Herodotus, in a similar spirit, has appealed to the august Panhellenic tribunal which Science has erected for herself, in these later days, on the basis of observed phenomena; and by its award has achieved a crown for which Greece had no name.

Though in truth—to turn to the only remaining topic of this paper—even modern Science herself is scarcely less at fault than Herodotus himself, in the endeavour to pronounce magisterially upon the *entire* causes of the Nile's inundation. In order to do this, she must first solve another question, which as yet has baffled even her spirit of research and inquiry. She must lay down the entire cause, and fix the true sources of the great river. But on this point she has little to add to the prudent and withal quaint language in which Herodotus delivered himself on the subject. 'Touching the sources of the 'Nile,' he says, 'it never was my hap to light upon anybody, 'Egyptian, Libyan, or Greek, that even professed to know 'much about it.—Oh! by the way,' he adds, as recalling something he had scarcely paid any attention to at the time, 'there 'was one good man, now I think of it, in Egypt, at a place 'called Sais, if my memory serves me, a sort of scribe he was, 'or a keeper of the treasures in a certain temple. Well, he 'made as though he knew all about it; though, to tell you the 'truth, I think he must have been joking all the while. He 'had a queer story, I remember, about two mountains with 'sharp peaks to them, somewhere near the city of Elephants, 'one called Krophî, and the other Mophî. The sources of the

'Nile, he made out, were certain bottomless holes in the middle of these two mountains, and that half the water ran north towards Egypt, and half south towards Ethiopia.' This story about Krophî and Mophî has been a standing joke against Herodotus ever since the revival of learning. But there is reason for saying, that, in however *bizarre* a form, it sums up, and pretty correctly, all that we know about the matter even at this day. It is first of all worth observing that in modern copies, and therefore no doubt in ancient Egyptian, *Krophî* signifies *good*, and *Mophî* evil, as Champollion has pointed out. The legend, then, embodies a moral, *more Egyptiaco*, to the effect that the Nile, like all other earthly things, had its element of evil as well as of good for those who come under its influence; bestowing, together with the blessings of plenty and leisure, incentives to idleness and superstition.

But the value of the story, weighed in the scientific balance, is, first, that it points distinctly to a twofold source for the Nile; and, second, that it ascribes to it a course *in the south* not inferior in length to that which it pursues through Abyssinia and in Egypt. Now, in these two particulars is summed up, we repeat, all that we know from modern observation of the sources and the course of the Nile. 1. It is true that Bruce, with the older school of African travellers, concluded too hastily that he had found the veritable Krophî and Mophî not far from Geesh in Abyssinia, in two mountains named Aformascha and Litchambara, between whom he placed the genuine and sole sources of the Nile. Subsequent discoveries reveal to us that his 'Nile' was only the Blue Nile, a western confluent, meeting the eastern or White Nile at Khartum in Sennaar. But this is only a fuller confirmation of the quaint legend of the man of Sais, as far as concerns the fact of the Nilotic sources being twofold.

2. But the most recent investigations further demonstrate, —not indeed that the Nile flows southward, but—that it proceeds from some point far south not yet ascertained. In the first place, the old supposition that the Gebel Kumra, or Mountains of the Moon, presented an insuperable obstacle to the Nile's proceeding from the regions south of Abyssinia, turns out to be a mistake. The river certainly penetrates the regions in which those somewhat apocryphal mountains are commonly located. It appears from the 'Transactions of the Geographical Society,' that one party of travellers have followed *from the south* the course of a river conceived to take its rise somewhere about the tenth degree of south latitude, as far as the lofty mountain of Kilimandjaro, said to be 22,000 feet in height. Ascending the lower ridges of this mountain they saw the river stretching

away to the northward, as far as eye could reach. Another party is said to have traced the White Nile from the north, to within four degrees of the equator. And there is every reason for believing that the southern and northern streams are parts of the same river. It is true that some later explorations from the northward (lately commented on in the *Revue des deux Mondes*) tend so far to throw doubt on the subject, that they represent the White Nile as becoming all but lost in a morass. But this may be only an accidental diffusion of its waters.

If, then, the former account, and the conclusions drawn from it, may be trusted, it follows that the Nile must be placed, in point of length, at the head of all the rivers in the world. The Mississippi and the Amazon are but rivulets compared to it. The largest of these rivers does not traverse more than twenty degrees, or about 1,400 miles. The *explored* course of the Nile is upwards of twenty-five degrees, aerial measure; and is probably thirty-five or forty degrees, or near 3,000 miles.

It is remarkable that Dr. Livingstone has contributed nothing, we believe, towards the elucidation of Nilotic questions, beyond the suggestion that the peculiar form of the interior of Africa, being that of a depressed plateau, would be likely to contribute in the case of the Zambese and other African rivers to the phenomenon of a yearly inundation.

!We cannot conclude better than in the words of Mr. Hamilton, in the work named at the head of this article.

'*Fontem querere Nili* has, for more than two thousand years, signified to attempt the impossible; but modern science and enterprise have overcome greater difficulties, and it may be fairly hoped that the Nile will not for many years longer continue the opprobrium of geography. It is nearly three thousand years since Homer sang of the descent of the Nile from heaven. Fifteen centuries later, Claudian celebrated the unviolated secret which surrounds its sources.

Secreto de fonte cadens, qui semper inani
Quærendus ratione latet: nec contigit ulli
Hoc vidisse caput. Fertur sine teste creatus
Flumina profundens alieni conscia cœli.

The problem is still unsolved; but it is not (?) rash to say that it is no longer unsolvable. If I have no longer the hope of myself realising a long cherished day-dream, I cannot doubt that the poet's exhortation will soon be responded to by one more fortunate than myself.

Ite per ardentem Libyam; superate vapores
Solis, et arcanos Nili deprendite fontes.

NOTICES.

MR. R. H. BAYNES, of S. Paul's, Whitechapel, is perfectly convinced of several things,—viz. that there are already too many Hymn Books in existence,—so he publishes another, 'Hymns for the Public Worship of the Church' (Heylin); and that the three faults in every modern collection of Hymns are: 1. 'That too many Hymns are collected:' so Mr. Baynes gives us only 400. 2. 'That the extant collections contain many poor, unworthy, and unpoetical verses:' so Mr. Baynes prints such stuff as this:—

' Ere another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.'

3. 'That too many Hymns of a private and personal character are introduced: expressions of individual experience are seldom suitable for public worship.' A very sound observation, which Mr. Baynes illustrates by printing for the use of his flock, 'When I can read my title clear,' (which, we are sorry to say, was sung at the late Special Services in S. Paul's Cathedral,) 'What sinners value I resign,' and 'I'm not ashamed to own the Lord.'

'The Life of Dr. Bunting' (Longman), the late patriarch of Methodism, is not an uninteresting book. Its subject was a person of large administrative capacity, regulated zeal, and one who displayed that amount of self-reliance and self-respect which enabled him to seize and hold an influence which was only second to that of the founder of the Wesleyan body. Only the first volume of this biography has appeared, and, as far as its literature goes, it does greater credit to the filial piety than to the technical skill of Mr. Percival Bunting. We say this, bearing in mind some lamentable efforts at fine writing, some unnecessary reflections on Church principles, with which Mr. Bunting has nothing to do, and the mistake of attributing to a lately deceased preacher a joke (p. 73) 'about the Thirty-Nine Articles, which is as old as the hills. A testimony to the value set by Dr. Bunting and other serious minds on the Prayer-Book, is worth some attention to those who are on the look-out for extraneous testimonies. We can scarcely say that we are disappointed with the scantiness of Dr. Bunting's theological stature as displayed in some fragments of his remains, but they show great business powers. This was his strength: and it is said that as long as the traditions of his firm rule and energetic mind survive, Wesleyanism is not likely to lose the stamp of individuality impressed upon it. But we can well sympathize with the trials to which such a temper as Dr. Bunting's must have

had to submit in attempting to reduce to order the tumultuary elements of the system which he had to coerce.

! 'The Lectures of Mr. Charles Marriott,'—*ὁ μακαρίτης*,—(J. H. Parker,) on the Epistle to the Romans, delivered in S. Mary's, Oxford, to his parishioners, forms a pleasant memorial of a beautiful and useful life. There is to casual readers an air of constraint if not of coldness in them, which is, however, constantly lighted up by the inner fires of love and deep experience. Characteristic of the man, they can only be rightly appreciated by those who knew him: but their external value is as a specimen of what is too rare, a continuous homiletic exposition. And in this way they present a fine contrast to the flimsy sermons of the day, especially those preached at Special Services, which are not, as in the diocese of Oxford, directed and condensed to a single point of practice or doctrine, but which usually affect to give the whole Christian scheme in all its bearings, on all sorts and conditions of spiritual attainments, in the one accredited forty minutes of display and emptiness.

Miss Sewell has gifts which especially suit her for picturesque and rapid description. Her 'History of the Early Church' (Longman) is exactly the sort of book which is stimulating in the right direction. It does not pretend either to criticism or completeness; but it is a series of pictures, carefully drawn, which on the whole convey a good and fair notion of the inner life of early Christianity: what perhaps is most wanting is an adequate appreciation of the surrounding heathenism, and—which however in a manual of this kind would have been out of place—an intimation of the incidence of external bias of thought on the progress of doctrine. We know of no book which is likely to do more in the way of instructing young persons on this subject; and while the writer acknowledges that she has compiled largely, we must add that she has woven skilfully.

Mr. J. Davies Mereweather has published an extremely interesting book: 'The Diary of a Working Clergyman in Australia and Tasmania' (Hatchard). We do not quite understand how it was that, with such rare gifts and energy for the work, he is not still in that noble mission-field. There is, perhaps, a slight element of instability in the writer's character, which, however, renders him a very genial companion. He enters into all sorts of scenes with evident relish, and as his experience was varied, his descriptions, like his career, have a free and roving aspect.

We have omitted to notice, at the time of its appearance, a pamphlet entitled, 'Free Theological Inquiry the Duty of the Laity. By a Lay Member of the Church of England' (Williams & Norgate). The authorship is, we understand, known in Edinburgh. It appears to be a recommendation to the laity to study for themselves the works of Mr. Jowett, Dr. Davidson, Dr. Donaldson, Meyer, De Wette, and so forth. If any of our lay brethren do esteem it their duty to enter upon such a course of reading, we will venture to remind them of two things, of which no hint is imparted in this pamphlet. *Firstly*, that it may be well to look also at some commentaries on Holy Scripture, such as those of Mr. Ellicott, which proceed on a

different principle from the above-named works, or at comments on Mr. Jowett's publications, like the two sermons of Dr. Pusey, or the tract of Mr. Davies. *Secondly*, that philology, though most useful in its place, is not the sole nor always even the chief key to the attainment of the mind of the Spirit. We only wish we had room on this last point to insert the warning of such a man as Dr. Mill, given at Cambridge on November 26, 1848, in a sermon called 'The Old Paths.' 'We are only deluding ourselves,' said that really profound thinker, 'if we expect a single one of those articles which constitute the Catholic Faith of Christ's Church to be disturbed or substantially affected by critical skill.' As for being jealous of laymen if they will *pray*, as well as study, we cannot forget what the Church of our own age and country owes to laymen, nor that the list of Christian Apologists in the earliest ages includes the names of S. Justin, Tatian, Athenagoras, Minucius Felix, Arnobius, and Lactantius, who were all of the laity. Other points suggested by this well-toned, but, as we think, mistaken author, must be deferred until they come under our notice in some other way.

A volume of 'Essays, by Mr. Henry Constable' (Longman), suggests to us a collection of rejected Review articles. We may be wrong in this suspicion of their origin, but they deserve this fate. Weak, wrong, and presumptuous, they are just what we should conceive editors would reject. For example, Mr. Constable affirms the three forms of absolution used in the Church of England to 'mean all one thing.' If by this he means that they are identical, we can only inquire whether he thinks that the form of absolution in the old unreformed English Service, verbally the same with that in our Visitation of the Sick—translated, that is, from the old Manual—had the same object, and therefore sense, and therefore is identical with any form drawn up by those possessed of the religious bias of the reformers and compilers of the book of 1552. It is undeniable that we have two forms, and that these forms express phases of doctrine totally different: we do not say that they are not reconcilable: but we do say that they are not the same thing. The one is a sacramental form: the other is what the American Church very properly describes it, 'a declaration,' &c. Each has its purpose; we are not setting one above or below the other: but an essayist who cannot see this writes an octavo volume of Essays to little purpose.

A second series of 'Twelve Sermons, translated from the Quaresimale of P. Paolo Segneri' (Masters). We can only repeat the high commendation we paid to the first volume: and we thank Mr. Ford for the pains he has taken with this work. It will be borne in mind that we never recommended the English clergy to preach these sermons: but we do say that they will do much to teach our popular preachers *how* to preach.

It is seldom that we can specify a single Sermon as remarkable, but one by Mr. H. W. Burrows,—an occasional one,—'The Power of God and the Wisdom of God' (J. H. Parker), preached for a local object, is remarkable as combining with much depth of thought and dignity of style the utmost plainness and simplicity of language. Mr. Burrows is a very original preacher.

Dean Newland has a fine subject in the 'Life of the celebrated Archbishop of Spalatro, Antonio de Dominis' (J. H. Parker), but he has not lived up to his opportunities. The narrative is confused and tautological, and the great problem of the sincerity of De Dominis is left exactly where it was. No attempt has been made to discover anything, either at Rome or in England, which would throw light upon the general character of the subject of the biography. We ask for new materials, which Dr. Newland's volume does not supply; and instead of a clear, consistent, and historical statement, the story goes backwards and forwards, interspersed with prosy moralizings instead of facts, and with very obvious reflections in the place of documents.

Anything which comes from the pen of the Rev. Ernest Hawkins must be received with respect by those who are acquainted with—and who is not acquainted with?—his long and self-denying labours in the cause of our Colonial Missions. Already his 'Manual of Prayers and Hymns' has reached a sixth, and his 'Household Psalms, Lessons,' &c. a third edition. A second edition of his 'Explanatory Notes on the Book of Psalms, as used in the Daily Service,' (Bell and Daldy,) is now before us. The design of this work is very simple: it is to give the Prayer-Book Version of Psalms, as arranged for daily use in Church, with brief verbal explanations of such expressions and allusions as may present difficulties to simple readers, and correct translations of passages in which the Prayer-Book Version does not correctly represent the original Hebrew. There are also notices of the circumstances under which it is supposed each Psalm was originally composed, and of the historical references in it. The notes are models of conciseness and perspicuity; and fulfil their intention of clearly indicating the literal meaning of the words of the Psalms. We should be glad to see a further work, like this in compactness, brevity, and clearness, suggesting the Christian (*i.e.* the true) sense of the Psalms as they are to us, the language of prayer and praise. Mr. Hawkins' present work designedly abstains from entering on this subject, which yet we conceive it is most necessary should be brought out, in order to assist Church people in the devotional use of the Psalter. This second edition is so great an enlargement of the former one as to be almost a new work.

The Bishop of Nelson's monograph—he modestly styles it a 'Sketch'—of the 'Life of Walter de Merton' (J. W. Parker), is quite a model of skill in the way of pointing out the sources of history. It does not pretend to completeness, but is planned rather as a guide to future explorers in archæology. The skilful and touching way in which Bishop Hobhouse connects his new duties with the Founder's intentions in his preface, is striking.

We have to recommend to all our readers to support the Marriage Law Defence Association. To speak in the language of an advertisement: the Office is in Parliament Street, Mr. W. M. Trollope is the Secretary; the subscription is small, and the mere money's worth is gained in the publications of the Society. The object is to circulate tracts and appeals, and, in a word, to do for a good object what money and zeal are doing in

a bad cause. To resist, both in Parliament and by petitions, argument, and agitation, the attempt to legalize Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, is a large and difficult work. This work the Association undertakes, and it can only be conducted by an organization large, and influential, and active like the present. A considerable number of publications has already been issued, and we trust that Churchmen will avail themselves of the interval which must elapse before Lord Bury's Bill, now, we suppose, to be backed by Government influence, can reach the House of Lords.

There are certain dishes in good cookery called *surprises*. The joke is to give flesh disguised as fowl, and beef and lamb changing places in form. Something like this ingenious fooling has been practised by the writer of 'Efficient Church Extension immediately possible, by a Layman' (Islip). It is a very clever *reductio ad absurdum* of the admissions of the Evangelical party, and it proves that on their principles neither Church nor ministry is in the least degree required. The whole tract is so cleverly done that we must state that we read two or three pages before we saw the latent irony. We have not seen this tract noticed, but the argument is no contemptible one.

'The London Poor and the Inequality of the Rates, by an East-End Incumbent' (Rymer). We know that this argument is specious, but it resolves itself into a much higher one. It is unquestionable that the pressure of the poor-rate on poor parishes is very great, and the burthen of the poor on rich parishes is very slight. Why not equalize them, and make the rich pay for the poor? Can anything be more fair, or easy, or righteous? Only the solution suggests, why should you stop here? Why not *make*—for here is the essence of the thing—the rich individual divide his income with the poor individual, as well as *make* the rich and poor parishes contribute to a common fund? If there is no reason in one case there is not in another; except just this, that in either case the very existence of property is at stake. We must be aware of these subtler forms of what is neither more nor less than disguised Socialism; and there are indications, not the least of our alarming symptoms, that even in the Clergy are at work principles which in practice would be identical with those of Communism.

'The Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society' (Longman), on the other hand, presents an admirable contrast, both in feeling and principle, to those methods of dealing with the poor which, as in the last-named pamphlet, seem, though perhaps unintentionally, to suggest, that every poor man is, *ipso facto*, wronged and insulted by the mere existence of his richer brethren.

'The Monthly Offertory' (J. W. Parker), by Mr. S. John Tyrwhitt, of S. Mary Magdalen, Oxford, is a very good sermon. But why not a Weekly Offertory?

If Mr. Beckett Denison were not so extremely pert—the word is offensive, but we can find no other which suits his particular mode of thinking, or at least of writing—we should say that he would be a

very useful writer: and among his occasional contributions to the literature of art, his 'Lecture on the dissatisfaction felt with Gothic Architecture,' delivered at the Royal Institution, (J. W. Parker,) would hold a distinguished place; but its good is marred by egotism, and a defiance of every other judgment and intolerance of any other opinion than his own.

Mr. Cecil Wray, in his able sermon, 'The Jew admitted to the Christian Parliament' (J. W. Parker), declines to entertain the question of the actual relations of Church and State. But he assumes a good deal when he attaches the epithet Christian to the Parliament. We own that here we have a difficulty; we do not think that the admission of Jews unchristianized the State, but it is only by a euphemism that the Parliament has for some time been called Christian; it has long been de-christianized. However, we can give high praise to the vigour and soundness of the preacher.

'Conversations on the Catechism' (Mozley). Assuming the form of this production, which is open to question,—the dialogue form having this difficulty, that it is either read exclusively, to the great danger of the substance of the book, or that it is disregarded altogether, and in either case its use being hard to see,—we can recommend without hesitation these two volumes, as a really sound and complete exposition of doctrine. It is almost superfluous to observe, that it displays Miss Yonge's usual cleverness and spirit.

A little periodical,—it is in the shape of a Quarterly, and costs only a penny, the very nadir of these ambitious publications,—the 'Home Mission Field' (Rivingtons), has been undertaken by the energetic Secretary of the Additional Curates Society. We desire to urge on our readers to help this good work.

'Pictures of the Heavens' (Mozley) is really one of the cleverest and most comprehensive manuals of popular Astronomy extant. We believe that its use in families and schools may be made most instructive, and while written in a religious spirit, it is also attractive in style.

'The Healing Art the Right Hand of the Church,' by Therapeutes (Edinburgh: Sutherland), is a thoughtful and important book. It calls attention not only to the necessity which is incumbent on the clergy of learning something of the art of medicine, but it deals with the serious question of the actual connexion of disease with moral and spiritual considerations, and of the power given by the Author of nature over nature in a supernatural dispensation. This is traced historically and treated practically, and illustrated with some instructive authorities. Few books of the day deserve a more thoughtful consideration.

'Lenten Meditations' (Masters), by Mr. S. C. Malan, is a very curious, as well as deeply devotional book. It is beautifully printed, it is highly religious, it is inscribed with the name of a great scholar, and dedicated to the memory of a noble son of the Church of England, and it is a translation, for the most part, of a Russian commentary on a prayer of S. Ephraem. It is difficult to conceive anything which would more forcibly or beautifully bring out both the catholic character and the power of assimilation in our own communion.

Dean Trench's 'Select Glossary' (J. W. Parker), besides being a valuable contribution to scientific philology, is as interesting as a novel. The writer's literature, and good taste, and good feeling, are alike conspicuous in it. We subjoin two or three articles, which will be found more particularly interesting to our readers. We premise a note of our own. 'Boot,' p. 23, was applied to the side portion of a carriage, simply because it was a leathern conveyance; it may be seen in the Lord Mayor's state coach, where the chaplain and sword-bearer are stowed, sideways and crab fashion, in 'the boot.'

'BY AND BY. Now a future more or less remote from the actual present; but when our Version of the Bible was made, the nearest possible future. The inveterate procrastination of men has put "by and by" farther and farther off. Already in Barrow's time it had acquired its present meaning.

"And some counselled the Archbishop to burn me *by and by*, and some other counselled him to drown me in the sea, for it is near hand there."—Foxe, *Book of Martyrs; Examination of William Thorpe*.

"Give me *by and by* [*ἐξ αὐρή*]" in a charger the head of John the Baptist."—Mark vi. 25. Authorised Version.

"These things must first come to pass; but the end is not *by and by* [*ἐν θύτῳ*]."—Luke xxi. 9. Authorised Version.

"When Demophantus fell to the ground, his soldiers fled *by and by* [*ἐν θύτῳ ἐφύγον*]" upon it."—North, *Plutarch's Lives*, p. 303.

'FIRMAMENT. We now use "firmament" only for that portion of the sky on all sides visible above the horizon, having gotten this application of the word from the Vulgate (*Gen.* i. 6), or at any rate from the Church Latin ("*firmamentum* cœleste," Tertullian, *De Bapt.* iii.), as that had derived it from the Septuagint. This by *στέρεωμα* had sought to express the firmness and stability of the sky-tent, which phenomenally (and Scripture for the most part speaks phenomenally) is drawn over the earth; and to reproduce the force of the original Hebrew word,—in which, however, there is rather the notion of expansion than of firmness (see H. More, *Defence of Cabbala*, p. 60). But besides this use of "firmament," totally strange to the classical "*firmamentum*," being derived to us from the ecclesiastical employment of the word, there is also an occasional use of it by the scholarly writers of the seventeenth century in the original classical sense, as generally that which makes strong or confirms.

"I thought it good to make a strong head or bank to rule and guide the course of the waters; by setting down this position or *firmament*, namely, that all knowledge is to be limited by religion, and to be referred to use and action."—Bacon, *Of the Interpretation of Nature*.

"Custom is the sanction, or the *firmament* of the law."—J. Taylor, *Apples of Sodom*.

'LEWD, LEWDNESS. There are three distinct stages in the meaning of the word "lewd;" of these it has entirely overlived two, and survives only in the third, namely, in that of wanton or lascivious. Without discussing here its etymology or its exact relation to "lay," it is sufficient to observe, that, as "lay," it was often used in the sense of ignorant, or rather

'unlearned. Next, according to the proud saying of the Pharisees, "This people who knoweth not the law are cursed" (*John* vii. 49), and on the assumption, which would have its truth, that those untaught in the doctrine, would be unexercised in the practices, of Christianity, it came to signify vicious, though without designating one vice more than others. While in its present and third stage, it has, like so many other words, retired from this general designation of all vices, to express one of the more frequent, alone.

“ ‘ Archa Dei in the olde law Levytes it kepte;
‘ Had never *lewed* men leve to leggen honde on that cheste.”

Piers Ploughman, 7668.

“ ‘ For as moche as the curatis ben often so *lewed*, that thei understonden
‘ not bookis of Latyn for to teche the peple, it is spedful not only to the
‘ *lewed* peple, but also to the *lewed* curatis, to have bookis in English
‘ of needful loore to the *lewed* peple.”—*Wycliffe MSS.* p. 5.

“ ‘ Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and trete,
‘ As *lewed* people demen comunly
‘ Of thinges that ben made more subtilly
‘ Than they can in hir *lewednesse* comprehend.”

Chaucer, *The Squires Tale*.

“ ‘ Neither was it Christ’s intention that there should be any thing in it
‘ [the Lord’s Prayer] dark or far from our capacity, specially since it
‘ belongeth equally to all, and is as necessary for the *lew*d as the learned.”—*A Short Catechism*, 1553.

“ ‘ If it were a matter of wrong or wicked *lewedness* [*ῥαδιούργημα*], O ye
‘ Jews, reason would that I should bear with you.”—*Acts* xviii. 14
‘ Authorised Version.’

‘ NEPHEW. Restrained in our present use to the son of a brother or a sister;
‘ but formerly of much laxer use, a grandson, or even a remoter lineal
‘ descendant. “Nephew” in fact has undergone exactly the same change
‘ of meaning that “nepos” in Latin underwent; which in the Augustan
‘ age meaning grandson, in the post-Augustan acquired the signification of
‘ “nephew” in our present acceptation of that word.

“ ‘ The warts, black moles, spots and freckles of fathers, not appearing at
‘ all upon their own children’s skin, begin afterwards to put forth and
‘ show themselves in their *nephews*, to wit, the children of their sons and
‘ daughters.”—Holland, *Plutarch’s Morals*, p. 555.

“ ‘ With what intent they [the apocryphal books] were first published,
‘ those words of the *nephew* of Jesus do plainly enough signify: After that
‘ my grandfather Jesus had given himself to the reading of the law and the
‘ prophets, he purposed also to write something pertaining to learning and
‘ wisdom.”—Hooker, *Eccelesiastical Polity*, b. v. c. 20.

“ ‘ If any widow have children or *nephews* [*ἐκγόνια*], let them learn first to
‘ show piety at home, and to requite their parents.”—1 *Tim.* v. 4. Autho-
‘ rised Version.’

‘ PERSON. We have forfeited the full force of the statement, “God is no
‘ respecter of persons;” from the fact that “person” does not mean for us

' now all that it once meant. "Person," from "persons," the mask constantly worn by the actor of antiquity, is by natural transfer the part or rôle in the play which each sustains, as *πρόσωπον* is in Greek. In the great tragi-comedy of life each sustains a "person;" one that of a king, another that of a hind; one must play Dives, another Lazarus. This "person" God, for whom the question is not, *what* "person" each sustains, but *how* he sustains it, does not regard.

' "King. What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

' The immediate heir of England! was this easy?

' May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?

' Chief Justice. I then did use the *person* of your father;

' The image of his power lay then in me."

' Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2.

' "Cæsar also is brought in by Julian attributing to himself the honour (if it were at all an honour to that *person* which he sustained) of being the first that left his ship and took land."—Milton, *The History of England*, b. ii.

' "Certain it is, that no man can long put on a *person* and act a part but his evil manners will peep through the corners of his white robe, and God will bring a hypocrite to shame even in the eyes of men."—J. Taylor, *Apples of Sodom*.'

' THOUGHT. Many, as they read or hear in our English Bible these words of our Lord, "Take no *thought* for your life" (*Matt.* vi. 25), are perplexed, for they cannot help thinking that there is some exaggeration in them, that He is urging here something which is impossible, and which, if possible, would not be desirable, but a forfeiting of the true dignity of man. Or perhaps, if they are able to compare the English with the Greek, they blame our Translators for having given an emphasis to the precept which it did not possess in the original. But neither is the fact. "Thought" is constantly *anxious* care in our earlier English, as the examples which follow will abundantly prove.

' "He so plagued and vexed his father with injurious indignities, that the old man for very *thought* and grief of heart pined away and died."—Holland, *Camden's Ireland*, p. 120.

' "In five hundred years only two queens have died in childbirth. Queen Catherine Parr died rather of *thought*."—*Tracts during the Reign of Queen Elisabeth*; *Somers Tracts*, vol. i. p. 172.

' "Harris, an alderman of London, was put in trouble, and died of *thought* and anxiety before his business came to an end."—Bacon, *The History of Henry the Seventh*.'

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1859.

- ART. I.—1. *Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS, F.R.S.E., F.S.A. &c. Edinburgh and London: W. and R. Chambers.
2. *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., F.R.S.E., Dean of Edinburgh. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1858.
3. *Scotland and the Scotch.* By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. Edinburgh: Whyte and Co.
4. *A Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen.* Originally edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. New Edition. Glasgow: Blackie and Son. 1854.
5. *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village.* By THOMAS AIRD. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1857.

THE above works are a sample, and a sample only, of a large class of publications issued by our friends in Scotland; which, whether they consist of solid investigation into antiquity, or pleasant description of sights of travel, or tales and anecdotes illustrative of national character and habits, might with propriety be classed under the comprehensive title of '*Les Ecossais peints par eux-mêmes.*' And ever since Sir Walter Scott made known the riches of his native land, these books, when emanating from writers of such ability as the authors in the above brief list, are sure of a kindly welcome southward of the Tweed and the Cheviots, as well as in the northern capital.

And yet, notwithstanding the possession of so much information, and the increased intercourse between the two countries, we are not aware of any attempt on the part of an English writer to form a fair estimate of Scotland and her people. The Scotchman is indeed, in some sense, known to all the world; and two very distinguished men across the Channel

have published critiques of the Scottish school of metaphysics. The 'Philosophie Ecossaise' of M. Victor Cousin (which has reached a third edition) alludes to at least some general characteristics of the nation; and M. Charles de Rémusat, in an able article¹ on the same subject, has gone into fuller details with considerable success and felicity of touch. It is true, indeed, that English pens and tongues have been employed at times in portraying Scottish character. No sooner had James the 'Sixth and First,' as we have heard him called in Scotland, taken possession of his English throne, than a satirist, as Mr. Chambers shows us, made rhyming jests upon his followers. At a later date, the town rang with the sarcasms of Churchill, when, as Lord Macaulay has told us in his lively manner, the premiership of the Earl of Bute made men wish that the Duke of Cumberland had been even more unmerciful than he proved himself after the battle of Culloden. Again, our fathers have seen upon the stage Sir Archie MacSarcasm and Sir Pertinax MacSycophant: and slightly modified descendants of these gentry may, probably, be traced in some English novels of our own day. But caricatures, being usually based upon half-truths, are not portraits: they bring out blemishes in a strong light, and throw into the shade all compensating excellencies. Another kind of sketch, but almost equally unfair, is furnished by the panegyrists who have been summoned from the South to occupy for a season the rectorial chair in the University of Glasgow, or in the Marischal College at Aberdeen. It is hardly to be expected, perhaps hardly desirable, that noble lords and honourable gentlemen should try the temper of their youthful constituents by commingling with well-deserved eulogies a sprinkling of less palatable, though not less wholesome, censures.

It would be highly presumptuous in us were we to pretend that we can hang upon these volumes a criticism which should supply the *lacuna* thus existing in our literature, and lay before our readers anything like a general characterization of North Britain. It may, however, be possible to indicate certain lines of thought, which shall at least suggest to others some topics which deserve consideration. And if, in the endeavour to point features of distinction, moral, social, and intellectual, between the two portions of Great Britain, we mingle blame with praise, and touch upon defects as well as merits, it will be found that the dispraise can generally be confirmed from Scottish lips, frequently even stated in their very words. And for any who may feel aggrieved, we would call to remembrance the text, so

¹ 'L'Ecosse depuis la Fin du XVII^e. Siècle' (*Revue des deux Mondes*, 1 Avril, 1856.)

happily cited in a well-known passage by Lord Bacon, '*Fidelia vulnera amantis, sed dolosa oscula malignantis.*'

And on one point, at least, we are happy to think that there will be no dispute. Whatever be the relative claims of other countries of Europe, or of other parts of Britain, none will deny to Scotland the possession of a lavish and varied measure of that gift from the hand of God himself, which an eloquent Italian has so justly called the '*divine beauty of created things.*' Sung by poets, limned by painters, yearly visited by thousand tourists, her charms have not been over praised. It is, in very truth, a glorious land. The continental tourist may indeed have seen some marvels of nature which cannot be reproduced for him in Scotland. The unearthly vision of the Bernese or Savoyard Alps, the sunny softness of those olive and chestnut-clad mountains which slope down to the lakes of Northern Italy; these we have not, and cannot have, in Caledonia. But looking at the four portions of the British Isles,—England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland,—the Scot may fairly, we think, claim to be the denizen of what is, upon the whole, the most marvellously and variously beautiful. Particular points may unquestionably be fairly matched. We have heard of a judge, of good repute, selecting Bantry Bay in Ireland as unsurpassable by any piece of scenery in the three kingdoms. Southey and Wordsworth (too much attached to their homes to be fair judges) may have preferred the Lake District of England; and Snowdonia has her own glories, which no lover of nature can presume to estimate lightly. But on the entire case, as lawyers would say, the verdict must, we repeat, in our judgment, be for Scotland. Far be it from us to pretend to the knowledge of one tithe of her sights of fairness, grandeur, and romance of outward guise and inward association; yet enough we do know to be penetrated with a deep and fervent admiration. How easily might a Scot paraphrase a great part of the famous appeal to Italy in the Georgics? *His* mother country, too, can show her illustrious cities, reared at no slight cost of toil, with citadels crowning the summits of precipitous rocks, and noble rivers gliding beneath their ancient walls; she, too, can boast of her twofold waters—the Northern Sea on one side, and the mighty Atlantic on the other. Still more easily could she challenge, with Loch Lomond and Loch Long (or, indeed, perhaps even better with '*still St. Mary's Lake*' and Loch Awe) the beauties of form displayed by Como and the wilder waters of the Lago di Garda.

'Tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem :
Tot congesta manū præruptis oppida saxis :

Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.
 An mare, quod suprà memorem ; quodque alluit infrà ?
 Anne lacus tantos ? te, Lari maxime : teque
 Fluctibus et fremitù, assurgens, Benace, marino ?'

Nor, indeed, need the parallel be confined to merely material objects. The hardy Highlander, the stern Borderer, might once have been taken to represent the Ligurian and the Volsci ; her noble families,—Lindsays, Douglasses, Gordons, and many more,—might stand for Scipios and Camilli ; and Scottish feeling would, at the present moment, incline to find a Cæsar in Lord Clyde, saving the empire from the revolt of the (no longer unwarlike) Indian.

'Hæc genus acre virtûm, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam,
 Assuetumque malo Ligurem, Volcosque verutos
 Extulit : hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,
 Scipiadas duos bello ; et te, maxime Cæsar,
 Qui nunc extremis Asiæ jam victor in oris
 Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.'

Of the climate of Scotland it is impossible to speak so favourably as of the scenery. 'Climate,' says Miss Sinclair, 'is our 'weak side, which all who are censoriously disposed may attack 'with impunity.' It is not that Scotland is so much colder than England ; on the contrary, the winter temperature on the western coast is milder ; in the isles extraordinarily so. Rothesay bears the reputation of being a sort of northern Madeira. Fuschias and myrtles flourish in the open air throughout the winter, and the neighbouring gardens of Lord Bute, at Mount Stuart, display exotics such as few English gardens can exhibit save under the protection of a hothouse. But the amount of rain and of raw and chilling atmosphere on the west, the fogs and bitter east winds on the east, the want of geniality in the spring, all tend to produce a feeling of depression, which is very trying to persons who are in any way invalids or unacclimatized.

Yet even such a climate is not without some compensating charms arising from its very severities. D'Azeglio, in the passage of his 'Ettore Fieramosca,' already referred to, pities the poor inhabitants of the North, declaring that he who has not spent an hour at early dawn on the sea-shore of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies does not yet know, in its fullest extent, 'la divina bellezza delle cose create.' Assuredly (as the writer can testify), to sail into Naples' Bay at sunrise is an event in one's life not easily to be forgotten. Nevertheless, before acting upon the suggestion of the proverb, 'Vedi Napoli e poi mori,' an artistic taste, like that of D'Azeglio, might witness some sights in Scotland of a tendency to mitigate his compassion. Even clouds and mists have

their own peculiar beauty. How much of the attractiveness of many of Turner's finest pictures depends upon the truthfulness with which he has rendered that mysterious semi-transparent veil which often hangs so gracefully over Highland peak and glen; the very indistinctness now stimulating the imagination of the beholder, now giving way to a revelation not unworthy of fancy's most poetic dream. And what shall be said of the *Aurora Borealis*? or, again, of a less fitful and uncertain marvel, those long days which know of no real nights, when, as has happened to the actual page now before the reader, the pen can safely pursue its path until the hour of ten without the aid of artificial light—when the sun's place, just below the horizon, and no more, is distinctly perceptible at midnight, and before three in the morning restores the radiance of the perfect day.

We need not, indeed, pretend, as Tacitus and Juvenal appear to have supposed,¹ that this is the normal condition of the North British day; nor indeed should we desire it. But, for its season, that midnight brightness in the northern sky is something indescribable and unimaginable to those who have never witnessed it. No wonder that it suggests itself to poets as an emblem of the resurrection of the just: even Tertullian, in the famous passage wherein he speaks of the testimony of nature to the doctrine, might have added some fresh image had he been writing in Caledonia instead of Africa.

It is not, however, our purpose to dwell upon these external features of scenery or of climate, excepting in so far as they affect national character. That they have affected it very deeply there can be little doubt. For instance, a mountainous country, though often an object of deep attachment to its natives, is seldom able to provide for their sustenance, far less to open a road to fortune. Hence, as we all know, the Arcadian mercenaries of old, the Swiss guards of continental potentates in modern times, and the Dugald Dalgetty school of Scotland. Hence that much satirized tendency in Scotland to dismiss her sons to seek a career in other countries. In well-known words,

‘She sends her children forth,
Some East, some West, some—ev’rywhere but North.’

And yet it is, we believe, a mistake to imagine that any considerable proportion of her population would remain in foreign

¹ A curious instance of what may be called a half-truth. Tacitus, who had no doubt heard from his father-in-law, Agricola, of the long Scottish twilight, never seems to have suspected that the length of the days about the time of the summer solstice involved a corresponding brevity in the depth of winter. His statement is of a most generic character: ‘Dierum spatia ultra nostri orbis mensuram, et nox clara et extremâ parte Britannis brevis, ut finem atque initium lucis exiguo discrimine internoscas.’ (Agricola, cap. xii.) Precisely similar is Juvenal's allusion, in his second Satire, to the ‘Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.’

climes, or even in England, if their own country offered prizes at all comparable to those to be found elsewhere. 'I mean,' said a respectable small tradesman to an acquaintance of ours, 'to send my son to Oxford. You see, sir, in Scotland he cannot well rise to be more than a lord of the Court of Session, whereas in England there is the Chancellorship and the Archbishoprics.' But, certainly, the retired Indian functionary returns, for the most part, not merely to Scotland, but, if possible, to his own peculiar district, even though it should be among the least favoured by nature in respect of beauty or richness of soil: localism being (as we may have occasion to show) a marked feature in Scottish, as it is in Spanish, patriotism. It is highly characteristic also to find the national love of all that is ancient coming out, even in the studies of the geologist; to hear the late Hugh Miller (democrat as he was in politics) exultingly asserting that the chains of the Alps, and of the mighty Himalayas itself, are but youthful in comparison of the antiquity of certain formations on the west of Scotland. Nor is it less in accordance with the national tone to find the same writer, in his 'First Impressions of England,' remarking on the sameness of Anglian geology, as contrasted with the variety exhibited by North Britain, and playfully asking how men could have been found to fight for a country where it would be almost impossible to find their way home after the battle, excepting by the aid of the milestones. A simile this which will be more than pardoned, nay, heartily sympathized with, by any who may know what it is to compare a residence in the English midland counties with one embracing a view of Arthur's Seat, or the Western Isles, either within or without the Mull of Cantyre.

Nor is Scotland deficient, either in town or country, in that connexion of locality with events which so powerfully affects the human imagination. Sir E. B. Lytton has said a word in favour of London (in 'My Novel'), as being not destitute of poetry to those who know how to look for it aright; but a majority would, we suspect, side with the late Mr. Raikes in assigning a far higher place in this respect to Paris. And without discussing how far the 'fair city' of Perth, or castled Stirling, or, above all, Edinburgh (so grand in position and use of that position, so rich in all historic reminiscences), may also excel most cities of South Britain, we may here illustrate the point, so far as regards rural districts, by a quotation from the well-known letters of that lively Scotch lady, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, where she is criticising the Yorkshire scene-painting of Scott's 'Rokeby,' as distinguished from that of his earlier poems: 'There cannot be a more powerful illustration of Mr. Jeffrey's theory of the necessary connexion between scenery and senti-

'ment to give inanimate beauty its full effect, than the comparatively feeble impression left on the mind by description so fine in itself and so true to its original, for want of those legends and poetical associations by which our Scottish glens and mountains are not only consecrated, but in a degree animated. Observe how rich the notes of Scott's former poems are in allusions to traditions and quotations from local poetry! But where is the local poetry of England? Granville and Pope, of very late years, have celebrated Windsor and the Thames; our own countryman, Thompson, too, hung a wreath on Richmond Hill; but what other place in England can be mentioned that wakes one poetical recollection? Milton's very self has not sanctified a single spot; and Spenser's localities were all in Ireland.'

Again, that the besetting sin of drunkenness is more seductive and prevalent in northern than in southern climes is no new assertion; though it must be owned, that some would represent this feature as one specially attributable to race rather than to climate,—Teutonic blood bearing a sad pre-eminence.

Thus, in a letter of A.D. 747, from a famous Anglo-Saxon missionary, S. Boniface, to an Archbishop of Canterbury, Cuthbert, we find the writer asserting that the vice of inebriety was so common that even bishops fell into it, and enticed other men thereto: an evil, he adds, peculiar to heathens and our own nation; not committed by Frank or Gaul, Greek or Lombard. ('Hoc enim malum speciale est paganorum et nostræ gentis; hoc nec Franci, nec Galli, nec Longobardi, nec Græci faciunt.'¹)

But before we proceed further into the details of national character, it is well that we enunciate some general principles, lest our subsequent remarks upon particular features be misinterpreted. What standard do men adopt, what expectations do they frame, when they sit in judgment upon the character of a nation?

Too often, we fear, the standard is a purely ideal one; just, no doubt, upon abstract principles, but most unjust, as well as unphilosophic and uncharitable, when tacitly erected into a test of the qualities of one people as compared with those of other lands. Men think and speak as if they expected to find the existence of certain conspicuous virtues, unalloyed by the contiguity of particular failings on which those very virtues often nearly border. Of course, goodness need not be thus sullied. We can image to ourselves a country where independence should never degenerate into rudeness, nor carefulness

¹ Letter appended to the late Professor Hussey's excellent edition of '*Bedæ Historia Ecclesiastica*.' (Oxon. 1846, p. 353.)

into meanness; where loyalty should never be servile, nor ambition choose crooked paths as a road to honour; where the nobles should be high-spirited and self-respecting, but never exclusive and proud of birth; where merchants should be active and honourable, but never over-keen in practice nor proud of wealth; where the poor should be intelligent without self-conceit or wilfulness; strict, without any shade of hypocrisy; disinclined to beg, yet devoid of all taint of haughtiness.

Yes; we may imagine such a land; but we shall not find it in this work-day world. Such a people would be a nation of saints, and that nation is as yet unknown. Individual men may, indeed, be happy specimens of that noblest and best independence which is conjoined with true humility; of self-respect, which is unexacting and free from superciliousness; of the endowments of birth, or wealth, or genius, sobered by the ever-present conviction that all these things are as a life-interest only, entailing greater responsibilities upon the possessors. But amongst masses of men we must ever expect to find the very presence of particular virtues involving some degree of the adjacent foibles; and the faults in turn not easily eradicable without the loss of some excellence that was closely allied to it or intertwined. 'Obstinacy,' said Edmund Burke, in a famous speech on American taxation; 'obstinacy is certainly a great vice, and in the changeful state of political affairs, it is frequently the cause of great mischief. It happens, however, very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great and masculine virtues—constancy, gravity, magnanimity, fortitude, fidelity, and firmness—are closely allied to this disagreeable quality of which you [the House of Commons] have so just an abhorrence; and in their excess all these virtues very easily fall into it.'

And if to any nation the appeal not to judge hastily might, with peculiar propriety, be made, that nation assuredly the English. We are not ourselves a people who show to advantage on the first blush; our tourists on the Continent of Europe do not (as a rule) win golden opinions; the real worth and honour, to say nothing of religious feeling, are not exhibited openly and unmistakeably, even when most truly existent. Neither are we, as a nation, considered to display any remarkable qualifications for the formation of a judgment upon other countries. Englishmen are accused of being a set of mere sight-seers, who do not even seek, for the most part, to effect any entrance into good society, but derive their notions of Italy and Belgium, France and Germany, from cab-drivers and landlords, and the chance passengers in the railway-carriage and the diligence. Certainly, the accounts furnished by those who have resided for

a longer period, for example, in Italy, are generally more favourable than those of the passing hasty traveller, as may be seen from the writings of Shelley, Sir F. Palgrave, and others. And even our laugh at the foibles of other nations might be tempered by the recollection of our own; though it must be admitted that the good humour with which an English public endures satiric representations of its own minor defects might be held up as an example for imitation to neighbours, both in higher and in lower latitudes.

One more cognate statement of a general principle, and we shall be ready to plunge *in medias res*. There is, of course, much in Scotland that is common to British nature—much that is common to human nature in general. Were it not for the presence of such universal characteristics, Aristotle and Shakespeare could never have mapped out the territory of humanity with such wonderful success. But there is also much that usually, and almost inevitably, arises in a smaller community which stands in close alliance with a larger one. When a nation, numbering only some three millions and a half of souls, is under the same government as a neighbouring country with more than fifteen millions, the more populous country being at the same time (more than proportionably) richer, there will be a tendency in the smaller body to hold together, as the only chance of retaining influence, and to be extremely sensitive to the criticism of the larger country, and, half-insensibly, to adopt much of its habits and general culture.

And now to come at length to details. The first point on which we propose to touch is that of the intense roughness of manner displayed by the lower classes of Scotch Lowlanders. We put this in the first place, not only as being, perhaps, the most obvious and marked distinction between the two sides of the border, but because it is probably the one characteristic which, beyond all others, makes a prolonged residence in Scotland so intolerable to many Englishmen, and to still more Englishwomen.

We say a prolonged residence; for this trial will, in many cases, be but little felt by the summer-tourist. Such a one, enjoying his holiday, in good temper with himself and the world at large, keeping to what may be termed the Anglicised parts of Scotland, and seeing chiefly those to whom his class is a livelihood, will probably be surprised at the outcry upon this head. But let him retire to some district where English habits are comparatively unknown, and exchange his vacation-inspired glee for the soberness of regular occupation; and if he has been accustomed to the kind of attention which even the most unpre-

tending gentleman obtains in an English village, he will soon be sensible of a constant succession of minor jars, and learn to appreciate the full force of Horace Walpole's apostrophe, 'All hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life, how much smother do ye make the road of it!'

Now, that this roughness is a fact, we shall venture to assume. Proof, if requisite, could be found in abundance; but none is needed. Scotch ladies who have spent a few years in England, Ireland, or France, will probably speak more strongly than any one. We pass, then, from the fact, firstly, to its causes; and, secondly, to the way in which, we humbly conceive, an English resident should meet it.

And as to cause, we look upon this roughness as being in great part a matter of race. That some great distinction exists between the mass of the Teutonic race, as opposed to those of Latin origin, is evident from the most superficial glance. That difference struck Tacitus of old; that difference exhibited itself in its most marked form at the epoch of the Reformation, which (as a rule, though not an invariable one) the Teuton accepted, and the Roman stock as utterly rejected. But among the virtues of the Germanic races, which are many, inborn courtesy, and fine tact in the perception of the causes of offence, can scarcely be said to occupy a conspicuous place. An observant traveller who enters Germany from the side of France, or from 'il bel paese, dove 'l sì suona,' can hardly fail to mark the contrast. If any doubt exist, we may appeal to the experience of poor Heinrich Heine, who will be admitted as a competent witness on such a point, whatever be thought of his sentiments on politics or religion. When that eccentric poet, having made Germany too hot to hold him, had taken up his residence in Paris, his first impressions are thus put on record by himself: 'Politeness and good-humour were written on every countenance. If any one inadvertently jostled me without asking my pardon, I could safely wager that it was one of my countrymen; and if any fair one displayed a grim and sour expression, I was sure that she had drunk vinegar, or could read Klopstock in the original.'¹

¹ Les Aveux d'un Poète. (*Revue des deux Mondes*, tome vii. p. 1,175, A.D. 1854.)

It may be objected that the Normans, 'the patricians of the world' (as Sir E. B. Lytton calls them), are, after all, Teutons. We reply, *firstly*, that there are exceptions to all rules; and, *secondly*, that we never questioned the capability of some branches of this race for attaining refinement by intermixture with other nations. 'The Normans,' says Lord Macaulay, 'rapidly acquired all, and more than all, the knowledge and refinement which they found in the country where they settled.' An illustration in our own day may be suggested by the following extract from a description of Lower Canada. 'The politeness, courtesy, and hospitality of the French Canadians are worthy of the highest admiration. . . . The courteous

But the Englishman, it will be replied, is not of Latinised race, any more than the Scotchman. That is true; but it does not follow that the Lowland Scotchman has not remained a more pure type of the Saxon—less changed by fusion with any foreign elements—less altered by other influences, to which we may advert hereafter. And if it be maintained (as it is by high authorities) that the English north of the Trent are substantially of the same race as that of the Scottish Lowlands, it must also be admitted that the Yorkshireman is a rougher being, less deferential to superiors, than the Devonian.

Thus much as regards what is probably the main source of this peculiarity. Now as to the mode in which an English resident should reason and act concerning it. When he has witnessed the manner in which the Scotch give and take among themselves (the very boys at Edinburgh knocking one another about in a manner we have never seen in an English city), he is half inclined to doubt whether he may not be compelled, in self defence, to employ similar weapons—to meet roughness with roughness, defiance with defiance, and ignore the precept which teaches that ‘a soft answer turneth away wrath.’

And yet such a course of conduct would be not only morally indefensible, but likewise a decided blunder. If some lack of civilization be apparent among the lower classes in Scotland, yet it must be remembered that the very unconsciousness, which makes their tuition in these matters more difficult, does at the same time render the fault far less grievous, and should induce on our part a more charitable view. The same act of rudeness which in England might be a just cause of offence ought not to be hastily considered such in Scotland; because a very little investigation will, in the great majority of cases, show us that the perpetrator had no idea of the annoyance that he was causing. Not unfrequently, while you are still indignant at the supposed insult, he will offer, in the innocence of his heart, some casual act of attention. Many there are, no doubt (for the Scotch are ever in extremes), who display remarkable quickness of perception, and felicity in every turn of speech. But those who do fail, fail utterly, and inflict, as we have intimated, wounds on all sides, without the faintest consciousness of what they are doing. Some two sessions since, Lord Lyndhurst observed, in the Upper House, that even the Lord Chief Justice seemed unaware of the severity of his own language in speaking, and that the same noble author had recently sent to him

demeanour of this race has greatly modified the natural roughness of some old country-folk, who have grown up in daily intercourse with them, and to this influence is attributed the charm of Lower Canadian society.’ (‘Lectures on Canada,’ by Rollo Campbell, Esq., of Montreal-Greenock. 1857.)

(Lord Lyndhurst) a volume of his 'Lives,' in which the conduct of Lord Lyndhurst was very sharply handled. It is rare, indeed, to find this lack of sensibility extending to the higher ranks in Scotland, who generally display the most finished tact and courtesy; but it may constantly be witnessed in the uneducated, or among those who are the architects of their own fortune. Even in their very compliments, the lower Scotch often say precisely the very thing that is least acceptable to the recipient. But it is not, we repeat, fair or charitable to consider unintentional affronts or misdirected compliments in the light of intended insults or ironic sarcasm. Let not the Englishman in Scotland believe that the undoffed hat, the curt reply, the apparent assumption of equality, all spring from deliberate effrontery, and are wholly beyond the reach of southern influence. In part they are the custom of the country, in part they arise from ignorance, and from the great width of the gulf that exists between the upper and the lower classes. If you are not distinctly, by title or estate, a member of the higher orders, or plainly admitted to fraternize with them, you are almost universally assumed to be one of the many. Nevertheless, they are accessible in due time to more favourable impressions; they are people of reasoning habits, not of mere impulse; the severest censure they can pass on an action (short of its being criminal) is that 'it was irrational.' And true self-respect, which is neither timid nor haughty, will in time have its own weight. Among the many anomalies of Scotch character is a tendency to appreciate refinement and gentleness, even on the part of those who seem, at the first glance, not to be cognizant of the very existence of such qualities. In England, the outward manifestation is so much a matter of habit that it cannot always be relied upon. We remember a case where a midland-county rector, who was a father to his flock, had, after a succession of kind acts, supplied money to a labouring family in his parish, in order that they might emigrate to America. Among the earliest communications from the *paterfamilias* to his friends was one which expatiated on the delights of living in a country where a man need not wear out the brim of his hat by touching it to persons who claimed to be his betters. The true Scot is very reticent, even more so than the Englishman, and though he is slow to exhibit gratitude for favours by words, yet strives to the utmost of his power to repay all kindnesses by actions. And if we could hope to affect the conduct of any English person whose lot is cast among the Scotch, our strenuous advice would be, to have faith in the existence of a fund of better qualities under the outward appearance of whatever seems, at first sight, strange, or even repulsive,

and to persevere in the cultivation of all friendly relations, in full assurance of the ultimate advent of a mutual co-understanding, and often of a hearty goodwill. You above all, ye fair brides, who have been won from English hearths, to become mistresses of mansions beyond the Cheviots, do not faint at the seeming bleakness of the social atmosphere around you. Do not believe that the welcome which greeted your first entrance to your new home was a mere unmeaning shout; pardon for a season the absence of the kind of deference to which you have been accustomed; and do not beseech your lord, by the love he bears you, to spend as much time as possible far away from so peculiar a race. In time you will reap your reward. That maiden, whose look seems somewhat downcast, whose speech is scanty, and so seldom interspersed with the expected 'Ma'am,' whose manner may seem to you to hint a profound belief in co-equality of station, may prove something far different. Above all, if it fall to her lot to be visited by any form of sorrow, of which it is not in her power to talk freely to associates in her own class, *then*, if you show how a Southron can sympathize, the effect is magical indeed. For the Scotch, though they bear trouble with much dignity, and in an uncomplaining spirit, are perhaps, from that very circumstance, somewhat hard to one another. They do not look for much pity, and in turn they are chary of it; the more delicately-strung fibres of the human heart find no ready solace when they have been rudely jarred; and therefore, when that unexpected succour arrives, it is prized in proportion to its rarity. True, no profusion of thanks will flow, no blessings will be loudly invoked; but never, while life lasts, will the remembrance of that kindness perish. No trouble will be deemed too much, no sacrifice too great; in the hour of sickness, of trial of your own, there will be displayed an amount of attention, of forethought, of anticipation of all your wants, that will force you to confess that nowhere upon earth is gratitude more deep, nowhere fidelity more durable and true.

The first shock occasioned by the absence of outward marks of respect frequently makes an Englishman inclined to preserve silence, when he might have a chat with a Scotch laundress, or gardener, or person of similar station. The loss is great. If, instead of retiring into himself, and making the Caledonians believe that the English are more reserved and taciturn (not to say haughty) than themselves, he will boldly break the ice, and converse with such, he will be surprised at the intelligence manifested, the knowledge, especially of the history of Scotland, the logical sequence of the remarks, and the vigour of expression. He may not indeed meet with an embodiment of Mr.

C. Reade's somewhat idealized 'Christie Johnstone;' but it will often suggest to him that the colouring of the novelist is laid upon a substratum of fact. Still more frequently will he be reminded of traits, favourable or unfavourable, which he has read of in Sir Walter Scott: Meg Dodds, and Morse Headrigg, and Andrew Fairservice, and Richie Moniplies, and Jeanie Deans still live, not on paper merely, but in the actual world, despite all the changeful influences of the nineteenth century. The Scotch are conservative of character; perhaps most races of any vigour are so. The Greek is still a lover of knowledge, the active and sometimes the over-acute trader. Napoleon found in the modern Spaniard the *Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre*, and endowed with that marvellous power of standing sieges, which Livy had celebrated of old. The truthfulness and independence of Germania was contrasted by the pen of Tacitus with the servility of the spirit of Rome under the empire. With respect to Scotland, the voice of the stranger has usually culled out the least pleasing traits; but it is difficult to repress a smile at their reproduction. 'These people,' said a young Oxonian to a lady in 1857, 'may be great philosophers, but they are uncommonly rude.' 'They are,' writes Froissart, about A.D. 1400, 'naturally fierce and unpolished; in Scotland there is little or no politeness.' Churchill, under George III., in 1763, pours forth his bitter and envenomed satire; and thus, in well-known lines, describes the interlocutors of his poem:—

'Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage born and bred.

Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose,
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
Where, from their youth inured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.'

But Servetus, Calvin's unfortunate victim, anticipates Churchill.¹ 'They are most friendly (he is writing in 1533) to the French, most hostile to the King of England. Men of quick temperament (*subita ingenia*), fierce, and eager for revenge. Brave in war, most patient of hunger, cold, and watching; of well-made form, but *somewhat negligently attired*; by nature envious, and despisers of the rest of mankind; they set forth rather too prominently their claims to high birth, and even in the extremest poverty claim royal descent (*ostentant plus nimio nobilitatem suam et in summâ etiam egestate suam*

¹ Cited by Sir James Mackintosh (Ethical Philosophy) in a note to his critique upon Hutcheson.

'*genus ad regiam stirpem referunt*'), and moreover amuse themselves with dialectical subtleties.'

We have known English gentlemen, who have become accustomed to the strong sense displayed in the conversation of the lower orders in Scotland, somewhat spoiled for the talk of the English rural labourer. There can, indeed, be no doubt on which side lie the powers of expression. Both are fond of long words, but with this important difference, that the Scot, in nine cases out of ten, employs them with perfect correctness, while the Englishman, in almost similar proportions, misuses them. We subjoin a few examples, which we *know* to be genuine. 'Very wrong of her not to write; keeping her husband in such a *dispense*.' 'I never tried to learn astronomy; it's such an *obtuse* science.' 'Here, sir, are the parish accounts; on one side is what we've received, on the other what we have *disbusted*.' These are from respectable English people, of farmers' families. We turn to Scotland. 'I hope my dog knows you,' said the owner of a mastiff to one of a staff of gardeners who had been rather alarmed at the animal's size and voice. 'I'm *no* afraid,' was the reply; 'she was frolicsome at first, and intimidated some of them.' Another, a tailor, suggested to a gentleman a plan for the improvement of a cloth-covered door; and, having executed the alteration, asked for approbation, saying; 'Mr. —, please come and look at it; I don't think it's at all detrimental to the dignity of the door.'

The Scotch are fond of general propositions, and seem naturally to throw incidental remarks into that shape. Many will remember Sidney Smith's account (if not *vero*, at any rate *ben trovato*) of the lady at the Edinburgh ball, discoursing to her partner: 'Ah! my lord, what you say may be *verra* true of love in the *aibstract*, but,' &c. In like manner, a man who rather shrunk from the contact with a large dog passing by him, and was assured by the quadruped's mistress of its perfect harmlessness, replied, in the writer's hearing, '*Yaas, yaas*, but a sense of self-preservation makes one *hesitate*.' They sometimes give a curt reply, not in a spirit of incivility, but from non-perception of the point aimed at by the inquirer. We have stood by while a gentleman asked a gardener how in the world he contrived to raise so many *double* stocks from his seed. A long description of the means employed was looked for; but the sole reply was, 'Oh! I just write to Mr. Broon.'

Their matter-of-fact temperament exhibits itself in curious forms. In all other lands that we know of, 'Good day,' or 'Good night,' is a mere salutation, an expression of good-will, which is reciprocated in the same terms. Such will be the reception, for instance, accorded to '*Bon soir*' in France, '*Felice notte*' in Italy, or

'*Noos dah*' in Wales. But, in Scotland, the 'Good night' is replied to, at least by the rural habitant, with 'It is: ' you are supposed to have made the assertion that the night is a fine one; and the correctness of that assertion is confirmed. Nevertheless, your friend likes this interchange of sentiment; and if (a too common case) the day be rainy, you have only, as you pass, to ejaculate the word 'Soft; ' to which he will reply with a nod, 'Soft; ' and the ceremony of mutual salutation is complete.

The Scotch accentuation is often strange to an English ear. It admits, of course, of many local varieties. Dean Ramsay gives, as illustrations of the two extremes, the Angus (or slow and broad), the Aberdeen (or quick and sharp), '*bruts and shoon*,' '*beets and sheen*.' Without professing to admire such specimens, we must be allowed to think a modified Scotch accent often extremely pretty, while even its least pleasing changes are far less offensive than the broad Yorkshire or the Somersetshire dialect. And, really, how many minor foibles one ought to pardon in a people who never wound our ears by the misplacing of a single aspirate, never insert it when unneeded, nor omit it when it is due.

As we have said so much about Scotch roughness, it is only fair to add that their gentry, in turn, often complain of the conduct of English tourists, especially, it is believed, those from manufacturing towns, whose pertinacity in intruding into private grounds, and staring in at windows of private residences, is often very conspicuous. This is sometimes done by persons who would not act similarly in England, but who appear to imagine that on a journey, and amongst wild scenery, there is something rather grand in the exhibition of superiority to conventionalities and etiquette. It should also be added, that whatever civilities a Scotchman *does* offer, and they are not few when that crust of reserve is once broken, are decidedly more free than the attentions of Englishmen in the same class, from any *arrière pensée* of pecuniary reward.

We can hardly speak too highly of the admirable manner in which the Scotch subdue their mother earth. Amidst the rich pastures of the Lothians, and still more wonderfully in less fertile districts, their skill and perseverance deserve the triumph which they win. Often have we watched the farmer and his men toiling at fields whose angle of elevation and rocky substrata would reduce a midland-county tenant in England to despair. Touching the more ornamental process of gardening, it is enough to remind our readers that, for more than a century past, the head-gardener of English nobles and gentry has been continually found to be of northern origin.

Other points, though many must of necessity be passed in

silence, will be touched upon, when we arrive at the consideration of the state of morality and education in Scotland. But it would be most unjust to conclude this imperfect and fragmentary account of the social characteristics without adverting to the noble independence displayed by the Scottish rural poor, under the pressure of want. We are well aware that all parts of England are not alike in this respect; but, in a general way, the Scotch seem, to us, far less willing to beg than the natives of South Britain. We remember staying in a West-Anglian district, where machinery had seriously affected the gains of the poor. Now, that under the first operation of such a crisis they should appeal to their wealthier neighbours was natural and reasonable enough; but unfortunately (as our host, a man of kindness as well as wisdom, remarked to us) their self-respect was lost in the process, and they became, every Christmas, regular petitioners for aid. Such a result could hardly, we believe, have ensued in any portion of the Scottish lowlands. The impossibility of offering remuneration for a favour descends, as we have already intimated, to a much lower social level than in England. Thus, for example, Hugh Miller,¹ in narrating the unsuccessful endeavours of a minister to procure some petrifications for Sir G. Mackenzie, of Coul, adds quite simply, 'the minister, in the extremity of the case, applied to my uncles, though with some little unwillingness, as it was known that no remuneration for their trouble could be offered to them. My uncles were, however, delighted with the commission; it was all for the benefit of science; and providing themselves with torches and a hammer, they set out for the caves.' Now 'my uncles' were respectively a cartwright and a mason.

Money offered without service rendered is often simply declined. We have walked through a set of haymakers on a thirsty day, and held out some small coinage as an indirect means of lightening the toil. English or Irish labourers would not have hesitated: in Scotland we met with a respectful refusal. Often too, when some favour has been done, the proffered remuneration is objected to, as being too large, and only half accepted. Strangely enough, the same man would sometimes rather overcharge in the way of ordinary business. The smaller tradesmen are inclined to err in this way, in Scotland,—as, indeed, where are they not? On the other hand, the civility, intelligence, and promptitude displayed by the large firms in the principal Scottish cities are above all praise.

And here we are tempted to confirm the results of our own observation by the testimony of others. The praise shall be

¹ 'My Schools and Schoolmasters,' p. 70.

from an English, the dispraise from a Scottish pen. 'The leading national faults,' writes Mr. Aird, 'are a want of courtesy and softness in the expression of even their best affections; suspicion and illiberality in their estimate of strangers, and of such as differ from them in their set opinions and modes of living; disputatious habits, pride, and self-sufficiency.' 'The Scotch,' says the author of 'Christie Johnstone,' 'are icebergs, with volcanoes underneath; thaw the Scotch ice, which is very cold, and you shall get at the Scotch fire, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain!'

In turning from the lower to the higher classes of Scotland, it is impossible not to be struck with the rapid process of what may be termed Anglization, which has taken place during the last half century. The increased facility of intercourse is one main cause of this change. Railways are rapidly destroying the peculiarities of remote districts. Poetic minds, witness Messrs. Kingsley, Ruskin, Tennyson, not unnaturally lament this tendency towards uniformity. But religion and philosophy must be content to accept it as a fact which is beyond all human control, and therefore a part of the Providential dispensation of the age in which our lot is cast. Such an admission does not, of course, necessitate the conclusion that the change is in all respects, or even mainly, for the better; we believe it to have both aspects; but, while sympathising with those regrets, yet incline to the more hopeful view:—

αἰῶνον, αἰῶνον εἰπέ, — τὸ δ' ἐδ' οὐκ ἔκδρα.

Gone, and gone for ever, is the day when a Scotch lady of birth and station could say, as Dean Ramsay tells us, 'I did na ken ye were i' the toun.' Descending in the scale of society, and probably disappearing, is that rich and racy language in which Burns, and Leyden, and Allan Cunningham have sung, and of which Professor Wilson exhibited the remarkable powers in his '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.' The youthful maiden of gentle birth, and her brother, are now educated in England, or by English teachers; or perhaps imbibe the Southern accent from a mother's lips. Marriage has done very much in this process of assimilation. Of the fair wearers of Scottish coronets, more than one-third (among the reigning peeresses) have been brought from England, and the remainder includes some few from Ireland or the Continent. Nor does even the statement of this large proportion impart a correct idea of the influence of the southern blood. For while (speaking roughly) the nobles who have only Scottish titles marry in their own country, those who have seats in the House of Lords, either as representative peers, or by

virtue of British titles, run the risk of fascination from Southern beauties who meet their gaze in the great metropolis. Now the latter nobles are, as a class, the more wealthy and powerful, though not necessarily the more ancient; and some opinion of the danger they incur may be formed from the fact, that of all the duchesses in Scotland, one only, we believe, is Scotch.

It is obvious that such intermarriage must greatly affect the national character. The young laird, or noble, with an English wife and English mother, visiting among relatives on both sides of the border, cannot possibly, by habits any more than by blood, be the same as the son of unmixed Scotch descent. That this change has, in many respects, a very beneficial aspect appears to us unquestionable. Nevertheless, so rare upon earth is anything like unchequered advantage, that we can thoroughly enter into the feelings of Scottish gentlemen, when they mention two points wherein the gain is partially balanced. It is a bright and conspicuous feature in the noble houses of Scotland, that they extend their care and interest to the cadets of their race in a manner that is all but unknown in England. 'While the late Lady —— was alive,' said a friend to the writer, 'she was to all the nieces and cousins like the ring to a bunch of keys. The new peeress is English; very winning and lady-like, but she does not enter into such feelings.' Nor will we contest the justice of a certain partiality in favour of Scottish ladies on the ground that even if, as some have thought, inferior in beauty, they display more *verve* and originality of sentiment, more marked individuality, than the great majority of their Southron sisters.

But the most singular and patent distinction between the English and the Scotch nobility is the wide-spread nomenclature of the latter as contrasted with the limited circulation of the former. Let us take some six or eight of the noblest and most historic names of England,—as, for instance, Neville, Courtenay, Howard, Grey, Percy, Stanley, Talbot, Seymour. None of these names could dream of competing in point of numbers with the far-famed appellations of Smith, Jones, and Robinson; and though we might undoubtedly meet with scions of these distinguished races in very humble stations, yet we certainly should not expect to come across them at every turn; to be buying our cheese and butter of a Neville, lodge at an inn kept by a Courtenay, deal with a Howard as our chemist, and number a Grey and Percy among our servants. And yet, what would be a parallel to this literally happens in every moderate-sized town in Scotland. Your grocer is a Stewart, your landlord a Macdonald, your postmaster a Sinclair, your draper a Graham or a Campbell, your boatman a Lindsay, and so forth.

Not less strange to an English ear is the extreme localism of the names of the leading gentry of many districts. We may assume that the deputy-lieutenants of counties are fair representatives of that class. In Lanarkshire there are three Hamiltons, three Lockharts, three Campbells; in Argyllshire (out of a list of some forty), three Camerons and twelve Campbells; the twenty-eight of Banffshire include five Duffs and an equal array of Gordons; in Caithness, the house of Sinclair occupies eight places out of three-and-twenty; and the clan Mackenzie bears nearly the same proportion to the smaller total of Cromarty. The Dumfriesshire list exhibits five Johnstons and seven Maxwells: Ogilvy is strong in Forfar; Baillie and Fraser, with Grant and Mackintosh, in Inverness. Stewart predominates in Wigtonshire; Mackenzie again takes the lead in Rosshire, being more than a fourth part of the entire number. Our English readers will at once see the impossibility of constructing any corresponding catalogue of the names of the landed gentry in the counties of the South.

The truth is, that there are but few names in Scotland. Antiquaries of great celebrity assign as one cause of this peculiarity the admitted fact, that it used to be common for individuals, and even for an entire clan that was *broken* (as it was termed) by the loss of an acknowledged chieftain, to seek for admission into another and more powerful clan, of which they adopted the name. But even this shows one of those differences in the form¹ which aristocratic feeling adopts in different countries; for it would hardly, we imagine, in any age have been deemed a compliment by an English noble family for inferiors to assume their surname.

Our first impression, on looking over the Scottish peerage, is that its nobility is far more ancient than the English; and that a much larger proportion of the English titles have died out. A close examination of the facts will tend in some degree to diminish the force of this impression; yet not, we think, in such wise as to render it other than substantially correct. The abating circumstances are, firstly, the consideration that, by the Act of Union in the reign of Queen Anne, the sovereign lost the power of creating any more peers of Scotland. Since that time many Scotchmen have been raised to the peerage of Great Britain, but no names have been added to the 'Union List' of A.D. 1707, save only such as have proved claims to dormant

¹ A curious exemplification of this difference may be seen in the famous *Memoires* of the Duc de Saint Simon (tome 2, chaps. xxi, xxv.). No courts could well be more particular on subjects of etiquette and precedence than those of Versailles, under Louis XIV., and Madrid under Philip V. Yet how opposite, in many features, were their respective modes of exhibiting their sentiments.

titles: consequently, there cannot be a peer of Scotland whose patent of *noblesse* is of less than 150 years standing, and oblivion or ignorance of this fact may mislead the mere registrar of statistics, who should compare the average antiquity of any twenty or thirty peerages of the respective divisions of Great Britain. The greater strictness of the Scotch law of entail may also have had its influence, both in preserving to the title the ancestral lands, and, consequently, the means of support, and likewise in rendering it worth while for distant heirs to lay claim to honours which would not involve the successful pursuer in mere unrequited expenditure.

Then, again, the Scottish patents have been far more frequently extended beyond the direct line of heirs male. The importance of this proviso may be estimated by the consideration that the oldest English barony (De Ros), and the oldest English dukedom (Norfolk), would both have been in danger of being blotted out from our national *Libro d'Oro*, had not the former been transmissible through the female line, and the latter through collateral branches. But this latter feature, though it in some measure serves to account for the fact, does not alter it. The peerage roll of Scotia, though reduced by extinctions to little more than one half of its number in 1707, yet certainly exhibits not only a more ancient, but also a more historic list of names than that of England, one more associated too, for the most part, with their place of sojourn. That history is, indeed, in many respects far from favourable. The Norman origin of at least one-half of the ennobled houses appears to have led to a degree of sympathy with England, which but too often resulted in unfaithfulness to the land of their adoption. And it must, we fear, be said, that in no other country would Mary Queen of Scots have met, even in spite of her morality, with such unchivalrous and unmanly treatment. Of course, against this we should have set the gallant band from four great houses who gathered round Robert the Bruce; and the unconquerable hearts who laid down their lives for the cause of the Covenant, or of Royalty, or again for an exiled dynasty in the conflicts of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries; or that devoted ring of earlier days, who perished around their sovereign's standard on the fatal field of Flodden. And, in truth, the history of the Scotch nobility is perhaps only one of the many exemplifications of a leading idea of which we shall have occasion to speak, namely, the intensity of all thought and action, alike for evil and for good, in Scotland.

But the fact of antiquity remains; and of its influence upon the human mind there can be no question; that influence being often (as Sir F. Palgrave justly remarks) most attested by those who denounce and oppose it the most vehemently. There is,

indeed, a greatness which achieves position *per saltum*; the historic position of a Cardinal Wolsey throws into the shade the butcher's stall from which he sprung; and Napoleon Buonaparte may proclaim that his patent of nobility dates from the night of Montenotte. Yet even Napoleon could at another time regret that his dynasty was too young, and utter the well-known wish, '*Ah! si j'étais mon petit-fils.*' The results of time are indeed incommunicable. There was a day when the head of the Plantagenets was the simple forester Torquatus, and the Bourbons, now the oldest royal house in Europe, are described by Dante as a race

Per cui la Francia e novellamente retta,

and declared to have descended, like Wolsey, from a butcher. But such reflections, though well calculated to expose the absurdity of those who would wish to close the Golden Book, now that their own names are inscribed therein, or who talk of *parvenus* peers, as if their own ancestors had not once been considered such, cannot alter the existing dispensation of things, cannot take away antiquity of race from those to whom God has given it, nor impart it to those who have it not. And this fact is certainly more constantly brought before one in Scotland than in any other portion of Great Britain. Your friend — cannot meet you to-day; he is bound to be present at the funeral of the Earl of —, the fourteenth of his line. You meet Baroness —, a peeress in her own right, and you find that her ladyship is the eighteenth in the list. Even the names least known in England are often among the most ancient and conspicuous in Scottish, though not in British, history. It is so again with numbers of the untitled landed gentry. An English reader, on opening the title-page of the '*History of Literature in Ancient Greece*,' may expect to see the author's name announced as he was then generally known in England, viz. Colonel Mure, M.P. Somewhat to his surprise he finds simply '*William Mure, of Caldwell.*' But a residence in Scotland would soon teach him that the simpler appellation is by far the grander.

'The Mures of Caldwell are immediately descended from Sir Reginald More, or Mure, of Abercorn, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland, who appears in that office in the year 1329, 'the first of the reign of David II.'¹ Elizabeth Mure was married to her cousin, Robert, Earl of Strathern, Steward of Scotland, who, in A.D. 1371, succeeded to the throne as

¹ Caldwell Papers, p. 3 (Maitland Club publications), Glasgow, 1854. Mr. Carlyle in his *Cromwell*, if we recollect aright, calls this lady Elizabeth Mure of Caldwell. This is practically true, but not literally so; the Mures were then of Rowallan.

Robert II. Thus she became the mother of the whole blood-royal of that race, and, therefore (by the female line), of our present gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria.

But there is another reason (already alluded to) beside strictness of entails, or capacious patents, for the long continuance of Scottish families; and it is one which reflects the highest credit upon national character. It is this, that respect and attention which heads of Scottish houses, far more than ever do their English neighbours, pay to the cadets of the family. The feeling which prompts the scion of an English noble house to say, 'Lord —— was very low, his father was only an attorney,' when the person spoken of has inherited an ancient title from a distant relative, is all but unknown in Scotland. Lord Lindsay, if we recollect aright, seems fully disposed, in his admirable '*Lives of the Lindsays*,' to recognise the claims of some farmers in the Lothians to a descent from that justly popular and time-honoured stock. And surely such a sentiment is far more truly aristocratic, in the very best sense of the term, than an ignoble contempt for distant connexions, because they are no longer in flourishing circumstances. The thorough recognition of persons living in poverty and retirement, but of good birth and manners, has often struck us very much, as well as the fearless self-respect with which the condition is faced and acquiesced in on the side of the recipient. Often may scenes be witnessed, such as one of the most graceful of French tale-writers, M. Octave Feuillet, has introduced into his latest story, where a lady thus circumstanced avows: '*Je ne suis pas loin de croire que Dieu a voulu réduire quelques uns d'entre nous à une vie étroite, afin que ce siècle grossier, matériel, affamé d'or, ait toujours sous les yeux, dans nos personnes, un genre de mérite, de dignité, d'éclat, où l'or et la matière n'entrent pour rien,—que rien ne puisse acheter,—qui ne soit pas à vendre! Telle est, mon cousin, suivant toute apparence, la justification providentielle de votre fortune et de la mienne.*'

And having said thus much about the higher and the lower classes in Scotland, it is high time to add something concerning the relations between them. These, to an English eye, appear to the last degree anomalous and paradoxical. It would not be difficult to maintain with plausibility either side of the question, 'Whether the superiors in station have more or less influence over their inferiors than the corresponding classes in England?' With respect to ordinary outward signs there could, indeed, be no dispute. A Scotch noble, walking in his own park, does not meet with the amount of outward demonstrations of respect from his own tenantry, which the English peasant commonly bestows even on a stranger having the aspect of a gentleman. The wife of a

country vicar in England receives more of the merely external marks of deference than a peeress in Scotland. And there are certainly many things which occur to an English gentleman as a matter of course, which could not be attempted in North Britain, without exciting much astonishment, ill-will, and possibly something like open revolt. Thus, for instance, an English gentleman who has received some provocation at the hands of a villager, will occasionally threaten to remove his custom from its shops, unless the perpetrator be discovered. Such a step would rarely, if ever, be thought of in Scotland. In like manner, many a great lady on the north side of the Tweed will abstain from playing a chorus from Handel on her piano on Sunday, lest it should offend her Presbyterian servants.

Speaking generally, the gulf between the higher and lower classes is much greater in Scotland. There appears to be a want of a refined middle class, capable of associating with the great without making pretensions to their state. There is likewise, we think, a lack of those sports which are common to very different ranks of society. Golf and curling may occasionally bring into contact the peasant and the baronet, the peer and his tenantry; but there is little hunting, and cricket is an exotic, which can hardly be said to have taken root as a national pastime. Now following the hounds is, in rural England, as popular with the farmers as with the dukes. The veriest hinds, for example, complain, as we once heard in a midland county village, that the famous 'Pytchley Hunt' had only met there twice that season. And the apparent surprise expressed by the late Hugh Miller, on seeing Lord Lyttelton and his sons at cricket with the tenantry, shows how novel was such a sight to his eyes. But far more calculated, we believe, to create a feeling of distance, has been the difference of religion between the two orders of society,

And yet he who should hence arrive at the conclusion, that the lower classes in Scotland cared but little for their superiors, would be utterly mistaken. Although prepared to resist interference (as the entire history of the Free Kirk shows) in certain departments of thought and action—although well-nigh utterly severed from their influence in those mercantile cities which are the seats of the *nouveaux riches*, it yet remains true, that the mass of the Scotch look up to the great houses as their natural leaders, with a respect for their rank, and a homage to their historic traditions, that are all but unknown in South Britain. The width of the gulf to which we have referred is not sought to be lessened, but is openly proclaimed. An illustration of this statement may be derived from the following portion of a speech made at a village feast in honour of the marriage of the

heir-presumptive of a noble family:—‘We know that when the Danes attacked this country, six hundred years ago, the M.s held the lands of N. which they now hold; that a knight of their house fought at Bannockburn; that another M. was one of that charmed circle that fell around their king at the fatal field of Flodden, one of those “flowers of the forest” that Scotland still mourns; that when the two countries were united and became Great Britain, an M. was one of those who signed the Articles of Union. And though, happily, Scotland is now at rest, and has no danger from without to fear, yet if ever her liberties should be attacked, we shall look to the M.s of N., as of old; we will rally round their ancient house; we shall be found to have an M. to lead us.’

A different class of men from either of those hitherto noticed will be brought before us, if we attempt, as we now propose, to consider the intellectual position of Scotland. That position must, we are convinced, be allowed to be a very high one. It is true, as Hugh Miller is the first to remind us, that in the power of throwing up those rare and vigorous plants which tower conspicuously among the nations, Scotland is not to be named with England. Scotland has produced no Shakespeare, no Bacon, no Milton, no Newton. But such deficiency does not militate against the truth of our assertion. It may be questioned whether more than three countries of modern Christendom—namely, Italy, Germany, and England—have reared above one or two men of the very highest order of genius. France certainly has not; and yet the claim of France to a high standing in the realm of intellect remains unquestioned and unquestionable. And when (if we may change our metaphor) the great stars of the intellectual firmament are for the moment eliminated, it is impossible not to be struck with the brilliance and variety of Scottish luminaries which occupy the very nearest place to those of the first magnitude. England, it must be remembered, has a population exceeding that of Scotland in a more than fourfold ratio (fifteen millions to three and a half has been already named as the present proportion; and in former times the ratio has, we suspect, been still more in favour of the Southron). Consequently, for every man of science, every poet and *litterateur*, sent forth by Scotland, England ought, if these matters could be arranged by a per centage, to produce some four or five. Such a statement of the case may at least serve to intimate that Caledonia has contributed, and continues to contribute, at least her full share to the British stock of mental wealth.

We shall not here be expected to give a catalogue of Scottish

worthies in the departments of science or literature. Their names may be easily gathered from such a publication as that which stands fourth upon our list. But it certainly ought to be borne in mind how very largely the splendour of the British name has been enhanced by the world-wide celebrity of many of these distinguished men. What name in modern literature is more thoroughly European than that of Sir Walter Scott? And while the Clyde sends forth to every sea those splendid steamers, which add so largely to the wealth and fame of Glasgow, there is something strangely potent in the association of a great name with the noble scenery which is commanded by the spectator from the quays of Greenock. From that, his birthplace, overlooking the fine forms of those Argyllshire highlands—overlooking the multitudinous vessels (the indirect fruits of his discovery) that ply beneath—stands a statue of the great inventor of the steam-engine, James Watt. Then, again, if Britain is to be saved from that reproach of incapacity for metaphysical speculation, which France and Germany are so prone to charge upon her, it is to the metaphysicians of Scotland that she must look for her defence. Both in the middle ages, when Scotch tutors of logic and the mental sciences were sought upon the Continent; and again, from the time of Hutcheson to that of Reid, whom M. Cousin terms the true Socrates of his age, the Scotch Universities have sent forth a succession of moral and metaphysical philosophers. At the present moment, the most rising metaphysician in England, Mr. Mansel, of Oxford, avowedly draws his inspiration from that profound thinker whom Scotland has but lately lost, Sir William Hamilton. It would not, we think, be difficult to show that the metaphysicians of the Scotch school have rendered real service to our common country, and more especially to that portion which reared them. To speak here of one advantage only, it is a great thing to have a standing protest against that lowering view of knowledge, which is ever on the watch for immediate tangible results. The study of the mental sciences is eminently calculated to enact the part of such a witness; and if England should still remain blind to the merits of the Scotch philosophy, France, the old ally of Scotland in arms, is ready to join with her in the field of letters. Victor Cousin, while bearing such high testimony to the home achievements of Hutcheson, Smith, and Reid, declares that to the last-named France owes her own eminent metaphysician, Royer Collard; and pays moreover to the memory of Hamilton a tribute hardly less enthusiastic than that delivered by Mr. Mansel in Oxford:—‘ Sir William Hamilton unissait en lui deux dons bien rares, et qui jusqu’ici ne s’étaient jamais rencontrés à ce degré dans une même personne :

'la penetration profonde d'un métaphysicien du premier ordre et l'inépuisable érudition d'un savant de profession. . . . La mort toute récente de M. Hamilton est une calamité qui ne s'arrête pas aux bornes de sa patrie; elle sera longtemps et vivement ressentie par tous ceux, qui d'un bout du monde à l'autre ont consacré leur vie à l'étude de la philosophie et de son histoire.'¹

In scholarship Scotland has less pretensions. Even her able school of metaphysics, said Sir W. Hamilton, 'is essentially destitute of a learned foundation.' And despite the remarkable exception of Buchanan, and some other good Latinists of his date, the number of Scottish scholars, not educated at English or foreign Universities,² is extremely small. They have indeed achieved great things at Cambridge, and still greater at Oxford; but even there soundness rather than elegance has often been the basis of the triumph, and mastery over logic and history rather than over the niceties of the language of Greece or Rome. Perhaps the sense of beauty in this, as in other ways, is somewhat dull in this northern clime. They have not much sympathy with the protest of an English poet:—

'Vain knowledge this, unprofitable skill,
So may you think and truly would you say,
But that the mind thus curiously train'd
In the pure beauty of Hellenic art,
And grandeur elegant of gorgeous Rome,
Becomes to beauty feelingly awake,
Nice to perceive, glad to believe and love
Whate'er of beautiful abides in forms,
Hues, sounds, emotions of the moral heart,
Feeling a universal harmony
Of all good things seen, or surpassing sense.'³

If, on the one hand, Oxford owes much of her re-awakened zeal for mental philosophy to Scotland, nothing, on the other

¹ Philosophie Écossaise. Avertissement de 3ième Edit.

² Colonel Mure studied in Germany. Professor Ramsay, the author of the excellent accounts of the Latin poets in Dr. Smith's Dictionary, is a Cantabrigian.

³ On the death of Henry Nelson Coleridge. 'Hartley Coleridge's Poems,' vol. II. p. 167.

It is a curious question how far the tendency to a turgid rhetorical style among Scottish speakers and writers might be checked by such training as Hartley Coleridge here alludes to. Of course, we do not forget that such men as Erskine and Hugh Miller, each models of purity in their kind, were not classically trained. But we cannot argue from such geniuses; though it is curious, by the way, that both had fed their taste from the channels of English poetry, of which they knew great quantities by heart. We incline to think, with the author of a very masterly Lecture on 'Latin Literature,' Mr. J. C. Shairp, Assistant Professor at S. Andrews, that greater familiarity with classical standards might do good service in this matter. Both Mr. Shairp and the *Scotsman* acknowledge, or rather proclaim the fact. Want of space forbids us to do battle with Sir A. Alison, who approves of translation from Greek and Latin into English, but not of the counter-process.

hand, has been more remarkable than the success in after-life of many Scotchmen, who have found their intellectual tastes alternately thwarted and encouraged by the course of study prescribed in Oxford. The list of Scoto-Oxonian first-class men, though necessarily very limited, contains the names of Professor Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, the Earl of Elgin, Mr. Colquhoun, Sir William Hamilton, the present Bishop of London, Sir Alexander Grant, and (if he be not too much Anglicized for such a position) Mr. Gladstone. And numbers more, who have not thus striven for honours, have come back to their homes with a life-long impress derived from English academic studies.

Mathematics, as we might expect, have flourished greatly in North Britain. We must not make our pages a catalogue of names, or it would be possible to fill up a large space by chronicling the achievements of Napier, Maclaurin, Simpson, Playfair, and many other illustrious votaries of *μάθησις*.

And for the very reason that they are so famous, we forbear to dwell upon the world-wide and well-merited celebrity of the heroes of Scottish literature. Rather (and that not in any invidious spirit, but because it is a point deserving some consideration) shall we dwell upon what seems to us its main defect, namely, the absence of all mysticism. Eminent Scotchmen would be perhaps inclined to reply that this is anything but a defect; that, on the contrary, it is a virtue. Mysticism, they would urge, is the bane alike of religion and of literature. Now, we are very far from being blind to its dangers. It is well that Lord Lindsay should denounce its abuse from a religious point of view in his *Progression by Antagonism*. It is well that professor Aytoun should hold up to ridicule the falsely attuned rhapsodies of Mr. Bailey's Festus. But here, as ever, is it true that *abusus non tollit usum*. Mysticism is a fact in human nature, and those who ignore or despise it must take the consequences. An element which is common to Buddhism, Brahmanism, Parseeism, to Catholic theology, to Protestant theology, must possess a deep hold upon the human heart.

Now, the entire range of Scottish literature can scarcely, we believe, present a sample of anything weird and mystical.¹ Not from Scotland must we look for anything resembling the deep symbolism of the *Divina Commedia*, the dreamings of a Hamlet, the spell of the Ancient Mariner, the wild song of Thalaba. Scotland has no Spenser, no Wordsworth, no Shelley, no Robert nor Elizabeth Browning. Not from any Scottish poet,

¹ Mr. Macdonald's 'Within and Without' and 'Phantastes' are exceptions which help to establish the general rule.

though praised by one of their choir, flow such lines as these:—

- 'But soon there breath'd a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.
- 'It rais'd my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.'

Great as were the differences between the early Edinburgh reviewers and their political antagonist, Sir Walter Scott, the absence of mysticism was (we agree with Mr. Bagehot¹) a feature common to both the rival schools. Perhaps if there had been a Gaelic literature, the case would have stood differently; and it is also possible that the heavy hand of Calvinism may have had some part in crushing any rising tendencies of development in this direction. But such causes are not, in our humble judgment, sufficient to account for this peculiarity, which we are inclined to regard as an innate characteristic of the nation.

Of the learned professions, two at least, Law and Medicine,² have long flourished in Scotland. A character in one of the comedies of Aristophanes, to whom Athens is pointed out in a map, exclaims, 'That cannot be Athens, for I do not see the law-courts;' and the remark might well be transferred to the modern Athens of Caledonia. 'Lawyers they are born,' says Walter Scott; 'indeed every country gentleman is bred one.' And all will remember the determination of the worthy farmer in Guy Mannering to carry his case before the judges, despite all that his counsel may urge to the contrary. An English solicitor of much celebrity once informed us, that he always doubted the innocence of an accused person who should threaten his accuser with legal proceedings for false imprisonment and the like. A doubt thus suggested we believe to be natural and well-founded in England, but we should as certainly object to its being entertained in Scotland. Recourse to law seems in North Britain to be the primal and most obvious idea. The very boys in a rural district think of it. 'You shall go to M—— (naming the county town and implying the county magistrates) for this,' cried some village lads to some young friends of ours, who had inflicted a slight and most merited chastisement for a very insolent affront. While we are speaking of law, it must not be forgotten that, besides the great jurists, such as Lord Stair and others, who have flourished in their native realm, Scotland has exported a whole mass of legal ability into

¹ 'Estimates of certain Englishmen and Scotchmen.'

² 'St. Ronan's Well.'

England. Hers is the able, though unscrupulous, Wedderburn, better known perhaps as Lord Chancellor Loughborough, 'one of the few great advocates who have also been great in the House of Commons;' hers one of those eminent and select judges who not only expound and administer, but actually create, the law—Lord Mansfield; hers too the *facile princeps* of forensic eloquence—Lord Erskine.

The differences between Scotch and English law are considerable. Speaking generally, that of Scotland retains the closer affinity to the old Roman law. The points which strike one most palpably are the absence of any distinctive courts of law and of equity; the existence of a public prosecutor (the Procurator Fiscal); the decision by a majority of the jury; the admission of a third verdict, namely, 'Not Proven,' as a *mezzo termine* between 'Guilty' and 'Not guilty'; the disuse of the coroner's inquests; the number of suits decided without the aid of a jury; and the difference in the law of Entail, which, though much modified of late years, remains more strict than that of England; and the weighty divergence in the matter of wedlock and legitimization. These differences were discussed with much temper and moderation in the 'Edinburgh Review' about a year since. Without here re-opening the question, we may own to a preference for Scotch law in some respects, more especially in a possession of a public prosecutor, an institution commonly recognised, if we mistake not, in Continental Europe, and which not only saves some important causes from being passed by in silence, but also relieves the public from many vexatious trials by the refusal of the Fiscal to bring forward absurd and trifling cases.

Before we allude to another learned profession, that of medicine, it may be well to say a passing word upon the Scottish Universities. It is probable that at the commencement of the present century the intellectual life of these institutions was, upon the whole, more vigorous than that of their then lethargic but re-awakening sisters on the Isis and the Cam. But the tide has turned: the galaxy of literary talent which illuminated Edinburgh has paled, perhaps positively, but certainly by comparison. Competitive examinations for Indian cadetships have transferred those prizes to the youths of England and of Ireland; and this practical proof of inferiority has lent vigour to the cry for academical reform in Scotland, which had previously been raised with less effect.

But in the school of Æsculapius, Scotland still holds her own. In the contests for medical offices, her *alumni* are not defeated. The country of Abernethy and Sir Charles Bell, and hundreds more such, still continues to rear worthy successors, still attracts

pupils from the whole of Europe, nay from the four quarters of the globe. The fame of such men as Professors Christison or Simpson belongs to the civilized world at large. The praises of both may be read in a recently published French 'Biographie des Contemporains.' And for one at least we can answer. Those who, in that hospitable home in Queen Street, Edinburgh, have enjoyed opportunities of observing the hard and often, we fear, overtasked existence of Dr. Simpson—who have witnessed the attention to patients as considerate as it is able, and which is bestowed on numbers from whom he will accept no remuneration but their life-long gratitude; the consistent and rare impartiality which neither wealth nor rank in anywise disturb,—may form some idea of what Scotland can produce in the way of scientific genius in conjunction with the loftiest generosity and philanthropy.

Of physical science in general it has already been intimated that Scotland contributes, to say the very least, her full share to the sum of discoveries made in Great Britain.

In art, Scotland is, perhaps, less triumphant. It is true that the Edinburgh exhibitions of painting and sculpture are now reflecting high credit upon their motherland; but these triumphs are of comparatively recent date. The most accomplished of the R. A.s, and our most religious painter, and whose fame is European, Mr. Dyce, is a Scotchman.

The anti-æsthetic genius of Presbyterianism has done much to cramp the development of taste. There is scarcely an architect north of the Tweed to be placed even into approximation to Scott, Butterfield, Barry, and other English artists.¹ And again, in music, the lack of organs in the Kirk has left an entire void in the department filled by Purcell, Orlando Gibbon, and the cathedral composers of England. And even over the great beauty and character of some of the national airs there is thrown that shade which must ever be cast over the results of doing evil in the hope that good may come. 'It is a received tradition 'in Scotland, that, at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous 'and obscene songs were composed, to be sung by the rabble to 'the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. '“Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies” (designed to ridicule the 'Popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed 'hymns; “Maggy Lauder” was another; “John Anderson my 'Jo” was a third. The original music of all these burlesque 'sonnets was very fine.’” These tunes have, indeed, in many

¹ We do not, however, wish to overlook the merits of Mr. Henderson's buildings at Trinity College, Glenalmond, nor the excellence of some of the new spires reared by members of the Free Kirk at Glasgow and elsewhere.

² Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' Series II. Book II. No. II.

cases been re-wedded to innocent and graceful words; but the sad fact of their desecration cannot be undone. But still there remains a vast number of eminently beautiful airs, which are free, we believe, from all such taint; and it must be pronounced that this is a domain of beauty, in which Scotland maintains an easy superiority over the utter poverty of England.

To return, however, to the general characteristics of the Scottish intellect. With all its high and varied gifts, it must, we think, be pronounced to be somewhat deficient in the highest forms of imagination. And so interwoven are the powers of the mind, that such a defect not only prevents the development of that mystic element to which we have alluded, but even (as Lord Lindsay seems to hold) in some degree hampers the loftiest attainments of the reason. Hence we presume the *gravamen* of the charge brought against the Scottish school of philosophy, by one of its ablest foreign critics and even eulogists, M. Victor Cousin. 'It is with systems as with men; the best are the least imperfect, and the excellence of the Scottish school does not prevent its having deficiencies. Satisfied with common sense, it rests there, and never feels the desire of penetrating the depths of the truth. Possessing the true method, it carefully eschews hypothesis; but it too often lacks spirit and power, and stops short before reaching and attaining the end of the course. Circumspect (and with good right), it is sometimes, like reason itself, rather pusillanimous. Its glory is, to have revived and practised the experimental method; but it has not sufficiently borne in mind that from experience, fertilised by induction and calculation, Newton drew the system of the universe. It has too often been contented with a mass of observations; it has confined itself to the collecting of tried and solid materials, without attempting to build the edifice.'¹ Somewhat akin to this is a remark of Edward Irving's to Dr. Chalmers, when the latter was complaining of the obscurity of the utterances of Coleridge, and confessing that he, personally, liked to see all sides of an idea before taking up with it. 'Ha!' said Irving, 'you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part I love to see an idea looming through the mist.'²

These characteristics in some measure serve to guide us in the approach to the mooted question,—whether or not wit can be said to exist in Scotland. The Scotch point, on the one hand, to such names as those of Arbuthnot, Smollett, Burns, Galt, Wilson, and Walter Scott, and ask whether these are or are not men of wit. *E contra* stands the well-known assertion

¹ Philos. Écossaise.

² 'Life of Chalmers,' by Dr. Hanna. Vol. III. p. 160.

of Sydney Smith, for many years a resident in Edinburgh, that 'it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding;' and the somewhat similar verdict of Charles Lamb.

It must, we fear, be admitted by impartial judges, that the indictment preferred by these distinguished humourists is not wholly devoid of truth. To adduce brilliant exceptions is not a sufficient reply to an attack which is directed against the rank and file. Even Dean Ramsay, in this respect *patriæ propugnator acerrimus*, admits that a large proportion of the good stories current in Scotland bears reference 'to lairds and lairds who are drunk' (that is to say, to men who have amused others, while only half-conscious of the merriment afforded), and that, in many other instances, the humour lies in the *Scottishness* of the thought and expression, and not in any actual wit on the part of the speaker. Those who have lived much in Scotland will probably remember numberless instances of a hearty laugh subsequent being produced by remarks which were not in the least intended to awaken it.

Amongst all but the highest and most cultured, observations oft spoken in irony are usually taken *au grand sérieux*. Even the common English exclamation, 'You don't mean it?' is regarded as a direct impeachment of the speaker's veracity, and is met by the rejoinder, uttered with slow and impressive emphasis; 'But I *do* mean it, Mr. —,' or, 'If—I hadn't—meant it,—I shouldn't—have said it.'

If this matter-of-fact tendency be inimical to a certain play of the fancy, it is obvious that we must not commonly expect in Scotland those forms of wit which depend upon a light quick touch; we must not look for that allusive kind of facetiousness which we find in Sheridan, and of which our French neighbours (witness Talleyrand and Madame de Girardin) are so fond. Nevertheless, we agree with the Dean of Edinburgh in thinking that his countrymen do possess a real fund of a certain dry satiric humour. That critical faculty which is seen, with all its merits and defects, in the writings of Lord Jeffrey, exists in a less developed form in the nation at large. Hence arises a great quickness in detecting, and taking advantage of, any mistake on the part of another.

A somewhat hackneyed anecdote may serve to illustrate our meaning. Sometime, not very long after the battle of Culloden, a captain in an English regiment was invited to dine at the house of a laird, who was notoriously Jacobite. The captain, half doubtful respecting the prudence of accepting the invitation, asked the opinion of his superior officer. He was recommended by all means to go, but to take the greatest care that he was not

entrapped into any act of disloyalty towards King George II. All passed pleasantly enough until the appearance of the dessert, when the master proposed, as the first toast, 'Our *rightful* King!' 'That's *not* King George,' hastily shouted the captain. 'Troth, sir, and I'm verra muckle of your opinion,' was the quiet, but irresistible rejoinder.

We believe this to be a fair specimen of the kind of humour to which we have alluded. It is, as we have intimated, by no means uncommon in Scotland. Nay, even this reviewer, *moi qui parle*, not being infallible, not resembling that Scottish-born Monarch who never said a foolish thing, has before now found himself in the predicament of one who feels himself quietly and good-humouredly rebuked for putting a query which is not wise. A few years since, two steamers were running upon the Clyde, called (after the titles of certain Highland fairies) the Kelpie and the Spunkie. A party in a row-boat, of whom the writer was one, were discussing which of these vessels it was which was at the moment entering a certain bay. Much doubt was expressed, though the vessel was near at hand, and in an inconsiderate moment we asked one of the boatmen to explain what *was* the difference in the build of the respective vessels. Calmly, with a tone of sly satire, came the reply, 'If we knew that, we could tell you which it was.'

The following, which has been given by others, shall be here set down according to the version of Dean Ramsay:—

'The story has been told of various parties and localities, but I believe the genuine laird was a laird of Balnamoon, and that the locality was a wild tract of land, not far from his place, called Munrimmon Moor. Balnamoon had been dining out in the neighbourhood, where, by mistake, they had put down to him after dinner cherry brandy instead of port wine, his usual beverage. The rich flavour and strength so pleased him that, having tasted it, he would have nothing else. On rising from table, therefore, the laird would be more affected by his drink than if he had taken his ordinary allowance of port. His servant Harry, or Hairy, was to drive him home in a gig or whiskey, as it was called,—the usual open carriage of the time. On crossing the moor, however, whether from greater exposure to the blast, or from the laird's unsteadiness of head, his hat and wig came off and fell upon the ground. Harry got out to pick them up and restore them to his master. The laird was satisfied with the hat, but demurred at the wig. "It's no my wig, Hairy, lad; it's no my wig;" and refused to have anything to do with it. Harry lost his patience, and, anxious to get home, remonstrated with his master:—"Ye'd better tak it, sir, for there's no waile [choice] of wigs o' Munrimmon Moor." The humour of the argument is exquisite, putting to the laird, in his unreasonable objection, the sly insinuation, that if he did not take *this* wig, he was not likely to find another.'

We may perhaps be unduly prejudiced in favour of our own views; but this anecdote likewise seems to us to exemplify our theory. There is again exhibited that cool judgment, the same

capacity for perceiving, so to speak, the exact position of one's opponent, and for readily seizing, resolving upon, the move which is the most likely to prove successful. We must not, however, be supposed to deny the existence of powers of repartee, irony, and playful wit among the educated classes in Edinburgh, which may fully rival those exhibited in London.

Majora canamus. We turn to a very different subject; one which will involve what is perhaps the heaviest indictment that we have to prefer against Scotland, as compared with the sister country. It is this, *that moral courage is less honoured in Scotland than in England.* Such a charge ought not, indeed, to be preferred lightly, nor do we make it without having first discussed the matter with several distinguished natives of North Britain, who have, one and all, with scarcely an exception, confessed that it is just.

In speaking thus, we do not express any opinion as to the actual existence of more or less of such courage in one or the other division of the land. One very highly gifted Scotchman indeed (a man certainly possessed of a very full share of the gift), at once affirmed that there was a great deficiency of the article in his country, and that this was, perhaps, the cause why Scotland had not yet produced any one who had attained to the very highest rank as a general or a statesman. But we are not prepared to press this argument. We do not forget that moral courage is a scarce commodity everywhere. Many years since did Mr. Disraeli, in 'Coningsby,' pronounce it to be 'the rarest and most admirable quality of public life;' and that keen observer, Mr. John Stuart Mill, had previously said, in the 'Westminster Review,' 'There has crept over the refined classes, over the whole class of gentlemen in *England*, a moral effeminacy, an inaptitude for every kind of struggle. They cannot undergo labour, they cannot brave ridicule, they cannot stand evil tongues, they have not hardihood to say unpleasant things to any one whom they are in the habit of seeing, or to face, even with a nation at their back, the coldness of some little coterie which surrounds them.'

But in England there is, at least, this advantage, that exhibitions of courage, even if unpopular at the moment, almost invariably in the long run ensure respect. We happened to be present when, on a cold winter's day, in 1855, Mr. Cobden addressed a large assembly in the Cloth-hall at Leeds, in opposition to the continuance of the war with Russia. Few were convinced, but all gave him a patient hearing, and the general sentiment appeared to be that of increased goodwill towards a man who, though held by the great majority of his hearers to

be in error, was frank and brave in the expression of his unpopular sentiments. Somewhat similarly, the small knot of statesmen who had opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, arguing that its enactments could not be put in practice (as indeed they never have been, nor will be), were supposed by many to have ruined for ever their chances of return to high offices under the Crown. A year passed, and these very men were seated on that treasury bench, which some of them are again occupying at the present moment. Seldom, indeed, is it that a man with a cause is hopelessly crushed in England. A Quaker, a Roman Catholic, a Swedenborgian, nay, even a Tractarian, has a chance of obtaining some redress for wrong, and a considerable amount of sympathy under persecution.

But in Scotland this sentiment is, we repeat, deficient. The extreme caution of the Lowlander's temperament makes him regard with anything but admiration the man who, single-handed, attacks the press on any popular sentiment. Such a paladin is considered by by-standers as, at the very best, needlessly rash; and by those whose cherished prepossessions he combats, he is marked out as a man who outrages public opinion. And this consideration must be fairly weighed by any who would form an opinion on the relative amount of moral courage as existent in England and Scotland. Many an act may be ventured upon with perfect safety in the south of Britain, which would call forth a very storm of angry opposition in the north. 'There are moments,' writes a great historian, 'when rashness is wisdom.' Such moments have been known and seized in Scotland in her days of civil warfare, but now they are rare indeed; and Scotland is perhaps of all others the country where such rashness is least likely to be accounted, under any possible combination of circumstances, a proof of wisdom.

This strong feeling against single-handed attempts to change the national view, on any subject whatever, is strikingly exhibited in reference to all attacks, however temperate or well-supported, upon the popular views of Scottish history. Sir Francis Palgrave describes an historian as one 'dispelling 'favourite or deluding visions or dreams; cutting, when practicable, the conventional pictures out of their frames, and replacing them by portraits taken from the life; but, above all, uncramping or shattering the pedestals supporting the 'idols which have won the false worship of the multitude, so that they may nod in their niches or topple down.' Such tasks have been attempted of late years in England, with a very fair measure of success. They have been attempted also in Scotland, with at least equal ability, persevering research, and

desire for equity; but we much doubt whether the cogent reasonings of such inquirers as the late P. Fraser Tytler, Mr. Mark Napier, Professor Aytoun, Mr. Robert Chambers, and others, have in any perceptible degree impressed the general mind of Scotland. The damnatory documents produced by Tytler are *not* to be accepted as even affording grounds for suspicion of the complicity of John Knox in the murder of Riccio; the halo around the name of Montrose is *not* to be recognised as more dazzling than ever, since the labours of his modern biographer; the eminently good taste and good feeling evinced in the prefaces and notes attached to the spirit-stirring *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* is *not* to make us imagine for a moment that Claverhouse is less black than he is commonly painted; and the painstaking researches of *Domestic Annals* must *not* be permitted to suggest to our minds the supposition that the compulsive measures of Presbytery may have led to much sad hypocrisy. Be it so: those who are conscious of seeking for no unjust publications of aught that is evil, no disguise of any wrong on either side, can well afford to bide their time.

Another point stands in close connexion with this. We would fain speak very gently on the Scottish love of praise; we know that it is praise of the nation at large and not of individuals which is sought, and that the sentiment is entwined with much that is amiable and patriotic. We are likewise conscious of the possibility of the existence of a very different state of things in this respect, if the Scotch were the fifteen millions and the English numbered only some three and a half millions, instead of the reverse being the proportion. Nevertheless, we do hold that a nation which has so many elements of true greatness, might afford to be somewhat less covetous of eulogy, somewhat less touchy on the score of fault-finding, even though it should proceed from the lips of the suspected southron. At present, a lecture, whether delivered in the metropolitan Edina, or in a country village, is sure to be applauded by many degrees most loudly in the parts which speak well of anything that is Scotch. And as for anything approaching to censure, it is indeed at one's proper peril that it is ventured on. A poet is lecturing on the works of a brother-poet. In the course of his criticism he remarks that the expression of patriotic feeling is not necessarily poetry. The assertion, whether well founded or not, might pass muster as at least an innocent one; but, alas! in an unhappy moment, the speaker's destiny leads him to illustrate his theory from the writings of a *Scottish* poet. What has happened? What mesmeric influence informs the lecturer that a cloud has passed over the serenity of his audience?

Despite all his natural fluency, he stammers, pauses, and backs as well as he can out of the mistake which he feels that he has made. The reader may form his own opinion respecting this sketch, and judge whether it be drawn from imagination or from the life.

It must, however, be said that Scotland does enjoy some opportunities of hearing home-truths. Though all may unite on occasion to repel the common enemy, there is, as already observed, considerable local feeling. Highlanders and Lowlanders, those who boast that they belong to a clan, and those who boast that they do not belong to a clan, are in many ways a check upon each other. There is, again, an old rivalry between certain cities; as, for instance, between Perth and Dundee, between Edinburgh and Glasgow. We are not sure that there were not some good folks in rural districts, or even in other cities, who thought it high time that the citizens of 'high Dun Edin' should for once hear a word of dispraise, as they did (to their intense indignation) a few years since from Mr. Ruskin. And it is not the least among the many merits of that very able newspaper, the *Scotsman*, that it never shrinks from an outspoken denunciation of whatever wrong it seems a duty to oppose, without any undue deference to national prejudices or partialities.

It will be naturally expected of us, that we should take some notice, even in a cursory and superficial sketch like the present, of the all-important subject of religion. But we shall do so in a brief and perfunctory manner. *Religion in Scotland* would need to be the subject of a separate article, and its treatment would demand great and intimate knowledge of various districts, deep spiritual insight, and rare impartiality. We pretend to none of these things. This paper is avowedly written from an English point of view, and any member of the Scottish Establishment, or of the great outlying bodies who have seceded from it, will read it (if they condescend to read it at all) with the not unnatural suspicions, which is attached in their minds to the criticisms of an English Churchman.

Scotland was, as we all know, one of those countries in which the Reformation took an extreme form. Nowhere, perhaps, had the unreformed Church more thoroughly gained that dangerous pinnacle of external prosperity, which is so great a temptation alike to men and to institutions. More than half the land was in her possession; and though several ecclesiastics, as the famous Bishop Kennedy of S. Andrews, under James III.,¹

¹ Bishop Kennedy died on the 10th of May, 1466. 'In him,' says Tytler, 'the country lost the only Statesman who possessed sufficient firmness, ability, and in-

played a most distinguished part as statesmen in taming the violence of a wild feudality, yet unhappily at a later period Scotland possessed the very worst specimens (as the Roman Catholic Lingard testifies) of the laicised great Churchmen of the sixteenth century. The sons of Bishops, though necessarily bearing on their escutcheons the bend sinister, appear to have enjoyed a recognised social station, and that a very high one.

Great and deep was the evil; proportionably violent was the remedy. Scotland cut off at one blow well-nigh all spiritual connexion with the past. In her eyes the Church went into a trance, a state of *deliquium*, immediately after the Apostolic age, and did not awake again until the era of John Knox and his compeers. No ancient Liturgies carry back the thoughts of Presbyterian worshippers to the early ages of Christianity. The collects, which (in the language of a distinguished Scotch author) 'have soothed the sorrows of forty generations,' have, to the vast majority of Scottish ears and hearts, no especial charm either on the ground of intrinsic excellence or long cherished associations. It is a remarkable exemplification of the prevailing difference of sentiment in England, to find a man like Dr. Arnold, assuredly no high Churchman, employing the very strongest language in denunciation of such total rupture with the past.

But of the general hold of the Presbyterian system upon the bulk of the people there can scarcely be a question. True that, as in England, about one-third of the population (we be-

tegrity to direct the councils of Government. He was indeed, in every respect, a remarkable man: a pious and conscientious Churchman, munificent, active, and discriminating in his charity; and whose religion, untinged with bigotry or superstition, was pure and practical. His zeal for the interests of literature and science was another prominent and admirable feature in his character, of which he left a noble monument in S. Salvator's College at S. Andrew's, founded by him in 1456, and richly endowed out of his ecclesiastical revenues. Kennedy was nearly connected with the royal family, his mother being the Lady Mary, Countess of Angus, a daughter of Robert the Third. It appears that he had early devoted his attention to a correction of the manifold abuses which were daily increasing in the Government of the Church; for which laudable purpose he twice visited Italy, and experienced the favour of the Pope. Although in his public works, in his endowments of churches, and in everything connected with the pomps and ceremonial of the Catholic faith, he was unusually magnificent, yet in his own person, and the expenditure of his private household, he exhibited a rare union of purity, decorum, and frugality: nor could the sternest judges breathe a single aspersion against either his integrity as a minister of state, or his private character as a minister of religion. Buchanan, whose prepossessions were strongly against that ancient Church of which Kennedy was the head in Scotland, has yet spoken of his virtues in the highest terms of panegyric:—"His death," he says, "was so deeply deplored by all good men, that the country seemed to weep for him as for a public parent." (*History of Scotland*, vol. iv. chap. ii.) We venture on this long extract, partly because Kennedy is hardly so well known as he deserves, and partly because in speaking of the kind of prelate of whom Cardinal Beaton is a sort of type, it seems only fair to bear in mind the existence of a very different stamp of Statesmen Bishops.

lieve) does not attend any place of worship whatever; and that during epochs, such as the early portion of the eighteenth century, when deadness and unbelief abounded, both were at least as prominent in Scotland as in any other part of the United Kingdom. But it seems to us undeniable that there exists, among the many, a freedom from that indefiniteness which is so common in England. How frequently is heard in South Britain, the exclamation, 'Oh! I've no objection to Church,' coupled with an explanation to the effect, that the speakers have attended this and that meeting-house, just as they happened to be in service with families of the respective persuasions. A patron of an English alms-house will seldom have any difficulty in finding any number of applicants ready to embrace the established faith, on the condition of appointment. We remember, indeed, hearing of an instance of refusal, but that refusal came from a Scotchwoman. It was only a pity that she in any degree lessened the respect justly due to her consistency, by indulging in a long lecture to the clergyman, to whom application had been made, on the nature of his duties, a species of information which he had certainly no occasion to learn at her hands.

We must also speak favourably of the manner in which principles seem to be *impressed* upon the Scotch mind. Take the questions, for example, of the Lord's-day, or of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Far as we are from adopting what seem to us the extreme views prevalent in Scotland respecting the Sunday, it is impossible not to respect the earnestness with which many excellent people combine to thwart any steps which are inimical to their ideas of what is right. On the wife's sister question, Scotchmen are taught (as *we* believe, most rightly taught), that Christian marriage induces a spiritual relationship not wholly unlike that of blood. How deeply such a conviction has sunk into the national mind is shown by the circumstance, that Parliamentary attempts at change of the law almost invariably propose to omit Scotland from the operation of the proposed enactment.

Still stronger, as many of our readers must be aware, is the anti-Erastian feeling of the Scotch. Even the Establishment enjoys a greater freedom in her Assembly than the English Church in Convocation; and though her *theory* of Ordination is far more subservient than that of our own Communion, yet the practice is of late years much mitigated through the disinclination of patrons to press their claims. And not only did the anti-State feeling give rise to the United-Presbyterians, who denounce as sinful *all* connexion with the State, but it is also *the* source of that very wonderful body commonly known as the Free Kirk.

Now whatever be thought upon patronage in general (a large

and difficult question, on which we have neither space nor inclination to enter), it must be borne in mind that it assumes a very different complexion among communities, which have no fixed form of worship, but depend entirely on the individual minister. In England it is no uncommon thing to hear in a country-house, some such words as these: 'Our vicar is not very great in the pulpit; but his schools are admirably looked after; he is most attentive to the poor and the sick, and after all there is the Prayer-book just as in any other Church.' The fact that the incumbent was placed there by the act of Bishop, or Squire, or College, does not in anywise trouble the peace of such a flock. But they might feel very differently, if they depended upon their clergyman for the very prayers in which they were expected to join.

Hence, in part at least, the success of the Free Kirk in Scotland. The entire account of the movement from the standpoint (as the Germans call it) of its authors and supporters may be read *in extenso* in Dr. Buchanan's 'Struggles of Ten Years,' or Dr. Hanna's 'Life of Chalmers;' and we do not envy the man who can peruse it without a feeling of deep admiration for the endurance, self-sacrifice, and faith, displayed alike by the 400 out-going ministers, and by those flocks which have since continued to raise a sum of more than 300,000*l.* per annum, to support their cause at home and abroad.

The Free Kirk has all the characteristics of an opposition; in many respects for good, in some very possibly for evil. It numbers in its ranks a vast number of professional men, especially, we fancy, if we are not mistaken, among physicians. If its establishment has diverted large contributions from other very excellent channels, and tended occasionally to foster fanaticism, as in the case of the recent Irish revivals,¹ it must be remembered that even the warmest supporters of Presbyterianism, as for instance the present Duke of Argyll, admit the tendency of the system to become cold and enfeebled in times of peace. Many a minister and layman *in* the establishment, as well as *out* of it, may have been saved from latitudinarianism, apathy, and unbelief, by the interest awakened by such a contest.

Of the general character of the Scottish ministers we are disposed to think very favourably. Weak points, not in the men, but in the system, may be noticed presently. But these defects do not in anywise detract from the merits of the exemplary conduct of the Presbyterian pastors.

Upon the deep and solemn question, how far this system succeeds in the great work of training souls, we forbear to enter.

¹ See the remarkable pamphlet by Archdeacon Stopford, 'The Work and the Counterwork.'

Enough, if we are able to indicate some external features of the case.

It is impossible, we think, to have had the entrance into the houses of some Presbyterian families, without often becoming sensible of a pervading atmosphere of goodness; a goodness which in numberless cases we must believe to be the fruit, not of nature, but of grace. Far are we too from wishing to believe that Burns's 'Cottar's Saturday Night' is a merely imaginary picture. On the other hand, it must be said, that a great portion of the quasi-political zeal for a theological system displayed by the Scotch is compatible with a sadly undevotional frame of mind, and a want of practical religion. We have already cited from the pages of a Scottish Presbyterian, Mr. Aird, a reproof of the 'disputatious habits, pride, and self-sufficiency' of his countrymen. Let us now listen to the sequel of his description:—

'In matters of religion, these faults are often carried to an offensive pitch. So determined are the Scotch to discard everything like outward ceremonial observance in their worship, and keep their ground aloof from popery and prelacy, that they will hardly allow themselves to be decent in the house of prayer. Only listen, in country parishes, to the clamorous confabulations of the deaf old people around the pulpit ere the clergyman comes in; look at half of the worshippers taking their seats so soon as the minister gives any hint, by the turn of his style, or the inflected cadence of his voice, that he is drawing towards the close of his prayer; see the half-dozens that are leaving the church before the conclusion of the service, and the dozens who are seizing their hats, and brushing them with their elbows during the last blessing, the end of which they seem impatiently to wait for as the signal to clap them on their heads. And then the rage of the Scotch for preaching—nothing but preaching! Why the very days of their Sacraments are called the "preaching days." I mean merely to say that they lay far too much stress on the intellectual gratification of hearing clever preaching, compared with the far more important part of sanctuary duty, namely, prayer and praise. And then every village has its bell-wether or two of orthodoxy and heterodoxy; and there in the church the heckler or weaver, who aspires to lead the sense of the place, lies with his chin fixed on his two fists on the boards before him, gaping and grinning from his maud, to catch the speaker, if he can, stumbling on the borders of the "unsound." And then how the village does ring with it next day, if anything bold and out of the beaten track has been said by the minister! And in this way the spiritual leadership of these bell-wethers is maintained; and at every settlement of a pastor in the place, of course, they have the parish at the wag of their disputatious and convincing forefinger.'

An able writer in 'Fraser's Magazine,' has within the last two years said far harder things than these against his brother Scots. He evidently questions whether in *any* country there is a greater divergence between faith and practice, and a more frequent display of hypocrisy. Certainly, if Scotland is determined to take her stand upon the comparative absence of evil; if she will persist in believing in the existence of an *ætas aurea*

immediately after the Reformation, and again after the Revolution of 1688; if she will pretend that there is far less of covetousness, unbelief, drunkenness, and unchastity, on her favoured soil, than in any other land in Christendom, she must be content to accept the result. That dream of a golden age, which is held to have flourished once and again, melts away before the stern inquiries of her able and gifted band of antiquaries; those merchants, whom the story associates with the lost tribes, have *not* shown themselves more unyielding to the fiery trial of commercial speculation than their brethren in London or Liverpool, Paris or Vienna; the Paganism of her large towns is pronounced by Hugh Miller to be hopeless, in terms as strong as could possibly be employed respecting the corresponding difficulty in England; the amount of drunkenness is such as is positively unknown in the south, and the registrar's statistics leave for Scotland a majority of blots in the table of births, not only far exceeding the per-centage of England or Ireland, but outnumbering (with a single exception) those of every country in Europe.¹

No! if Scotland be wise, she will surely cease to commit the question of her superiority to such an issue. Her stand, if we mistake not, should be made, not on a fancied immunity from evil which cannot bear a moment's investigation, but *on the reality of that which is good*. And this we cannot but think to be a loftier, as well as a safer, line of argument. The city or nation in which evil is most patent, is not always therefore proved to be the worst. On the contrary, as brightness causes shadows, the very presence of excellence is often found to intensify all that is bad. Because the wheat is sown, the enemy plants tares. 'After the prophets, the false prophets; after the apostles, the false apostles; after Christ, the antichrist.'² The classical student thinks of Corinth as proverbial, even among the heathen, for its dissolute luxury. Yet there was it that the

¹ It may be necessary to explain to southron readers, that the phrase 'lost tribes' refers to a story told by the Scotch themselves, alternately against the merchants of Aberdeen and Glasgow. Certain Jews, who had carried on business with the usual success of their nation in various towns of England and Europe, at length settled in one or other of the above cities. So completely, however, did they find themselves beaten at their own weapons, that they concluded that they were no longer amongst Gentiles, and one of them wrote to a friend, who had thought of joining his Jewish brethren, 'Mosheh, it is no good; we have found the lost tribes.' We must not, however, be understood to mean, that the Scotch have proved themselves worse than other civilized nations in monetary matters; but only that, with the tale of the Western Bank, and some similar doings on record, they have no right to throw stones at others. As regards drunkenness, a Parliamentary return some years since gave (we believe) 15,000 in one year picked up drunk in Glasgow—thus averaging one man in every 22; while in Manchester the proportion was one in 600.

² S. Chrysostom, Homil. xlv. in S. Matthew.

labours of the Apostle of the Gentiles proved so eminently successful, there did his Divine Master specially proclaim; 'I have much people in this city.' On the other hand, steadiness, and freedom from overt acts of wrong, may so often spring from an enlightened self-interest, that it becomes one of the profoundest problems in morality and in theology to decide how much stress may be safely laid on such negative evidence, in our estimates of individual or national character.

To return to what may be called the more external features of the case. It was held by Bishop Berkeley, that the English Church would do wisely in trying to rear, so far as it was possible, clergy of every grade corresponding to the varied ranks of the laity. It may be, that in England the order has been too much confined to one class, and that thence has arisen a tendency to what has been called the *gentleman heresy*. But we feel that the opposite extreme is equally a mistake. The funds of the English establishment, divided equally among her clergy, would yield, we believe, a somewhat lower average than those of the established Kirk of Scotland, divided (as they practically are) in such manner. But it is, in our humble judgment, a real disadvantage to the laity, that there should be so very few clergy in Scotland of any denomination, who can meet them on something like terms of social equality. Nothing, we believe, astonishes a Scotch settler in England more than the temporal position of her deans, rectors, &c. How different, for example, in the two countries are the relations between the legal and clerical professions. In England, the barrister and the clergyman have probably met in the same University; and if both be destined to advancement in their respective callings, it is impossible to say which of them, at any given point of their career, may have the precedence. In Scotland the average barrister may generally patronise any one called *reverend*. Men answering to the English beneficed clergy are hardly known: and when we take into account the influence of secondary motives in the attainment of even the noblest and loftiest ends, we must be allowed to consider this circumstance as a real misfortune, far less to the pastors (whom it may save from at least one class of temptations), than to the flocks entrusted to their care.

Hugh Miller claims for Presbyterianism a large part in the development of the intellect of his countrymen. The claim must, we imagine, be allowed; even the very discussions to which Mr. Aird alludes, whatever be their effect upon the heart and conscience, must certainly tend to the nourishment of the critical faculty. Very admirable too, in many ways, are the Scotch National Schools in connexion with the establishment, and the corresponding correlative institutions of the Free Kirk.

But in all other respects the English Church appears to our (we own, not impartial) glance to be infinitely more effective as an agent of civilization. Of course we are not forgetting, that this is not the *primary* function of a religious communion. But we allude to it as a subject not uninteresting in itself; and because we have avowedly abstained from any attempt to enter deeply at present into the more solemn problems which beset the theme. We know of English clergy, by fifties and by hundreds, who are impressing their parishes with the humanizing culture derived from their work, and from their position, as links between the rich and poor; but, despite the great activity of the ministers of the Free Kirk, we doubt the operation of anything like a similar influence in Scotland.

It is natural to ask what spiritual food for the mind has been bestowed on Scotland, by its richly-endowed establishment? The answer must be, none whatever. In that very important function she has all but entirely failed: her students and her children have lived upon English theology. The English version of the Bible; the productions of English Bishops (men whose very title was declared anti-Christian), such as Butler, Pearson, Bull, Jeremy Taylor; or again, of English priests, as Hooker, Donne, Trench, Kelle,—are the staple of Scottish theological libraries. We might prove our assertions by the testimony of such impartial witnesses as Professor Blackie or Sir W. Hamilton, but it is hardly worth while to fortify a position which hardly any one will venture to attack.

It is no marvel if a system which has produced less theology than even English dissent, should be found to have shifted its position. The two most distinctive dogmas of the Kirk originally were, its intense and sweeping Calvinism, and its assertion of the *jus divinum* of Presbytery. The former of these is undoubtedly much mitigated, so much so as to make it a serious question, whether Knox and Melville would accept the gloss now virtually put on the Confession and Catechisms; the second is being rapidly given up, as might be shown by the writings of men so different as Mr. Malcolm Laing, the Duke of Argyll, and Professor Tulloch. It is an anxious problem, which yet remains to be tested, whether such changes will conciliate thoughtful persons, or will open a wider door for forms of intellectual unbelief.

The Sunday question is one of far too great difficulty, both in theory and practice, to be entered upon in the present article. It will, if we hear aright, be treated (and we are sure most ably and conscientiously) before a learned body in England in the spring, *Deo volente*, of 1860. At present, we shall only say, that in a country where really good and earnest men can teach,

that it is wrong to play a chorus of Handel on the piano, or to take a quiet walk on the Lord's-day, there seems to us reason to fear some great outbreak against religion altogether, or else a large development of the saddest hypocrisy. Under these circumstances, we are grieved, but in nowise surprised, at the tremendous consumption of whiskey, which has been *legally* proved to be a leading characteristic of the Scottish Sunday.

We have spoken with freedom, but we earnestly trust without bitterness, of what seem to us the defects of Scottish Presbyterianism, both within and without the pale of the establishment. But we must not be understood to deny that it is an instrument of great good, and that it is a most serious responsibility to attempt to shake any man's confidence in it, unless he who thus acts has a deep conviction that he is trying to lead the way to something better. Conscientious Roman Catholics of course believe this. They number, if we mistake not, some 50,000, made up partly from some inhabitants of remote districts, as in portions of Argyllshire, much more largely from Irish immigrants, and partly from a few noble houses, such as Lovat or Maxwell, with a few lady converts of title during recent years. It cannot, we think, be said that Rome has made much impress upon the country: while we write we see in the Glasgow papers an account of a testimonial given to a Roman Catholic priest in that city; but the gathering on the occasion was entirely Irish, and perhaps Lord Clarendon would probably find little occasion to alter his *dictum* concerning the majority of the Scotch of his day: 'a great part of their religion consisting in an entire detestation of popery, in believing the Pope to be Antichrist, and hating perfectly the persons of all papists.'¹

And yet the bare and unpoetical character of Presbyterianism (admitted even by many of its adherents) might not unnaturally be expected by the very force of repulsion to send some spirits into the opposite extreme. The number of these would probably be unspeakably greater, but that another Communion is at hand to arrest the steps of the wanderers.

This is not the place, nor are we the persons, to sing of the merits, or discuss in detail the weaknesses, of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. There was indeed a day when her cause was abetted by persecution. Blended as that cause was with

¹ 'History of the Great Rebellion,' Book II. It is told of a Scotch sea-coast town, where some Spaniards—part of the great Armada—were wrecked, that the Scotch, (1) gave them food and shelter; (2) proved to them from Scripture that the Pope was Antichrist; (3) proposed the terms of a commercial treaty, whereby the said Scotch town should acquire certain commercial advantages over the rest of Britain in its trade with Spain. The story is, at any rate, eminently characteristic.

political doings, we are not, on that account, inclined to acquit it of all guilt in this matter. In Scotland—as where not?—each Communion, as it got the upper hand, has persecuted others in turn. And the Episcopal Church has known what it is to suffer. Far be it from us to revive the memory of the protracted retaliation exercised upon her. For the present such persecution sleeps: let it be forgotten and buried out of sight. It is hardly the mark of the highest temper to be ever, as it were, stirring the dying embers.¹ With Professor Aytoun, we abstain from the recital of such histories.

The territory of Scotland, as regards episcopacy, might perhaps be not unfairly classified in a three-fold way. There are the districts, especially in the west, where episcopacy was, till within the last five-and-twenty years, regarded with deep abhorrence, and is still, with the many, an object of much dislike and contempt. There are the parts where, as in Edinburgh, it is in possession of the higher and most cultivated class. There is the region on the east, north of the river Tay (including Dundee and Aberdeen), where it has never been crushed out, but is thoroughly national.²

But this, we repeat, is not the place to speak of the deep affection of her children in one part, or the dangers of her being fashionable in another, or of the great moral courage which it requires in others for any layman to stand forth as a liberal patron and benefactor of her clergy. Not here shall be set down aught of her domestic history since her dis-establishment by William III., or her bold planting of a daughter church in the United States. Nor at this time shall we pause to contend, as we well might contend, that it is she, and not modern Presbyterianism, which now most truly teaches what Knox once taught on the subject of sacramental grace. Neither shall we dwell on those links with past ages which her ritual services supply; nor on the earnest sincerity of those converts of hers in the lower classes, who come to her with no prospect of earthly advantage, with little heed to the question of Church-government, but mostly because they have found in her services, in some hour of trouble, a solace and support which they had never before experienced.

But on a more external phase of the matter we may more fitly speak. Although the wise and noble were not in general

¹ It has been remarked in England, that while Neal's 'History of the Puritans' is often reprinted, Walker's 'Sufferings of the Clergy' is wisely and charitably left unprinted by Churchmen; and that while Baxter's works constantly refer to his imprisonment, we should hardly be able, from all the volumes of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, to find out that he, too, had been in a dungeon.

² Lord Lindsay attributes this to the Norwegian blood prominent in this part of Scotland—a curious ethnological question.

the first glad recipients of the gospel, yet among its earliest teachers were a S. Paul and a S. Luke; among its converts, a Sergius Paulus, a Theophilus, a Dionysius, and a Damaris. Early in the history of the Church did the heathen Pliny announce that he had found men of *every* rank among the professors of the new creed, and the Christian Tertullian made a similar announcement from Africa. Before long, as has been well shown by M. Guizot and others, it was found that Christianity was attracting to itself the philosophy and poetry, the wit, the argument, and the eloquence of the nations.

In this function Presbyterianism has been remarkably deficient. Its narrow and unimaginative system has failed to retain the refined and the intellectual viewed as a class. We are not now alluding to infidels like David Hume, who, of course, exist everywhere. But when Scotchmen come to number up the names in which they exult, as having spread the national glory far and wide, how comparatively few are those of attached and earnest supporters of Presbyterianism. Reid, the philosopher, was a Socinian. Even men like Robert Burns, Adam Smith, Principal George Campbell, and others, though nominally Presbyterians, openly avowed their dislike of many parts of the system. Professor Wilson and Sir W. Hamilton were, to say the least, half Episcopalians. One really knows not what would have become of a large proportion of the Scottish aristocracy of intellect (any more than of their aristocracy of birth), had not a more enlarged and genial communion stood ready to receive and foster them. A mere handful in numbers (some fifty thousand to two millions used to be the *ratio*); they have contributed to the literature and science of their native land an amount out of all proportion to their numbers. To that Church belong Dr. John Arbuthnot, the wit of Queen Anne's day; the great creator of commercial law, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield; John Skinner, author of '*Tullochgorum*;' James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson; Dr. Pitcairn, famous as physician, poet, and wit (also *sub regno Annæ*); Bishop Robert Keith, of Edinburgh; James, the poet of the '*Sabbath*;' the grammarian and scholar, Thomas Ruddiman; the field-marshal and statesman of Prussia, James Keith; the last Earl Marischal, George Keith; the man who made the glories of his country known to Christendom at large, Sir Walter Scott; his accomplished son-in-law and biographer, John Gibson Lockhart; one of the most humane and greatest of all physiologists, Sir Charles Bell, and George Joseph Bell, the lawyer; the fairest, perhaps, and most conscientious of all her historians, Patrick Fraser Tytler; the greatest of all botanists since Linnæus, Dr. Robert Brown, of the British Museum; the late Regius Professor

of Hebrew at Oxford, Dr. Nicol; Dr. Bell, founder of the Madras school; Mr. Gleig, the author of the 'Subaltern,' now Chaplain-General of the Forces; Professors Kelland, Innes, and Laycock, of Edinburgh; Professors Grub and Ogilvy, of Aberdeen; the wit and poet, Professor Aytoun; the metaphysician, Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews; the antiquary, Professor Skene, of Glasgow, (may we not add another eminent antiquary, Mr. Cosmo Innes?) and that admirable scholar, Professor Ramsay; and the late much respected Professor of Greek, Sir Daniel Sandford. And hers, too, is the graceful purity and chivalrous feeling that breathe from the pages of Lord Lindsay; the historic lore and skill in art displayed by Mr. Stirling, of Keir, and Lord Elcho. To her belong Lady Anne Lindsay, author of 'Auld Robin Gray,' and other touching ballads; and Miss Catherine Sinclair, whose 'Modern Accomplishments and Modern Society' display (to say nothing of the excellence of their tone) a sprightliness of dialogue and brilliance of repartee quite unsurpassed by any similar production in England; and the author of that history, which, with whatever defects it may be charged, must ever remain a perfect storehouse of exact information most lucidly arranged and most impartially set forth, Sir Archibald Alison; the Coryphæus of those who have attempted to circulate valuable and innocent knowledge among the people, Mr. Robert Chambers; and the famous antiquary, George Chalmers, the author of 'Caledonia.' Hers, too, have been theologians such as 'Gadderar, Sage, Campbell, Rattray, the most learned British divines of the eighteenth century;' and Bishop William Forbes, of Edinburgh, and the saintly-minded Archbishop Leighton. Oh! is it well for Scotchmen, who take delight in the glories of their native land, to speak with scorn and contumely of the spiritual mother of such sons as these?¹

¹ Students of recent works on the history and antiquities of Scotland must have constantly met the name of one gentleman, to whom the various authors almost invariably make acknowledgment: we mean that of one, who is perhaps the first among her living antiquaries—Joseph Robertson, Esq., of the Register Office, Edinburgh. Its omission from the above hastily drawn-up (and therefore probably imperfect) list, may suggest to some one the idea that assistance from this quarter has been obtained by the writer. Such inference would not be wholly incorrect; although Mr. Robertson has not seen a single sentence of this article before its publication, and might probably dissent from several of its positions; yet it is so impossible to have discussed any part of the subject with him, even in brief conversations, without the greatest advantage, that we cannot refrain from adding our very humble tribute to the multitude he has already received. With many a student of history and antiquities, we may express our admiration at a fulness and exactness of knowledge, ever imparted with the utmost liberality and courtesy to all who seek to draw from its stores; with many a brother Churchman, our deep sense of a zeal and wisdom that are prized alike by clergy and by laity.

Such are some few of the aspects of Scotland as gazed on by an English eye. Deeply conscious are we that the glance is not that of a particularly keen-sighted or impartial vision; but some allowance may be made for one who, without any lofty pretensions, has wandered over comparatively untrodden ground. Almost with the Roman of old may we exclaim, in well-known words,—

‘Avia Pieridum peragro loco, nullius ante
Trita solo:’

but we will not add with him that we delight to pluck its flowers,—

‘Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam.’

We neither expect nor seek such coronal: enough, if we have indicated some paths which others may tread with more success. Much has been left untouched. The Highlands, with their Celtic population and deep problems of political economy, largely discussed in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ and touched on (in an opposite spirit) by the novelist, Mr. Grant, and in the graceful tale of the ‘Rona Pass;’ the degree of honour paid to Walter Scott in his own country, somewhat less, Mrs. Stowe thinks, than she expected—a phenomenon for which she partially (but only partially) accounts; the work and position of the first ‘Edinburgh Reviewers,’ a subject treated with much ability, but by no means exhausted, by Mr. Walter Bagshot;—these and numberless similar themes are left by us to other hands.

On the general questions here glanced at, the reader may obtain much information from the works at the head of this article. We might also recommend Lord Lindsay’s delightful ‘Lives of the Lindsays,’ and any of the publications of Mr. Robert Chambers, as *e. g.* his ‘Memorials of Edinburgh.’ As for the letters and poetry of Burns and the Waverley Novels, with their rich store of appended notes, *cela va sans dire*. The less pleasing features of Scottish domestic life of some fifty years since, may be seen in Galt’s powerful novel, the ‘Entail;’ a more modern and more gratifying portraiture in Miss Muloch’s ‘Head of the Family.’ The papers on Scotland, in ‘Fraser’s Magazine’ during the last few years, especially such as are evidently from North-British pens (‘Glasgow down the Water’ *et similia*), have been very excellent, while the lighter touches of national manners and modes of thought have been furnished by the gifted editor of ‘Blackwood’s Magazine,’ with a good humour and playfulness of wit, which often follow, at no inordinate distance, in the track of Scott himself.

It were contrary to time-honoured custom to write anything

on Scotland without quoting her historian's famous *dictum*, respecting the *præfervidum Scotorum ingenium*. Now of the elegance of Buchanan's scholarship, and the general felicity of his epithets, there can be no question; and yet—not without some feeling of alarm at our own boldness—we *do* venture to express a doubt whether this thousand-times repeated description does exactly convey to the ear of the stranger a precise characterization of the Scottish temperament. (Mr. Robert Chambers, we observe in passing, so far helps us in that he assigns the epithet to the Celtic element in the compound organization of his countrymen.) The celebrated phrase would suggest to us the idea of a somewhat feverish and impatient, and perhaps changeful temper, like that of the Athenians or the Parisians, instead of the tenacious, persevering, and indomitable energy of Scotland. Rather, with much diffidence, would we suggest the fitness of the words applied to Brutus of yore; '*Quicquid vult, id valdè vult.*' Intensity, alike in good and evil, is, we imagine, the leading feature of the national character. This it was that struck us after a few years' residence; this it was which (we afterwards found) struck Lord Macaulay in studying one part of Scotch history, and subsequently Mr. Froude when studying another and earlier portion of the same history.

Those who are furthest from the acceptance of the general views of these eminent writers, may yet, we suppose, in this case admit the force and justice of their eloquent descriptions.¹ How far this intensity reaches, and what are its limits, we must leave to others to discuss. It may be (we do not pretend to judge), that Scotch exclusives *are* superlatively exclusive, and more likely than any others of our day, to drive those of a lower grade, by the force of reaction, into radicalism. It may be, that the English sharper almost invariably finds himself outwitted in Edinburgh. It may be, that the Scot, who does combine high professions of religion with unscrupulousness in business, becomes more deeply dyed with hypocrisy than his neighbours. But sure we are, that the intensity is not in one direction only. England boasts, and not without cause, of the affection of her domestic hearths; and yet even England must probably, in this respect, succumb to her northern sister. *Something* have we seen of Scottish family life in almost every rank; and the concord and devotedness of affection cannot possibly, we think, be outdone. The same intensity may be traced, as has been intimated, in the display of many other virtues, as courage, hardihood, endurance,

¹ Lord Macaulay's is, we think, in Vol. III., and Mr. Froude's in the opening pages of Vol. III. of *his* history.

perseverance. Even many of their faults border upon great merits. If they are proud, let us ask what nation of men so independent is free from pride; if they are intolerant, let us think well whether a merely easy going latitudinarianism would ever have reared and sustained the very wonderful fabric of the Free Kirk.

From the judgment of England upon Scotland there lies an appeal to Europe and the world at large. Far be it from us to argue, as a famous Scotchman (Mr. Carlyle) seems to do, that worldly success is any proof of a special blessing from above; but something there must be of marvellous strength of will, and perseverance, and versatility in a race tried in so many times and climes, and not found wanting. Think how many Caledonian surnames gem the lists of our Anglo-Indian statesmen and warriors. In the middle ages, Scotch teachers of philosophy were sought abroad (Joannes Duns Scotus was probably Caledonian); and in our own days, the prince of modern German metaphysicians, Emmanuel Kant, was of Scotch extraction. From Scotland sprang that paragon, the admirable Crichton, once thought a mythical personage, but proved by Tytler to be a reality. Hers were Bellenden and Adamson, and (by descent) the author of *Argenis*, Barclay. Thirteen Scotch regiments served under Gustavus Adolphus, as others, too often (before and since), did good service to the crown of France. William Paterson, the originator of the Bank of England, was Scotch; and so was Cromwell's able ambassador at Paris, Sir William Lockhart. If Law, of the South Sea Bubble, wrought his country no small disgrace in Paris, at least the British ambassador of the day (Lord Stair) held aloof from Law, when in the zenith of his power. Hers, too, are the gallant and chivalrous Keiths; and the great engraver, Sir Robert Strange; and Sir Alexander Mitchell, our ambassador to Frederick the Great.¹ Wonderful it is, too, to remember, that the most successful retreat made before the greatest of modern captains (that of the Russians, in 1812), was conducted by a commander of Scottish descent, Barclay de Tolly; and that, among all the far-famed names of the marshals on the opposing side, under Napoleon, the one who yielded to none in valour, and surpassed all in humanity and good faith, was a warrior who bore a time-honoured and historic Scottish name, a scion of the house of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles.

Some of our English friends resident in Scotland will, we know, accuse us of being too favourable. We have neither time nor space left to defend ourselves, by anticipation, from their

¹ See, for many details, the spirited papers in 'Blackwood,' in the spring of 1856, entitled, the 'Scot Abroad,' to which we must acknowledge our obligations.

attacks. But if from any Scottish readers a very different charge should proceed, let them remember how worthless, after all, is indiscriminating eulogy; let them, in charity, give us credit for a real desire to be honest and truthful, and be assured that our good wishes are thoroughly with the land they love. May she flourish alike by flood and fell, in village and in city, more especially in her two capitals—the metropolis of rank and law and art, the metropolis of wealth and commercial enterprise. *Floreat Edina; floreat Glasgwa; floreat universa Caledonia!*

ART. II.—*Vetus Testamentum Græce, Juxta LXX. Interpretes. Recensionem Grabianam Ad Fidem Codicis Alexandrini Aliorumque Denuo Recognovit, Græca Secundum Ordinem Textus Hebraei Reformavit, Libros Apocryphos A Canonicis Segregavit* FRIDERICUS FIELD, A.A.M., Coll. SS. Trin. Cantab. olim Socius. Sumtibus Societatis De Promovenda Doctrina Christiana. Oxonii: Excudebat Jacobus Wright, Academiæ Typographus. MDCCCLIX. Pp. 1088.

FROM an untold antiquity, perhaps coeval with the age of the Ptolemies, and from causes which are equally unknown and unknowable, the MSS. of the LXX. have always existed in a deplorable state of confusion and mutilation. It was the opinion of Grabe, that the notable transpositions of chapters towards the close of Exodus arose from some blunder in stitching the rolls or leaves of the Hebrew copy, originally sent by the Sanhedrim to Alexandria. Though we can hardly admit this conjecture, we are at a loss to propose a better. And the same confession will apply to many other transpositions and mutilations which occur simultaneously in all the collated MSS. of the LXX.

Perhaps nothing can more clearly evince the extreme deference and veneration which have always been paid to this Greek version of the Old Testament, than the almost superstitious delicacy with which its faults and imperfections have been treated. As a version, nothing can be more self-evident than that its order of chapter and verse should conform to that of the original; yet the primitive Church never attempted even this exterior restoration. Even Origen could not prevail on his brethren to adopt the Hebrew standard. The Hexapla was deposited in the library of the Church of Cæsarea, in Palestine, and there it remained unnoticed till the days of S. Jerome.

Though the order of the Hebrew was now made patent by the Latin version, yet, amidst all the disputes between SS. Jerome and Augustine, respecting the comparative authority of the Hebrew and the LXX., we do not recollect that any attempt was made to bring them into one and the same series. The elder Latin versions were taken from the LXX., and were still in use in many Churches to the age of Constantine. And when, at length, the translation of S. Jerome triumphed, it produced no influence whatever on the order, or rather disorder, of

the LXX. Neither in the Eastern nor the Western Church was there any proposal to bring the text of the Hebrew original and the Greek version into the same external unity and sequence.

Nor at the era of the Reformation did Luther or Calvin, or any of their followers, essay this plain and perilless Biblical revision. It remained for a Spanish cardinal, even against the protests of Romanists, to achieve this great *desideratum*. It was Ximenes who planned and executed the Complutensian Polyglott; and it consumed the labours of more than twenty years to accomplish this magnificent undertaking. As to the LXX., we are now assured by Cardinal Mai, the editor was aided by the best MSS. from the Vatican, and thus all the idle suspicions respecting their value are negatived.¹ Nor was Ximenes unworthy of the treasures committed to his charge. Instead of printing the Septuagint merely as he found it, in all its prescribed mutilations and disorder, he resolutely '*took the bull by the horns*;' he not only collated the best MSS. to obtain an improved text, but he adjusted the transpositions, he filled up the *lacunæ*, and thus brought the Greek columns into correspondence with those of the Hebraic text.

As might have been expected, this first attempt was not entirely successful. The dislocations were rectified, but for some of the *lacunæ* Ximenes could not find MS. authority. 'With a grace beyond the reach of art' (which we cannot *critically* justify), he now and then Hellenised the Latin Vulgate! If any one is inclined to be severe on the boldness of Ximenes, let him remember the negligence of our Walton. There are some scores of pages in our Anglican Polyglott, in which the parallel columns of the Hebrew and the Septuagint are at total variance!

When we consider the long endurance of these palpable anomalies, and that, during three centuries, men of learning, nay and whole universities, should have tamely submitted to print and reprint this venerated Greek version of the Old Testament in such a disreputable state of chaos and confusion, we deem it no slight honour to the 'Christian Knowledge Society' to have removed this stigma from Biblical literature.

¹ There is an internal evidence for the value and integrity of the Complutensian text which we do not think has ever been adverted to. It is this. Nearly the whole of Genesis is wanting in the Vat. MS. When the Roman Edit. (1586) appeared, the whole of that large hiatus was necessarily filled up from other MSS. accessible to the Sixtine editors. But whoever compares the Genesis of the Complutensian, with that of the Roman Edition, will find they are substantially alike. It is plain, then, that they worked out their text from the same MSS., viz. the Venetian of Bessarion and that of Carafa, which are distinctly recognised by the Roman editors.

By many, we believe, it was deemed utterly impracticable, though Grabe, in his Dissertation (*De Variis Vitiis LXX. Interpp.* Oxon. 1710), had actually supplied the remedies. So lately as 1848, the learned Professor Gaisford was content to publish an edition of the Septuagint 'Secundum Exemplar Vaticanum,' with all the mutilations, transpositions, and interpolations of the Sixtine (1586) in the text, though some of the *lacunæ* were supplied from the Alexandrian MS. in the lower margin. Now, if any one will collate this standard Oxford Edition with that of Mr. Field, he will at once be enabled to judge of their comparative merits. Let him compare, *e. g.* the latter chapters of Exodus, or the Third Book of Kings, or nearly the whole of Jeremiah, and he will be at no loss to form his estimate. In the Oxford Edition, the eye is constantly offended with wrong numbering of verses, with misplacement of chapters, with unfilled chasms, with gross interpolations. The books, canonical and uncanonical, follow each other in unscriptural confusion; no attempt is made to correct the orthography or punctuation, and the same proper name occurs in every variety of letter. We do not wish to be severe on the past, but while demanding the absence of such anomalies for the future, we feel assured, that if the delegates of the Clarendon continue to adhere to the Vatican text, they will revise it with the same care, acumen, and discretion, as Mr. Field has displayed in this recension of the Alexandrian.

We are of opinion that the interests of the Greek version will be more successfully prosecuted by distinct attention to either of these MSS. than by attempting to amalgamate them in one text. They have each their own characteristics, and their respective advantages, and we may say of them, as of Cæsar and Pompey, '*Magis pares quam similes.*' The MSS. of the Eastern Church should be selected to improve the Alexandrian text, whilst those of the Western Church should be preferred for the Vatican. Even in their orthography we would not disturb their peculiarities, but they should be rendered, as far as practicable, uniform in each. Above all, their Hellenisms should not be tampered with, and no endeavour should be used to bring them to a more classical standard.

It is by close and habitual collation of the Hebrew text with the Greek version that we shall attain the most accurate knowledge of the Old Testament. Even where the version apparently differs, it often throws much light on an obscure passage. It leads to some train of thought, which explores the secret. Let no man attempt to exalt the one, by the depreciation of the other. It is by their mutual assistance that we shall best understand 'the mind of the Spirit.'—'*Alterius sic altera poscît*

opem res, et conjurat amicè.' No force should be used in the alliance; we should attend patiently and respectfully to each, and then infer the result.

We dread the application of classical taste to Jewish documents, just as we should protest against the intermixture of Grecian and Gothic architecture. They have their respective beauties, but they do not admit of assimilation. It is much to the credit of the editor of S. Chrysostom, that he has not indulged that fascinating delicacy in his Septuagintal emendations, which is thought to have influenced and injured Bishop Lowth as a Hebrew critic. Yet he confesses (*Prolegg.* p. xxii.) that he may occasionally have been rather too scrupulous. All our lexicons abound with attempts to destroy the characteristics of the Hellenistic style. They are curious in hunting out some phrase in some tragic or comic writer, which may protect the philological honour of a Prophet or an Apostle. What arrant trifling is this, if not something worse! Every Hebraism in the LXX., or the New Testament, is a mark of authenticity. It bears witness to their Jewish origin, to the age and country in which they were composed. What endless pains and labour have Messrs. Raphelius, Elsner, Kypke, and a host of Dutch and German critics endured to diminish and deaden these philological evidences!

It is the intimate connexion, or rather the union, of the Septuagint version with the New Testament, which must ever endear its memory to the Christian mind. The early Fathers saluted it as '*The port of the Gentiles*,' and well they might, for it is not easy to conceive how the Gentiles could have been brought into the Christian Church, without the translation of the Old Testament into Greek. None but Jews could have made such a version. The Hebrew language was unknown to the rest of the world. It was executed just at the time when Macedonic Greek was spread over the East by the conquests of Alexander. Large numbers of Jews were living at Alexandria, the chief port of Mediterranean commerce, and they naturally desired this translation of Moses and the Prophets into Macedonic Greek; but their Judaic traditions forbade them departing from Hebrew phraseology. Hence arose that peculiar style which we term Hellenistic, and which distinguishes the Septuagint and the New Testament from classic Greek.

This version was begun, according to Prideaux, about 270 years before the Christian era, and probably it was not finished till towards the close of that century. It was then that Scipio had triumphed over Hannibal in Africa, and put an end to the Second Punic War. The younger Antiochus soon after passed over into Asia Minor, and made considerable conquests.

‘Having found,’ says Prideaux, ‘the Jews of Babylonia and Mesopotamia very serviceable and steady to his interest, he entertained a great opinion of their fidelity. And therefore, on some commotions in Phrygia and Lydia, he ordered 2,000 families of those Babylonian and Mesopotamian Jews to be sent thither for the suppression of those seditions. It was from these Jews, who were afterwards scattered in great numbers over Asia Minor, that their descendants were so numerous and influential on these coasts, in the early days of Christianity.’

This is valuable information, but it is little known and seldom alluded to. It shows how the Churches on the coasts of Asia Minor became the head-quarters of Christianity, it proves the vast influence of the Septuagint, and it accounts for the numerous citations of S. Paul from the Hellenistic version. It was at Ephesus and Smyrna, not at Athens or Sparta, but in Macedonia, where the Gospel achieved its apostolic triumphs. It was the Hellenistic Jew, not the Grecian sophist, who became its earliest convert. The reason is plain and self-evident. He had been accustomed to read the Alexandrian version. He was familiar with its doctrinal and prophetic language; he now heard S. Paul explaining the same doctrines, and developing the same prophecies.—‘What doth this babbler say?’ ‘He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods,’ was the jesting exclamation of the Attic sophist. Nor were the Greek idolaters at Ephesus more favourable, when they exclaimed, ‘Great is Diana of the Ephesians!’ Yet there was a great underlying *stratum* of Jewish Hellenists all along the shores of the Ægean and Mediterranean, stretching from Bithynia to Cilicia, and it was chiefly from these Hellenists that the earliest Christian converts were collected.

Nor was a still later Antiochus, surnamed Sidetes, B. C. 136, less instrumental to the diffusion of the LXX. by his barbarous cruelties at Alexandria. ‘He drove abroad,’ says Prideaux, quoting Athenæus, ‘grammarians, philosophers, geometricians, physicians, and other professors of arts and sciences into Greece, the Lesser Asia, and the Isles.’ Amongst these were, doubtless, multitudes of learned Jews, who carried the knowledge of the Septuagint far and wide. The wars of the Maccabees at the same time must have greatly contributed to the same effect, and they also manifest that Providential wisdom, which was preparing the world for the Christian era.

But why should we appeal to Prideaux or Athenæus? The evidence is in the hands of all who possess the New Testament. On the day of Pentecost ‘there were dwelling at Jerusalem, devout men out of every nation under heaven.’ ‘Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Judæa, and

'Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians.' Who was the herald that collected this world-wide multitude? What mighty talisman attracted these motley throngs to Palestine? Only one answer can be returned. It was this very version of the Old Testament. It was 'the Star in the East' which conducted these proselytes to the Temple. 'And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah, from the four corners of the earth.' We adduce this prediction only as an accommodation, but we feel that it vividly represents the truth of our argument.

And here we may remark on the ignorance and folly of those Protestant prejudices, which would decry the value and importance of that supplement to the canon of the Old Testament, which we call the Apocrypha. We should know comparatively but little of the Jewish history between the age of Nehemiah and S. John, if we had been deprived of the Books of Maccabees. Nor could we have appreciated the excellence of their moral writings, had we been ignorant of the Books of Ecclesiasticus or Wisdom. But the philological value of these works, in reference to the phraseology of the New Testament, can be known only by a minute collation of their style and correspondence. As might be expected, they approach more nearly to the style and idiom of the New Testament than any of the canonical books. This may be explained on two considerations. First, they are original compositions, not translations. The version is always more or less hampered by the fetters of the original. Secondly, they exhibit the Hellenistic style in a more recent aspect. So like are some chapters of the Maccabees to some of the Acts, that, if it were not for the difference of matter, they might be almost mistaken for each other.

But the inestimable importance of the version of the LXX. has not been sufficiently estimated, as an irrefragable evidence of the authenticity of the Old and New Testament. It was made sufficiently long before the Christian era to free it from all suspicions of forgery, and to give it all the weight of an independent authority. It is cited more than 2,000 times by Philo, as any one may see from the 'Index Locorum' of Mangey. Made by Jews, it cannot be convicted of Christian prejudice, and therefore it stands an unassailable witness of the 'Hebraïca Veritas.' Without such a witness, it might have been whispered, 'Perhaps the Jewish Scriptures are a Jewish imposture.' It remains also a permanent interpreter of their meaning, for without this interpreter they would have been vague and uncer-

tain as hieroglyphics. And then how vast is its importance to the authenticity of the New Testament! How could the New Testament have been written in Greek, if there had not been a Greek Old Testament in general use? Or how could our Lord have appealed with effect to Moses and the prophets, if he had endorsed his own appeals from Hebrew into Greek?

The fact is plain and undeniable that, in the greater number of citations from the Old Testament, the Evangelists and Apostles have adopted the very words of the Greek version, and that they have occasionally preferred it, even where it differs from the original. This plain and undeniable fact, we say, must ever entitle it to the peculiar reverence of the Christian student. Nor should we forget, that during the first 300 years of the Christian Church, it formed the only Bible of public worship. With the single exception of Origen, not one of the Fathers could consult the Hebrew text, till the days of S. Jerome. Every version, except the older Syriac, was taken from the LXX. It forms the Bible of the Eastern Church to the present day. Such facts bespeak their own importance—they also declare the importance of that edition of the LXX. which is now before us.

As the edition, which we are reviewing, has been undertaken under the direction and at the expense of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, we are sure that our readers will be gratified by our reprinting this extract from the 'Report of the Foreign Translation Committee, July, 1859:—

'The labours of the Foreign Translation Committee have now extended over a quarter of a century; and in presenting this, their twenty-fifth annual report, the Committee have the satisfaction of being able to mark such an epoch in the history of their proceedings, by laying before the Board a work of so important a character as their new edition of the Greek Septuagint, just published. When they presented their Report this time last year to the Board, the Committee expressed a hope that this work might have appeared before Christmas. And that object might, indeed, have been effected, if they had been able to satisfy themselves with publishing merely the Greek text alone. But, considering that this edition of the Septuagint differs, in some respects very materially, from all that have preceded it, while it had required no ordinary amount of learning, and of critical skill and care, to revise, and arrange, and carry through the press such a text as was contemplated by the Committee, it was thought that it would be neither satisfactory to the public, nor fair to the learned and conscientious editor, Mr. Field, to put forth a work of such importance, without some explanation of the objects for which it was undertaken, and the principle and plan on which it had been conducted and accomplished, together with some sufficient indication of the careful and judicious criticism which had been brought to bear upon it. And the Committee feel confident that, when the "Prolegomena" prefixed to the text, and the "Collatio" which forms an appendix to the volume, come to be examined, it will be allowed that it was well worth while to have delayed the publication, for the sake of inserting such valuable and satisfactory documents.

‘This edition of the Septuagint, it will be remembered, was undertaken with the sanction of the Board, five years ago, when the Foreign Translation Committee stated that their object should be to produce such a text, as might be both serviceable to Biblical students at home, and also acceptable, at the same time, to the Greek Church, for whose benefit they had already printed one edition of the Septuagint at Athens. The Athens edition, in four volumes, was printed from the Moscow edition of the Bible, which was the one in common use in the East, and might consequently be considered as exhibiting the authorized text of the Greek Church; and, with the ready and entire approval of the Synod of Attica, in this reprint of the text under their own superintendence, the apocryphal were separated from the canonical books, and formed the fourth volume of the work. The apocryphal parts of the books of Esther and Daniel were, however, inadvertently left where they were found in the Moscow edition; and although these portions were, in some instances, easily detected by not being divided into verses at all, and in other cases were marked by a separate numbering of verses of their own, which distinguished them from the canonical portions of the chapters to which they were attached, yet those interpolations were considered sufficient cause for not placing that edition on the Society’s catalogue for sale in this country.

‘The Codex Alexandrinus is the basis of the Moscow text, which is, in fact, nothing else than a creditably accurate reprint of Grabe’s, or rather of Bretinger’s revision of Grabe’s edition of the Septuagint. To accomplish the double object, therefore, proposed by the Committee, it was necessary to adopt this text; and it was determined, in this newly-revised edition, not only to separate all the apocryphal matter from the canonical books, but also to remove the inconveniences arising from the unaccountable dislocations of chapters and verses, which occur in certain books of the Septuagint, by rearranging them according to the order of the Hebrew text. This desideratum the Committee trust it will be found that Mr. Field has skilfully and successfully accomplished. And he has so accomplished it, as still to show what the previous arrangement of the Greek text was. For while, for the manifest convenience of Biblical students, the text of this edition reads, chapter and verse, side by side with the Hebrew, and with all translations from it; an additional and collateral numbering of chapters and verses, where necessary, in brackets, shows what was before the order of the Greek. In one case, that of the thirty-sixth and following three chapters of Exodus, where the confusion of the Greek text is so great that the two separate arrangements could not be distinctly marked in that manner, the text *in extenso*, just as it stands in the Septuagints hitherto in use, is printed in a smaller type, below the arranged text of this edition. The additions to the books of Esther and Daniel are removed and placed with the apocryphal books, as in our English Bibles; and all those shorter apocryphal interpolations in other books, which could not be conveniently removed and printed by themselves, such, for instance, as the allusion to the bee in the sixth chapter of Proverbs, are, in this edition, marked with inverted commas.

‘With regard to the text itself, no pains have been spared to render it as satisfactory as possible. Mr. Field’s character, as a learned, judicious, and accurate editor, was already established by his valuable labours upon the Homilies of S. Chrysostom; and in his late editorial labours in the service of this Society, he was well supplied with all needful means and appliances for the satisfactory accomplishment of the task imposed upon him. Besides his own resources, the University library and the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, afforded him important helps. Through the very liberal kindness of the trustees of the British Museum, the Committee were enabled, without cost, to provide him with a copy of Mr. Baber’s *fac-simile* of the Codex Alexandrinus; and wherever, in the course of his

labours, there appeared to be any reason to question the accuracy of Mr. Baber's work, the original Codex was carefully examined. And the Foreign Translation Committee feel themselves bound to take this opportunity of acknowledging, with gratitude, the ready courtesy with which every facility of reference to that precious manuscript was at all times afforded them. It is only just also to add, at the same time, that, as the use which has been made of Mr. Baber's fac-simile, in preparing this edition of the Septuagint, has tested, so also has it confirmed the claim of his work to the character of remarkable accuracy.'

It should be added, that this edition presents a fine example of Greek typography in the Porson type, and that it does much credit to Mr. Wright, the late-appointed academical printer to the University of Oxford.

Perhaps the scope and catholicity of the Greek version are not generally estimated in compass and extent. Considered merely as a translation of the Hebrew, it is liable to many critical animadversions. Designed by Providence chiefly as an introduction to the Christian Church, it softens the Jewish element, even at the expense of verbal accuracy; and frequently enlarges the bounds of a title, a promise, or prediction, beyond the grammatical limits of the original. Take, *e.g.* the word יהוה as represented by Κύριος, to which so many Hebraists have objected. If the LXX. had not used Κύριος as the representative of יהוה, how could we have inferred the Deity of our Lord in the New Testament, from his being called *Lord*? Or suppose that our translators had used *Jehovah* in the Old, and *Lord* in the New Testament, what dissonance and confusion would it not have occasioned in the mind of the reader! The real value of the Greek version is thus elicited by the very objections which have been brought against it. We should consider it, therefore, not as a mere translation, but as a Providential instrument for preparing the way for the Christian dispensation. Without claiming for it direct inspiration, we may view it as a special document employed by the Head of the Church for the advancement of His spiritual kingdom. It was the conductor of Judaism to Christianity. To estimate its importance we have only to suppose its absence.

We rejoice to behold an increasing attention and respect to the study of this Canonical version. From the ignorance of Hebrew amongst the early Fathers, the version was unduly exalted to the seat of the original; but amongst the Protestants, since the Reformation, its value has been much underrated and its study sadly neglected. It has been hastily concluded that, because we have the original, we have no need of the version. The '*Hebraica Veritas*,' has been contrasted with the '*Græcia Mendax*,' and the disputes of SS. Jerome and Augustine have been most unreasonably revived.

It were needless and impertinent to prove that an original must ever be intrinsically superior to a copy, and that the value of the copy must depend on its likeness to the original. But when the original is dark and obscure, the copy rises in its comparative value, just as the borrowed light of the moon is of essential value at night, when the orb of day is intercepted by the earth. We may explain our meaning by a few considerations. The Hebrew language was never general like that of Greece. It was confined to the nation set apart from all other nations; it was designed to keep them separate and distinct from the surrounding Gentiles. Such was the Hebrew of the patriarchs, of the Pentateuch, and of the earlier books of the Old Testament. But when the Jews were carried into captivity, and especially during the Babylonish captivity of seventy years, they lost in a great measure their use of Hebrew as a vernacular, and adopted a mixture of Chaldee and Syrian, as their spoken language. The Hebrew was still studied by men of learning, by their Rabbis, and Doctors of the Law; but it was expounded to the Palestines in that Syro-Chaldaic which we find in the Targums, whilst to the Jews scattered abroad, it was explained in the Greek of the Septuagint.

At the fall of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, the Temple worship was destroyed, and with it perished the knowledge of Hebrew, except amongst a few of the learned Jews. Till the days of S. Jerome, A.D. 400, not a single Christian, except Origen, could read or understand the Hebrew text. The learned read and studied the Septuagint version, and the common people had the old Latin version of the LXX., called the *Itala*. We are now speaking of the Western Church. In the East, the Greek version was never superseded; and whatever versions were made in Arabic, Æthiopian, or Coptic, were professedly taken from the LXX.

After one thousand years of mediæval obscurity, the light of learning began to dawn, and with it some faint attempts to revive the knowledge of Hebrew. By the help of Jews, Buxtorf and others cultivated this study very assiduously. This may be termed Judaic, or traditional Hebrew. But at a later period, Schultens and others called in the aid of the Arabic and other cognate languages to enlarge this study, and in our day Gesenius has distinguished himself by a far more copious collation of Oriental dialects. Now, we do not mean to deny the value and utility of these more extended philological researches; but even their value must intimate the darkness and obscurity which overhang the study of Biblical Hebrew. We think, therefore, that Professor Lee was fully justified in saying, that more real light can be obtained from the LXX.; in the study of Biblical Hebrew, than from all the lexicons, grammars,

and commentaries of Hebrew scholars, whether ancient or modern.

Nor is it hard to account for this superiority of the Greek version over every other subsidiary, in our study of the Hebrew text. It was a version made by Jews long before the Christian era, for the express purpose of aiding their brethren to read Moses and the Prophets in the Greek language, which was then becoming the chief medium of intercourse between the Eastern and Western peoples. The Greek of Alexandria naturally partook of the Macedonic dialect, and combined with the Hebraic element to form that peculiar phraseology which we term Hellenistic. Their version is consequently Macedonic Greek expressed in Hebrew idioms. It is the half-way house between the Old and the New Testament. But this is the exact *desideratum* for the interpretation of the Hebrew text in its connexion with Christianity. Nothing would have been more difficult or precarious, than to ascertain the exact import of doctrinal terms in Moses and the Prophets, had they not been interpreted by Jews, before the coming of Christ, in the very same terms as those which are used by the Evangelists and Apostles. The interchange is so complete that it is difficult to say on which side the balance inclines—whether the Old Testament, or the New, be the more indebted to the LXX.

The early Fathers, though ignorant of Hebrew, well understood the force of this argument, in its reference to the Gentiles, and the preparation of the world for the advent of Messias. They often magnify this version—as ‘*Porta Gentilium*,’ and ‘*Ostium ad Christum*.’ As their study of the Old Testament was almost entirely confined to the Septuagint, they estimated its value by its connexion with the language of the Gospels and Epistles. Whatever excellence or authority belong to the Patristic interpretation of the ancient Scriptures, is based on their knowledge and study of the Septuagint.

Now, without claiming any direct inspiration for this Greek version, it deserves the consideration of all who feel reverence for ecclesiastical antiquity, whether the utmost veneration be not due to that text, which constituted during three hundred years the sole light and instruction of Christendom in reference to the Old Testament. Until it can be shown, that the comments of modern divines on Moses and the Prophets are superior to those of SS. Basil, Theodoret, Chrysostom, Ambrose, or Augustine, we think we should pause in vaunting our Hebraic elevation. The truth is, whatever we can know of Biblical Hebrew is chiefly gained from the LXX., or from versions derived from the LXX. It is easy to assert the superiority of the Hebrew, as the original, but it is very difficult to prove that we can obtain an exact knowledge of Hebrew, *per se*.

Look at any Hebrew lexicon, mark the numberless conjectures, the endless doubts and speculations, and then say, how great would have been our darkness, without the Greek interpreter.

We have now arrived at a position where we can duly estimate the value of Mr. Field's labours, and the merits of the Christian Knowledge Society. To recapitulate what we have said, this Greek version—this guide and guardian of the Gentiles, this companion of Evangelists and Apostles, and this text-book of the early Church—has hitherto been left in the most reproachful state of confusion and mutilation. Though it is impossible to tell the age or origin of this chaos, there is neither danger nor difficulty in showing, that it ought long since to have been remedied and removed. Nothing can be more plain than that the version should follow the order of the original; nothing can be more self-evident than that verses and chapters misplaced should be arranged in their proper sequence: yet these plain, self-evident axioms have heretofore been never acted on. They have formed the complaints of the Church from the days of Origen to those of Professor Gaisford, and yet (with the illustrious exception of Ximenes and the Complutensian) we have wept and mourned over the *lacunæ*, the mutilations and interpolations of the LXX., whilst we have been actively engaged in emending Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and the whole host of classical pagans. We heartily rejoice that we have lived to see an end of this strange indifference, and that we shall no longer be taunted with the countless disorders and confusion of the LXX. We shall now read the version as it walks *pari passu* with the Hebrew original. Our parallel columns will no longer be of the zigzag fashion; Deuteronomy will no longer be at war with arithmetic, and Jeremiah will cease to lament over our ill-treatment. The Psalmist will sing 'a new song' in unbroken melody.

The text here selected is the Alexandrian, as it was primarily intended for the use of the Greek Church; but as the Vatican text has obtained the preference, not only in England, but on the Continent, it is desirable that a similar revision should hereafter be made of the Roman edition, which is far more defective.

We cannot conclude this notice, without adverting to the happy, perhaps we might say, the providential coincidence of the Public Lecture, which has recently been established at Oxford, for setting forth the importance and utility of the Septuagint. When we consider how little the study of Hellenistic Greek has hitherto been encouraged, and that attention to the peculiar idiom of the New Testament has been chiefly relegated to Dissenting academies, we hail this appointment of a Helle-

nistic Lecturer, as an important accession to our academical staff. Whilst we have a Regius Professor of Greek, and Regius Professor of Hebrew, we may well admit a Public Terminal Reader on the LXX. in connexion with the phraseology of the New Testament. Nor would we confine the Prelector to mere philological illustration. Let him show the wide influence of this version as the forerunner of the Evangelists and Apostles. Let him trace its historical origin and progress—let him develop its universal influence in the primitive Church—let him demonstrate its importance, as the intermediate station between Judaism and Christianity. Let him exhibit its position, as the Phœnix of the Eastern Church, and the parent of the Eastern versions. Above all, let him demonstrate its importance, as a standing evidence of the authenticity of the Old and New Testament, as the companion of the Hebrew, and the interpreter of the Greek. Such a lecture, delivered with competent talent and learning, cannot fail to arrest the attention of a large number of students, and particularly of those designed for the Church. The appointment is biennial, and thus every undergraduate will be enabled to compare two different lecturers. We hope it will pass into the hands of many young and rising men, who will do honour to themselves and credit to the University, who will render their prelections at once attractive and useful, and thus prevent the danger and disgrace of its merging into that Slough of Despond—the *Wall Lecture*.

The splendid encomium of Bishop Walton may well constitute our peroration:—

‘Inter Græcas Vet. Test. Versiones principem locum meritò obtinet, celebris illa LXXII. Interpretum, nobile istud Synagogæ et Ecclesiæ monumentum; quippe quæ in tanto honore fuerit tam apud Judæos, quàm Christianos, tum Orientis, tum Occidentis, ut ab illis in Synagogis, ab his fere sola, vel ex eâ factæ Versiones, in Ecclesiis publicè prælegerentur. Ex hæc reliquæ Versiones omnes ab Ecclesiâ antiquitùs approbatæ (solâ exceptâ Syriacâ) traductæ sunt: viz. Arabica, Æthiopica, Armena, Illyrica, Gothica, et Latina Vetus ante Hieronymum; nec aliam Ecclesia Græca, et pleræque Orientales in hunc usque diem agnoscunt, hæc solâ contenti. Hanc Patres et Theologi, tam Græci quàm Latini commentariis illustrârunt, et in scriptis suis ubique citârunt: Ignatius, Clemens uterque, Justinus, Tertullianus, Ireneus, Cyrillus, Basilus, Theodoretus, Gregorius, Athanasius, Chrysostomus, Ambrosius, Augustinus, Hilarius, totusque venerandus Veterum chorus, antiqua illa Ecclesiæ lumina, quotquot doctrinâ et sanctitate claruerunt. Ex hæc veritatem doctrinæ probârunt, errores et hæreses profigârunt, vitæ et disciplinæ regulas hauserunt. Immò, in Conciliis, tam Provincialibus quàm Generalibus, hæc a sanctissimis Patribus usurpata est, &c. Tantum etiam invaluit hujus Versionis autoritas apud Judæos, ut ubique per Ægyptum, Græciam, Asiam, etc. immò in ipsâ Hierosolyma publicè in Synagogis, ut jam innuimus prælegeretur, omnibus Judæis linguam Græcam optime callentibus, cùm Hebraicam (quæ dudum vernacula esse desiêrat), soli sacerdotes et docti intelligerent.’
—*Prolegg.* ix. 1, 2.

- ART. III.—1. *A Life for a Life, by the Author of 'John Halifax.'*
 London: Hurst & Blackett. 1859.
2. *Cousin Stella.* London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1859.
3. *Through the Shadows.* London: Hurst & Blackett. 1859.

WHAT should be the first impulse in the writer of fiction? or must his work begin in impulse at all? Ought it rather to be the deliberate result of thought and intention? Should he be impelled to express the pictures of human life, as such, which his fancy draws, without ulterior aim, simply because such exercise is congenial and delightful to him; or ought he consciously to apply his talents to a moral purpose? Must he, that is, first be imbued with a moral which of itself shall suggest an appropriate illustration, or, his brain being peopled with its own creations, may he commit them without formal design to the laws which appear to him to regulate human action? To many the answer is so obvious that the question appears to them scarcely a proper one to ask. Of course those who write for a moral purpose must stand highest. On reviewing our literature, which presents abundant examples of both kinds, they will always esteem those authors most who have the loftiest avowed aim. Now, unquestionably, people should never devote themselves to a work without a moral purpose, but the mere truthful exhibition of human nature may furnish this. Whoever keeps close to the truth is acting conscientiously: he may believe it a useful thing to assist in enlarging men's knowledge of character and life; he may indeed think it better to seem to want an obvious moral than to twist one character out of its reality, to strain one incident out of probability, to depict one unnatural scene, to commit, in fact, one minor falsehood in order to carry a main grand point. Not that there is any discrepancy between higher and lower truth; the best fiction arrives at the one through the other; but many readers, if they sympathise with the high truth, which is the professed moral, are blind or indifferent to the anomalies and outrages by which it is reached. That is with them the best, most valuable story, always supposing a certain fitness and ability in the writer, which takes what they consider the highest stand. It is this principle of judging which gives religious fiction its popularity; people will take everything for granted where they sympathise with the writer's aim, and expect the happiest results from the mere assertion in a picturesque form of a favourite principle. Whereas influences are such subtle

things that any ignorance of the science of motives, any hitch in the minor morals, any betrayal of sympathy with inferior rules of action, may neutralize all the good; so that we are disposed to estimate a novel writer's rank and value by the keenness of his insight into character and motives, and the correctness of his moral sense in all the details of conduct; with these two qualities he can produce a valuable fiction even if there be no evident moral—without them no alleged moral in the world, no assertion of sublime truth will give it worth. But indeed no one can possess the qualities, moral and intellectual, we have indicated, without being stimulated by high aims, and a desire to use such gifts for the good of others; but they may not be apparent on the surface, as in the story written to illustrate a truth. The reader feels an elevating and refining influence, but he cannot repeat in words the lesson he has learnt, as he is expected to do in the other case, and as in some excellent and most valuable moral fictions can be done with a real sense of profit.

Genius, it is said, is of no sex; and this is so far true that it is only in a general sense, and with the consciousness of abundant exceptions on either side, that we express the opinion of women being the especially 'moral' writers; that is, they set to work to prove a point—starting with this point, and framing the story to set it off: intent on one definite object very near at heart in religion, morals, conduct, or society. This may be owing to the feminine mode of viewing things in the particular rather than in the general, to the strong faith women have in the efficacy of good advice, or that as leader and champion of her sex the conscientious authoress may really feel a weight of errors to expose, duties to inculcate, and wrongs to redress in a more particular sense than men do, leading her when she assumes the pen both to assign to herself a task and to give a reason to the world for the onerous effort. She has the feeling that the woman's side of every question has yet to be asserted; that the time in the world's history has come for this new development; that her tenderer organization and quick intuitiveness should be called in, at once to the raising and the settling of momentous doubts.

The writer of 'A Life for a Life,' already familiar to the general reader as the author of 'John Halifax,' 'A Woman's Thoughts about Women,' and other popular works, stands conspicuous in this sisterhood, and as having come to her work brim full of purpose and with her task very distinctly set before her. She has devoted unquestionable ability to no less an object than changing the world's opinion on two important points. The main and more prominent one—its con-

duct towards the criminal, which she somewhere calls 'the one question of our times;' the other its views on—shall we use the familiar word—courtship; or seek some more deep and reverential term to express the growth and progress of the tenderest affections? Her own sentiments on both points are evidently not founded on custom and received habits of thought; indeed, in the first question, are more at variance with them than she likes openly to express, and her plot suffers from not feeling at liberty to illustrate her meaning by an appropriate example. Her argument demands a stronger case than she has dared to put. Hers is a tale of progress, and she has evidently felt that the world is not ripe for the free assertion of her views.

It is quite right to grant that public opinion does progress, and very often changes for the better. Clearly it is the intention of Providence that there should be these changes, wrought out by no direct revelation, but which the human mind, through the gradual leavening influence of the Gospel, works out for itself. It may then fairly be discussed how far society may remit its punishment of sin. We have not necessarily reached our highest wisdom on this point. Whether the present writer is right or wrong in her claim of entire restoration and pardon to the penitent criminal, we are not obliged to consider the matter a settled one, and incapable of modification; there may be advantage in directing men's thoughts to the question. In like manner the softer affections are amenable to progress. There can be no doubt that public opinion has a moral weight in their regulation which the more religious minds acknowledge and obey; that from age to age it enunciates principles, slowly wrought out by man's purified reason, which must be received as the development of the Christian moral code. So that in a certain sense we are in advance of the manners and instincts of good people of Jewish, or primitive Christian, times. As a proof, and to make our meaning clear, we appeal to every one of our readers whether they do not know some instance of persons outraging public feeling and shocking their friends by a marriage which they have defended with the plea that there is nothing against their line of conduct in the Bible, or perhaps by adducing some case from Scripture which, superficially, is in point, and bears them out. The acting parties must *feel*, and dispassionate lookers on know, that this has really nothing to do with it. Every person is bound to sustain the refinement and civilisation of his own day, not to impair and lower it. Our outward actions are for ever being tried by the measure of our peers, who are chosen not from the voices of ages past or to come, but of our own. The manners and customs of mankind, which are the evidence of their principles and feel-

ings, are nowhere established; religion elevates the judgment of the mass, as well as renews individual breasts—the first by means of the last, by the slow but effectual influence of units on the aggregate—therefore we have no right to assume that the highest point of justice, or delicacy of perception, is already attained by society on this point, though we do not profess to follow our authoress in all her aspirations.

What she evidently aims at is the greater equality of woman with man in the marriage relation; her wishes, expressed with the most delicate propriety, point to further progress in this direction. The old primitive idea was that the woman is subject to her father till he *gives* her to a husband. We search for indications of some privilege, in early times, of independent action, nor are they wholly wanting; but clearly a state of things was then acquiesced in on all hands that would not suit our higher civilisation, and quick, educated temperament. The Anglo-Saxon race has long permitted its daughters a qualified liberty of choice among suitors. If we may trust this book and others of kindred tone, there is a movement for more than this; for a share in the initiative: a step in advance is taken. Hitherto that woman should 'not unsought be won' has been accepted almost as an axiom, as a feature in every man's ideal; and coyness has been assumed to be the distinctive attribute of the sex in its most delicate and sensitive development. To this writer the idea of being sought, persuaded, wooed, is not congenial,—is almost repugnant. Mind should rather meet with mind on equal terms. The reason of each must alike be at work; the attraction in each must be mutual and simultaneous; the feelings and sympathies of the pair must advance equally; even the decisive question—to speak coarsely, the *offer* itself—must be a sort of joint affair, the crisis being reached at the same moment by both. And further, when a certain amount of deep pure affection is generated, it becomes a divine power, a voice, a dispensation exempting from previous obligations. Passive obedience is of course out of place in this system, and a love thus created, thus spoken between two thoughtful, devoted, congenial souls, becomes an indissoluble tie, before that ceremonial tie is formed, which mankind has always agreed in considering binding beyond every other obligation. No man may put them asunder; the public act is antedated, and the father's supreme authority ceases from the moment that mutual faith is plighted.

Now we are no advocates for strictness and severity either in punishment or authority. We are ready to go along with our authoress so long as she pleads for remissions and modifications which do not change the foundation of our prin-

ciples, but we cannot enter into language such as the following, which bears on her first topic, the temporal punishment of crime:—

“ I believe that in the Almighty’s gradual teaching of his creatures a Diviner than Moses brought to us a higher law, in which the sole expiation required is penitence and obedience. ‘ Repent ye! Sin no more!’ It appears to me, so far as I can judge and read here,” my Bible was still in my hand, “ that throughout the New and in many parts of the Old Testament runs one clear doctrine, namely, that any sin, however great, being repented of and forsaken, is by God, and ought to be by man, altogether pardoned, blotted out, and done away.”—*A Life for a Life*, vol. ii. p. 82.

Scripture nowhere promises total remission from the temporal consequences of sin. But besides, this line seems to us inconsistent with a recognition of the fallibility of our nature. Strict rules of any kind are a confession of weakness. We must often be severe, because we dare not with our limited intelligence be otherwise. Thus society regards those who have once been criminal with suspicion, keeps them under surveillance, mistrusts them, because it knows the fact with a greater certainty than the repentance. Society cannot blot out sin as God does, as this writer tells it to do; because it is ignorant and He is omniscient; it is short-sighted, He all-seeing; it *must* judge from the outward appearance, while God seeth the heart. It cannot discern between sincerity and hypocrisy, between temporary and a lasting change; it cannot therefore decide definitively between man and man, receiving one into favour and excluding another, because it cannot trust itself. As for the other point, independent of our present argument, the institution of marriage has so much that is sacramental in its character, we see in it a few simple movements, a few words spoken, to have such wondrous results, that we have always felt it must be a stumbling-block to those who reject the notion of efficacy in a sacrament as inconsistent with a spiritual religion. Not that we are at all wishing to impute to our very correct author any heterodox notions on the subject of marriage: she entirely acquiesces in its necessity and importance, but she has a tendency to detach the outward from the inward parts of the rite, and to assume that its sacred uniting power is independent of the ceremony.

Now here again, if mankind could really be safe from the risk of change; if when two people declare a mutual attachment, they could absolutely trust each other, and *we* could feel secure against the possibility of change; if we could intuitively judge between one form of affection and another, and see at a glance what is ephemeral and what is permanent,

—we see no objection to the rules she has laid down. But young people do not know themselves; it would not do for them to confide implicitly in certain emotions (which, however far from her intention, we think this book teaches them to do), they must defer to an external rule and guide; nor would parents in all cases be doing their duty towards their children by reverently standing by, recognising a divine hand in ardent feelings, which actually forbids interference. The writer has had the making of her own story, and may not see how far her principles carry her; but it seems to us, that supposing any young lady to be positive enough in her own affection and in her trust in its object, she may set at nought parental authority, and defend herself by the arguments in ‘*A Life for a Life*.’ The authoress herself has such very high views of what marriage implies and requires; so few people are, in her opinion, *really* married, or fit to be married; she has such contempt for the common-place mixed motives that influence the ordinary run of people in their choice, that she may probably expect rather to be charged with over-strictness than with laxity; but any view which detracts from the solemnity, force, and weight of the actual ceremony, the moment which changes two into one in a sense which no devotion of years, no oneness of feeling can effect, or even approach to, must be regarded with suspicion. Before entering upon the story in detail, we will illustrate our remarks on this point by the following passage:—

‘After all claims of justice and conscience, the first duty of any two who love one another truly is towards one another. I have thought since, that if this truth were plainer seen and more firmly held by those whom it concerns, many false notions about honour, pride, self-respect, would slip off; many uneasy doubts and divided duties would be set at rest; there would be less fear of the world and more of God, the only righteous fear. People would believe more simply in this ordinance instituted “from the beginning;” not the mere outward ceremony of a wedding, but the love which draws together man and woman, until it makes them complete in one another in the mystical marriage union, which once perfected should never be disannulled; and if this union begins, as I think it does, from the very hour each feels certain of the other’s love, surely, as I said to Max, to talk about giving one another up, whether from poverty, delay, altered circumstances, or compulsion of friends,—anything, in short, except changed love or lost honour, like poor Penelope and Francis,—was about as foolish and wrong as attempting to annul a marriage. Indeed I have seen many a marriage that might have been broken with far less unholiness than a real troth plight such as was this of ours.’—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 290.

The construction of the story is peculiar, and certainly not the best for giving the reader a general idea of what is going on, which must be most effectually done by simple narrative. We are never allowed to watch the progress of events from the

point of view of an impartial observer. But the authoress has more than a story to unravel; she has opinions and convictions which she knows will not be taken for granted by her readers. These she has found it easier to develop, and with less sense of individual responsibility, through the words of imaginary sufferers from the existing code: it is an appeal not simply to our reason, but from our prejudices to our sympathies. The book consists of two journals of the hero and heroine, '*his story*,' and '*her story*,' in alternate chapters, the authoress never appearing in her own person: a plan which admits of an amount of reflection, comment, and impassioned protest, which could hardly be tolerated in any other form, and which, as it is, must try the patience of the ordinary novel reader, intent on the progress of a really interesting and forcibly told story, rather than on the profound questions it is designed to illustrate.

If the writer has sought to relax any of the strictness in which public virtue now entrenches itself, she is careful that her examples shall not throw any levity on the subject. In delineating a strong, ardent, and determined passion, she has been careful to deprive it of external aids, all the mere promptings of youth and fancy. Her hero is, apparently, a model of middle-aged respectability. A more responsible person cannot be pictured than her Doctor Max Urquhart, of forty years standing, of grave countenance, wiry figure, reserved deportment, and irreproachable conduct: a hero that women only dare to depict, so destitute is he of all charms of person, manner, or position. If we can get over the anomalies of a busy man, filling so many sheets of paper for no more definite object than to relieve his mind, and of a sensible man remaining in preposterous ignorance of points that concern not only his well-being but existence itself, and other difficulties to be laid mainly to the exigencies of the plot, there is both unity and consistency in his character: he is real, and we form a distinct idea of him. The heroine is not so easy to picture. The world sees her as 'a child,' though she secretly mourns departed youth at five-and-twenty: a certain spontaneousness and simplicity is attributed to her, not consistent with the weight of experience and discernment (the full amount of the authoress's own) with which she is endowed. She is not as loveable to us as she is to doctor Max. Yet perhaps it is natural that the 'ordinary' looking, clever sister, who has felt heavily her own want of beauty in contrast with that of her two handsome sisters, and the neglect that this deficiency, added to distance and reserve of manner, necessarily entail, should kindle into new existence when she feels herself admired and at ease, and that she should have, in fact, two distinct phases of character. It is a common fault with all domestic novels, especially we

suspect with those written by women, to ignore one fact, which is one of the main cements of family union, that persons who have always lived together, especially if connected by the ties of blood, understand one another by instinct, rather than by direct deliberate study, which we suspect is a very bad element to creep into a family party. Where members of a domestic circle live in harmony, use and habit teach them instinctively to avoid each other's weak points, just as the trees of a forest accommodate one another, and blend or intermix without clashing; it is in both cases an affair of gradual growth. But almost all stories delineating character represent families as so many distinct individuals, with distinct experiences and trainings, and as awake to each other's peculiarities and differences as though there had been no nursery or schoolroom associations, no common traditions among them; as though from infancy each had been a cool observer of character, (or at any rate, that one with whom the writer sympathises,) estimating and weighing every difference, awarding calm praise and blame, and apportioning the motive to every action. Now people are in a manner blind to objects too near them for scrutiny; we all know that critics in manners, in morals, in faith, are actuated by a different rule towards those that belong to them and on whom their affections are set, from what they apply to the world: and when the families of the novelist follow another law altogether, we are jarred two ways, both in our sense of nature and propriety. We are taken into a confidence that ought not to be made, and feel there are amiable prejudices to be preferred to the most clear-sighted truth. This fault is perhaps almost inevitable; where the heroine tells her own story it is necessary to make her unloving. Thus she asks:—

“I wonder do sisters ever love one another? Not after our fashion, out of mere habit and long familiarity, also a certain pride, which, however we differ among ourselves, would make us, I believe, defend one another warmly against strangers—not out of voluntary sympathy and affection. Do families ever live in open-hearted union, feeling that blood is blood, closer than acquaintance, friendship, or every tie in the world except marriage? That is, it ought to be. Perhaps it may so happen, once in a century, as true love does, or there would not be so much romancing about both.”—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 134.

The following scene we quote as really good and clever, though open to one objection. Lisa is the common-place, pretty, younger sister, described in cold unsisterly terms of admiration,—‘as a large, mild, beautiful animal, like a white Brahmin cow. Majestic, slow, fair, I doubt if anything in this world would disturb the equanimity of her sleepy blue eyes, and soft-tempered mouth;’—who, having flirted, and been courted by a young officer

after the usual fashion, comes and tells her sister that the gentleman, an honest, well-meaning, handsome fellow, has proposed. Now we imagine that the profounder heroine would have understood instinctively that this was the sort of match suited to her sister's character and intellect, that her sympathy would have been more alive than her judgment, and that she would, without difficulty, acquiesce in an event which all antecedents led up to, and smooth over, excuse, and adapt everything to the best construction it would bear. We are sure this is the way for sisters to agree in real life.

'She came in and sat down by my fire. Quite a picture; in a blue flannel dressing-gown, with her light hair dropping down in two wavy streams, and her eyes as bright as if it were any hour rather than 1.30 A.M. as I showed her by my watch.

' "Nonsense, I shall not go to bed yet. I want to talk a bit, Dora; you ought to feel flattered by my coming to tell you first of anybody. Guess now, what has happened!" Nothing ill, certainly, for she held up her head laughing, looking very handsome and pleased. "You never will guess, for you never believed it would come to pass, but it has. Treherne proposed to me to-night."

'The news quite took my breath away, and then I questioned its accuracy. "He has only been giving you a few more of his silly speeches. He means nothing. Why don't you put a stop to it all?"

'Lisabel was not vexed, she never is, she only laughed.

' "I tell you, Dora, it is perfectly true; you may believe it or not, I don't care, but he really did it."

' "How, when, where, pray?"

' "In the conservatory, beside the biggest orange tree, a few minutes before he left."

'I said, since she was so very matter of fact, perhaps she would have no objection to tell me the precise words in which he did it.

' "Oh dear, no; not the smallest objection. We were joking about a bit of orange blossom Colin had given me, and Treherne wanted me to throw away, but I said no, I liked the scent, and meant to wear a wreath of natural orange-flowers when I was married: upon which he grew quite furious, and said it would drive him mad if I ever married any man but him. Then he got hold of my hand, and—the usual thing, you know." She blushed a little. "It ended by my telling him he had better speak to papa, and he told me he should to-morrow."

' "Ah! well?" said Lisa, expectantly.

'It certainly was a singular way in which to receive one's sister's announcement of her intended marriage, but for worlds I could not have spoken a syllable. I felt a weight on my chest, a sense of hot indignation, which settled down to inconceivable melancholy. Was this indeed all? A silly flirtation, a young lad's passion, a young girl's cool, business-like reception of the same, the formal speaking to papa, and the thing was over? Was *that* love?

' "Haven't you a word to say, Dora? I had better have told Penelope. But she was tired, and scolded me out of her room. Besides, she might not like it for some reasons."

(Penelope's intended was next heir to Treherne's father.)

'Passing the glass she looked into it, smiled, and replied; "Poor fellow I do believe he is very fond of me."

"And you?"

"Oh, I like him, like him excessively; if I didn't what should I marry him for?"

"What indeed? . . . Does Sir William know?"

"Not yet, that will be soon settled, he tells me. He can persuade his mother, and she, his father. Besides, they can have no possible objection to me." She looked again in the mirror as she said this. Yes, that me, was not a daughter-in-law likely to be objected to even at Treherne Court. "I hope it will not vex Penelope," she continued; "it may be all the better for her, since, when I am married, I shall have so much influence. We may make the old gentleman do something handsome for Francis, and get a richer living for papa, if he will consent to leave Rockmont, and I'd find a nice husband for you, eh, Dora?"

"Thank you, I don't want one. I hate the very mention of the thing. I wish instead of marrying, we could all be dead and buried." And whether from weariness, or excitement, or a sudden unutterable pang at seeing my sister, my playfellow, my handsome Lisa, sitting there talking as she talked, and acting as she acted, I could bear up no longer. I burst out sobbing. She was very much astonished, somewhat touched, I suppose, for she cried, too, a little, and we kissed one another several times, which we are not in the habit of doing. Till suddenly I recollected Treherne, the orange-tree, and "the usual thing." Her lips seemed to burn me.

"O, Lisa, I wish you wouldn't. I do wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what? Don't you wish me to be engaged and married, child?"

"Not in that way."

"In what way then?"

"I could not tell; I did not know."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 84.

Perhaps the authoress, who evidently feels herself deep in the secrets of her sex, may defend this tone as natural, in one conscious at once of real gifts and apparent deficiencies, and galled by unmerited neglect—in a young woman believing herself unattractive, while her sisters were admired, and suffering under the want of love, sympathy, and appreciation. Having in her last work set forth the qualities necessary to make woman happy and respectable in single life, she devotes this story, so far as the heroine is concerned, to the delineation of the particular character formed for wedded life, and consciously incomplete when alone. Her Theodora, devoted, amiable, magnanimous, when this need of the heart is supplied, is querulous, cynical, almost envious, till her destiny is fulfilled; confiding to her desk, which will tell no tales, 'that she 'has cried, actually cried, with the pain of being neither 'pretty, agreeable, nor young.' This is a sort of revelation, if it is one, which jars a good deal on our ideal. But a woman's ideal of female character will always betray its origin, and Theodora in many ways would not be ours; as, for instance, in her early acquaintance with Dr. Urquhart she has a way of asking questions which we can hardly sanction. She and the hero had met at a ball near Aldersholt—an uncongenial scene to

both till that evening; at their next encounter he records the renewal of conversation.

"I suppose you do not remember me, Dr. Urquhart?"

"I replied, "yes, I did;" that she was the young lady who "hated soldiers." She blushed extremely, glanced at Treherne, and said, not without dignity,

"It would be a pity to remember all the foolish things I have uttered, especially on that evening."

"I was not aware they were foolish; the impression left on me was, that we had a very pleasant conversation, which included far more sensible topics than were usually discussed at balls."

"You do not often go to balls?"

"No."

"Do you dislike them?"

"Not always."

"Do you think them wrong?"

"I smiled at her cross-questioning, which had something fresh, unsophisticated about it, like the inquisitiveness of a child."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 108.

Our experience leads us to advise young ladies who are no longer children, and are not particularly pretty, not to fall into this habit of unsophisticated questioning, especially about right and wrong; for one person who would enter into it a hundred would be bored, though perhaps the hero's position may naturally make him the exception.

But the sisters agree in this habit; the fair Lisa asks the Doctor one question, which takes the reader as well as himself considerably by surprise. This writer, in her courageous desire to make real women, does not always make them ladies—not but that ladies can *do* and say, now and then, very odd things, but they will not bear print and ought not to have its sanction. He is sitting in easy intercourse with the Johnston party (Theodora's family name and one which affects him strangely), the question of temperance and total abstinence, one of the topics of the book, comes up.

"All very fine, Doctor," said Lisa, "but you shall not make me a teetotaller, nor Augustus either, I hope."

"I have not the slightest intention of the kind, I assure you; nor does there seem any necessity. Though for those who have not the power to resist intoxication it is much safer never to touch stimulants."

"Do you never touch them?"

"I have not done so for many years."

"Because you are afraid? Well, I daresay you were no better once than your neighbours."

"Lisabel," I whispered, for I saw Dr. Urquhart wince at her rude words; but there is no stopping that girl's tongue.

"Now confess, Doctor, just for fun. Papa is not here, and we'll tell no tales out of school; were you ever in your life, to use your own ugly word, *drunk*?"

"Once."

‘ Writing this, I can hardly believe that he said it, yet he did, in a quiet, low voice, as if the confession were forced from him, as a sort of voluntary expiation.’—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 218.

This confession brings us to the leading part of the story. Dr. Urquhart is haunted by the consciousness of a crime committed at the age of nineteen in a fit of intoxication. The sense demands that it should have been a *real* murder in a moment of passion; but it was no such thing, and his subsequent conduct and remorse are therefore inconsistent and contradictory. In his way from Scotland to join a brother abroad, he comes to Salisbury, and there falls in with a certain Henry Johnston, a low fellow of respectable connexions. This man makes the youth drunk, then offers to drive him over to Southampton in time for the steamer, but instead of this, with much insult and provocation, turns him out of his gig at Stonehenge, and is on the point of leaving him in spite of all entreaty, when, in an impulse of rage, the boy drags Johnston out of the gig, intending to fight him, but his head comes in contact with a stone, and he is killed. He flies to Southampton and sails; there a fit of insanity comes on from agony of mind, and for a year he is incapable. At the end of that time, hearing that Johnston’s death had been supposed accidental, he wants the courage to confess his own share in it, but dedicates his life to serving and doing good to others, resolving to postpone his confession till death drew near. All this time he is under the impression that if he were to tell the facts of the case he should be hanged, and in this persuasion or half persuasion he continues, though mixing with English society, a doctor of a regiment quartered at Aldersholt, and reading the newspapers every day. But lady authors are permitted these aberrations.

The Johnston family consists of the father,—a clergyman,—and three daughters; there is no son, so, though the name always gives Dr. Urquhart a qualm, he fears nothing more. In his life of expiation he had never dreamed of marriage; but Theodora, so original, so attractive, so evidently drawn to him, makes the resolution first difficult, and, in the sequel, impossible. They are engaged with the father’s approval.

The scene itself develops the writer’s views of joint, united action in this turning point of life. He, weighed down by the sense of his own demerits and unfitness, is taking a sort of final leave of her. after professional attendance during illness. Theodora records the scene. He rises to go:—

“‘Thursday week is the day then,’ he added, ‘after which I shall not see you again for many months.’”

“‘I suppose not.’”

“I cannot write to you. I wish I could; but such a correspondence would not be possible, would not be right.”

‘I think I answered mechanically, “No.”

‘I was standing by the mantelpiece, steadying myself with one hand, the other hanging down. Dr. Urquhart touched it for a second.

“It is the very thinnest hand I ever saw. You will remember,” he then said, “in case this is our last chance of talking together,—“you will remember all we have been saying? You will do all you can to recover perfect health, so as to be happy and useful. You will never think despondingly of your life; there is many a life much harder than yours; you will have patience, and faith, and hope, as a girl ought to have who is so precious to—many! Will you promise?” “I will.” “Good-bye then.” “Good-bye.” Whether he took my hands or I gave them, I do not know; but I felt them held tight against his breast, and him looking at me, as if he would not part with me, or as if, before we parted, he was compelled to tell me something. But when I looked up at him, we seemed of a sudden to understand everything, without need of telling. He only said four words. “Is this my wife?” and I said, “Yes.”—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 254.

But Mr. Johnston *had* had a son by a former marriage, a scapegrace, who met with an untimely end, while his daughters were yet children, and who was never named amongst them, nor his existence known in the new neighbourhood to which the family had moved after his death. Dr. Urquhart’s sense of duty, however, obliged him to make known the fatal blot in his life to his betrothed. He writes to her while on the search for further particulars of his victim’s end. The discovery comes with a vengeance. He finds a half-buried tomb-stone, which tells him that Henry Johnston was son of his future father, half-brother of his Theodora. The position is certainly a terrible one, under the actual state of things; that is, the brother little more than a name to his half-sister, the crime scarcely more than a misfortune. Under the author’s and the actor’s assumption it would be revolting. The highly wrought scenes which follow are rendered with feeling, tenderness, and, we think, nature, in the main points. The writer fully realizes her own conception, and pities the misery she has conjured up. He comes to say the farewell which *he* assumes to be inevitable. The lady writes:—

‘I went down stairs steadfastly with my mind all clear. Even to the last minute, with my hand on the parlour door, my heart—where all throbs of happy love seemed to have been long, long forgotten—my heart still prayed.

‘Max was standing by the fire—he turned round. He and the whole sunshiny room swam before my eyes for an instant. Then I called up my strength, and touched him. He was trembling all over.

“Max, sit down.” He sat down.

‘I knelt by him. I clasped his hands close, but still he sat as if he had been a stone. At last he muttered,—

“I wanted to see you, just once more, to know how you bore it—to be sure I had not killed you also—oh, it is horrible, horrible!”

'I said it was horrible, but that we would be able to bear it. "*We?*"
—"Yes—we."

"You cannot mean *that?*"

"I do. I have thought it all over, and I do—"

'Holding me at arm's length, his eyes questioned my inmost soul.

"Tell me the truth. It is not pity—not merely pity, Theodora?"—

"Ah, no, no!"

'Without another word—the first crisis past—everything which made our misery a divided misery; he opened his arms and took me once more into my own place—where alone I ever really rested, or wish to rest until I die.

'Max had been very ill, he told me, for days, and now seemed, both in body and mind, as feeble as a child. For me, my childishness and girlishness, with its ignorance or weakness, was gone for evermore.

'I have thought since, that in all woman's deepest loves, be they ever so full of reverence, there enters sometimes much of the motherly element, even as on this day I felt as if I were somehow or other in charge of Max, and a great deal older than he. I fetched a glass of water and made him drink it—bathed his poor temples, and wiped them with my handkerchief—persuaded him to lean back quietly, and not speak another word for ever so long. But, more than once, while his head lay on my shoulder, I thought of his mother, my mother who might have been, and how, though she had left him so many years, she must, if she knew of all he had suffered, be glad to know there was at last one woman found who would, did Heaven permit, watch over him through life, with the double love of both wife and mother, and who in any case would be faithful to him till death.

'Faithful until death. Yes—I here renewed that vow, and had Henry himself come and stood before me, I should have done the same. Look you, any one who after my death may read this;—there are two kinds of love, one eager only to get its desire, careless of all risks and costs, in defiance of almost Heaven and earth; the other, which in its most desperate longing has strength to say, "If it be right and for our good—if it be according to the will of God." This only I think is the true consecrated love, which therefore is able to be faithful till death.'—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 25.

It is, however, in the scene with the father that the authoress combats what she believes to be the world's implacable spirit. Mr. Johnston personates, with her, public opinion, aggravated, it is true, by natural feeling, but still backed by the universal judgment of good men. There is nothing like a hobby or a new view for blinding people to what is actually thought and believed in any question. Viewing it as a scene, we think what follows powerful and effective. The novel reader may forget that a favourite principle is being worked out in the feeling and passion of the dialogue. The conscious criminal stands before the aggrieved father, his daughters standing by. His prudent daughter, Penelope, reminds him that Harry is not the only person to remember at this terrible moment.

"I remember nothing but the words of this book," cried the old man, letting his hand drop heavily upon it. "*Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed!* What have you to say for yourself, murderer?"

'All this time, faithful to her promise to me, she had not interfered—she,

my love, who loved me; but, when she heard him call me *that*, she shivered all over, and looked towards me, a pitiful entreating look, but, thank God, there was no doubt in it—not the shadow of change. It nerved me to reply, what I will here record, by her desire and for her sake.

"Mr. Johnston, I have this to say. It is written—'Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer,' and in that sense I am one,—for I did hate him at the time; but I never meant to kill him—and the moment afterwards I would have given my life for his. If now my death could restore him to you alive again, how willingly I would die."

"Die, and face your Maker? an unpardoned manslayer, a lost soul?"

"Whether I live or die," said I, humbly, "I trust my soul is not lost. I have been very guilty; but I believe in One who brought to every sinner on earth the gospel of repentance and remission of sins." At this burst out an anathema—not merely of the father but the clergyman—who mingled the Jewish doctrine of retributive vengeance during this life with the Christian belief of rewards and punishments after death, and confounded the Mosaic gehenna with the Calvinistic hell. I will not record all this, it was very terrible, but he only spoke as he believed, and as many earnest Christians do believe. I think, in all humility, that the Master Himself taught a different gospel.—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 45.

The father then, in his character of magistrate, begins to write out a warrant, upon which Penelope again interposes, reminding him of the family disgrace and exposure that must follow the arrest and trial. This has effect, and after exacting a promise that Dr. Urquhart shall keep the matter secret from henceforth, bids him—

"Now go. Put half the earth between us if you can; only go."

"Again I turned to obey. Blind obedience seemed the only duty left me. I might even have quitted the house with a feeling of total irresponsibility and indifference to all things, had it not been for a low cry which I heard as in a dream. So did her father. "Dora—I had forgotten. There was some sort of a fancy between you and Dora. Daughter, bid him farewell, and let him go."

"Then she said—my love said, in her own soft, distinct voice: "No, papa, I never mean to bid him farewell—that is, finally—never, as long as I live."

"Her father and sister were both so astounded, that at first they did not interrupt her, but let her speak on.

"I belonged to Max before all this happened. If it had happened a year hence when I was his wife, it would not have broken our marriage. It ought not now. When any two people are to one another what we are, they are as good as married, and they have no right to part, no more than man and wife have, unless either grow wicked or both change. I never mean to part from Max Urquhart."

"She spoke meekly, standing with hands folded and head drooping, but as still and steadfast as a rock. My darling—my darling!"

"Steadfast she had need to be. What she bore during the next few minutes she would not wish me to repeat, I feel sure. She knows it, and so do I . . . After saying all he well could say, Mr. Johnston asked her how she dared think of me—me, laden with her brother's blood and her father's curse. She turned deadly pale, but never faltered: "The curse causeless shall not come," she said; "for the blood upon his head, whether it were Harry's or a stranger's makes no difference, it is washed out. He has repented long ago. If God has forgiven him, and helped him to be

what he is, and lead the life he has led all these years, why should I not forgive him? And if I forgive him, why not love him? And if I love him, why break my promise, and refuse to marry him?"

"Do you mean, then, to marry him?" said her sister.

"Some day, if he wishes it—yes!"

"From this time I myself hardly remember what passed; I can only see her standing there, her sweet face white as death, making no moan, and answering nothing to any accusations that were heaped upon her, except when she was commanded to give me up, entirely, and for ever and ever.

"I cannot, father. I have no right to do it. I belong to him; he is my husband."

"At last Miss Johnston said to me—rather gently than not, for her; "I think, Dr. Urquhart, you had better go."

"My love looked towards me, and afterwards at her poor father. She, too, said, "Yes, Max, go." And then they wanted her to promise she would never see me, nor write to me: but she refused.

"Father, I will not marry him for ever so long, if you choose; but I cannot forsake him. I must write to him. I am his very own, and he has only me. Oh, papa, think of yourself and my mother," and she sobbed at his knees. He must have thought of Harry's mother, not hers, for this exclamation only hardened him. Then Theodora rose, and gave me her little hand. "It can hold firm, you will find. You have my promise. But whether or no, it would have been all the same. No love is worth having that could not, with or without a promise, keep true till death. You may trust me. Now good-bye. Good-bye, my Max."

"With that one clasp of the hand, that one look with her fond faithful eyes, we parted. I have not seen her since."—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 45.

This, it must be allowed, is not after the Hannah More school of morals. As good advice for young ladies it is questionable, and implies a faith in the stability of human purpose, which experience hardly warrants, and which her young readers—and after all most novel readers are young—may turn to any self-willed purpose. How are they to tell whether their present fancy is not precisely of that heaven-born nature to justify the defiance of all law, custom and authority? The situation here is so far ingenious, in the totally different views that may be taken of it, as to defy positive judgment as to the right and the wrong; but in all analogous cases we must feel that Theodora's decision would tend to the undermining of Nature's laws and instincts. If Henry had been her full brother, if it had been a real murder—and all her arguments would stand good and support her in either case—does not Nature cry out at the outrage of the union that eventually takes place? As it is, in sympathy with her readers' supposed state of feeling, the authoress dare not remit all punishment. Her hero eventually delivers himself up to judgment, and he is condemned, without trial or hearing of witnesses, yet in open Court, to three months' imprisonment, at the end of which time Theodora meets him, and they are married in a dreary London church. The father even nullifies his protest by appearing in the nick

of time to give his daughter away, after which they sail for the New World.

We have dwelt at such length on that part of the story which shows its principles, that we must omit more than allusion to the forcible and melancholy picture of an ordinary 'long engagement,' of which the faded and soured Penelope is the victim, and which is no doubt intended as a counterpoise and reverse to the heroine's well-founded confidence. It is well and sadly done; indeed there is a burden of sadness over the whole book, as though the task of judging in all things for herself, rejecting all foregone conclusions, had left no room or leisure for the bright and cheerful survey of things as they are. The author is weighed down by problems;—if she could take anything for granted her style would brighten up wonderfully. But it has its own class of merits. It is earnest, thoughtful, and suggestive. There is much truth and observation. Nothing is trivial, nothing said at random: and if she lapses now and then into a tone of sentimental rhapsody, in her endeavour to represent two minds in perfect harmony and absolute congeniality,—beyond what is possible, where each is independent and acts for itself;—the feminine yearning for sympathy and support, in spite of all self-reliance, must be the excuse. How alive her mind is to the pains of uncongeniality is shown in the following sentiment of her heroine, which by inference furnishes her notion of what the marriage of true minds ought to be:—

"I like him; only he is not exactly the sort of person one would choose to spend a week with in the Eddystone Lighthouse."

'I asked if that was her test for all her friends, since so few could stand it?

'She laughed. "Possibly not. When one comes to reflect, there are very few whose company one can tolerate as well as one's own."

"Which is itself not always agreeable."

"No; but the less evil of the two. I don't believe there is a creature living whose society I could endure without intermission for a month, a week, or even two days. No. Emphatically, no. Therefore, as I try to make Lisa feel—being the elder I have a right to preach; you know—what an awful thing marriage must be, even viewed as mere companionship—putting aside love, honour, obedience, and all that sort of thing—to undertake the burden of any one person's constant presence and conversation for the term of one's natural life! The idea is frightful!"

"Very, if you do put aside love, honour, and all that sort of thing."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 187.

'Cousin Stella' is a tale of less moral pretension, and prompted by a lighter spirit. The authoress accepts society as a fact, and describes it as she sees it, without any apparent aim at change, or enlightenment on fundamental questions. A quick perception and lively turn of thought are her best gifts; where

she attempts romantic incident, or the deeper and more tragic emotions, we perceive an evident falling short, a desertion of her proper field. Her style is very good for domestic and social uses: she can bring a picture of everyday life distinctly and amusingly before us; but it has not force enough for romance; or rather, she does not *see* and realize in the same way when trusting to her imagination. What should be her most vivid scenes are washed-out water-colours. We do not take hold of her terrible situations; she fails in a climax. There is not much in common between this writer and the able novelist we have just parted from; but in one point, bearing on that system of female progress previously noticed, we observe a marked sympathy: the assertion, that is, of a natural right in women to fix their affections unasked and *unsought* on what they conceive a worthy object. It marks a period where women of intelligence and mature observation agree in inculcating a dogma, which, if carried out into practice, would go far to effect a social revolution.

Such grave sanction from responsible quarters leads us dissentients to look about us for counter arguments; and the first that presents itself we would seriously press upon the consideration of our young and fair readers—if any such our grave pages dare assume to possess;—it is, that this reversal of precedent by all showing, even of its advocates, is *unlucky*. Old romance did infinitely better for its heroines than these modern innovators pretend to do. Their pictures of grey hairs and wrinkles, broken spirits and enfeebled frames, are enough to make matrimony terrible, and suggest the taunts, ‘This comes of ladies choosing for themselves!’ ‘Those who court their own fate generally draw a bad one;’ in fact, they prove that, on the simple ground of interest, it is wisest for young ladies to let things follow their own course, and not take their destiny in both their hands, as modern authorities prompt them to do, and dictate their own fate. We suppose it is necessary to deprive the imaginary unions on this plan of all obvious fitness or attraction, in order to maintain a high moral and intellectual stand; to show that female devotedness needs no external incentives, that wherever the heart has truly spoken, all merely outward advantages are straw, chaff, and dust in the balance. We quite approve of this showing, but the principle once inculcated, it will not always confine itself to one development. Stella may implore her heart’s idol to marry her, and give her the privilege of a life-long sacrifice, but the accident that rendered her, ‘Louis’ a hopeless cripple is happily not a common one, and her example may be followed without this condition. In one other point the authoress of ‘Cousin Stella’ sets herself to show woman’s su-

premacy—one we are not prepared to dispute with her. Where she contrasts the extreme fallibility of man's penetration with woman's unerring instincts, and shows how the sensible man who most piques himself on his discernment may be deceived by any woman who takes the trouble to study his character and flatter his weak points. This is done in the person of her dignified hero with a good deal of sly grave humour. We are ourselves taken in at first by Madam Olympia, the devoted friend, who interposes so long between him and the artless Stella.

We believe she may be right in the slight dependence she sets on a grave and influential manner as the sign of a perspicacious judgment, but, unfortunately, she sees through her own hero too well for us to be able to sympathise with Stella's devotion; there is something wanting to make us understand what there was in him to inspire so ill-requited and so ungraciously-received an attachment.

It is a pity, like the painter with his picture, that the authoress did not take more pains with her plot. There is really scarcely any connexion between the first and the two following volumes. We are introduced to many very carefully-drawn characters in the one who never show themselves again, and have no further effect on the story, or who reappear to play a wholly new part. Wild scenes of revenge, blood and murder are wrought out by people who are first introduced to us at home in a London drawing-room. Most of the West Indian details, though showing personal knowledge, and sometimes interesting, are mere facts or digressions that only interfere with what should be the writer of fiction's paramount object. But no class of writings betrays where the author has got to the end of his materials more ruthlessly than the novel. In other forms of composition the faults and inequalities are equally diffused, there is no distinct line; but in the novel we can often put our finger on the precise point where the characters cease to act like themselves, and where they are transmuted into the mere victims of a clumsy or preposterous plot.

The character of Stella, in its *naïveté* and oneness of aim, is well drawn; the writer has a distinct idea which she works out skilfully. Her heroine's early training in a forbidding, unloving seclusion forms the apology for any ignorance or neglect of received proprieties. At sixteen she is introduced to Walter Scott's novels, to society, and to Louis Gautier all at once. She sets her cousin up as her hero, her Ravenswood, on the spot, and remains faithful to her idol to the death. The following scene, before the arrival of this cousin, introduces us to her consulting her young and pretty Aunt Celia on the new

world her reading introduces to her. The aunt is always well done, a graceful form of selfishness, embarrassed and helpless under her new responsibility :—

‘The day Stella had finished the “Bride of Lammermoor” she craved for some sympathy. She had almost wept the eyes out of her head. The first time she found her aunt alone she began, plunging into her subject as her wont was.

“Auntie, *do* you think that there is really love like Lucy Ashton and Ravenswood’s in the world now?”

‘Mrs. Dashwood had a recollection that in her young days it used to be considered highly indecorous to talk of love before girls; that mammas and aunts were accustomed to whisper among themselves of the existence of such a thing, or insinuate it by dreadful wry faces. This was the first time Celia had been called on to act the maternal character; so she bridled up a little, and answered Stella’s question diplomatically by asking another.

“Why, otherwise, are there marriages?”

“But love like *that*?” persisted Stella.

‘Mrs. Dashwood became Celia again; laughed, blushed, and with a shake of her long curls answered, “I don’t know.”

‘A silence of a minute or two, then Stella went on,—

“I can understand loving one’s parents, and brothers, and friends—doing like Flora. I should have quite despised her had she married Waverley.” Stella was leaning towards her aunt, her great dusky eyes full of anxious meaning. “I wonder if I ever shall! Does everybody?”

“No; I believe not; at least, so I have read,” replied the puzzled matron.

“Did you, auntie, ever?” This interrogation was spoken in a very low, hesitating voice.

“What a question, child! Do you expect me to answer it?”

“Why; should you be ashamed?”

“Stella, you are a goose. Talking about such things is like talking of one’s religious feelings.”

‘Stella considered for an instant; looked perplexed, as if the knot of her thoughts was beyond her power to unloose; first she uttered some broken words; then, as if she had caught the right end of the thread, she added with gravity,—

“We ought not to be ashamed of confessing we love God and our Lord. You know we are told, ‘He will be ashamed of us if we are.’”

“Now, Stella, my child, this is what I cannot endure,—mixing up sacred and profane subjects. Love like that mentioned in the Gospel has nothing to do with, and ought NEVER to be confused with, that other one.”

“Must it not?” asked Stella, and here the conversation ended.

‘Mrs. Dashwood’s uneasiness at the new phase of thought into which she saw her niece had entered was not little. As the only person with authority over Stella, she felt herself called upon to do something in the way of checking, encouraging, or directing her to some good purpose, and at the same time, Celia had the consciousness of not being quite clear about the course that was best to pursue.

‘This consciousness was the spur that made her send Stella to practise the piano a couple of hours every morning, and afterwards call her to read aloud Russell’s “Modern Europe.” Celia was working a regal pair of slippers for Mrs. Hood, and was well amused finding her place in the pattern, and matching her colours, but for poor Stella the change from Sir Walter Scott was very dreary.’—*Cousin Stella*, vol. i. p. 109.

Cousin Louis, tall, stiff, and twice her age, soon arrives from Jamaica, to discuss with the authorities at home, the cause of slavery, from the slave-owner's point of view, and was at once 'her demonstration of a hero.' But his own interests and thoughts are absorbed in those he has left behind—his mother, and a certain Madame Olympia, her adopted daughter, and his confidential friend, a post she would gladly exchange for another even more intimate, if a mysterious husband, who is floating about the world, did not stand in the way. He had been some days looking for Jamaica letters which at length came in his absence. Stella made much of these letters, and, in her eagerness to be the herald of good news, stands at the gate watching for his return, waving them in her hand. He seizes them without remark or thanks, and Stella is painfully impressed by seeing herself, her zeal, and friendship, overlooked in the rapture of letters from this friend, whom, while still at a distance, and ignorant of her own feelings, she is learning with woman's instinct to mistrust. As she is a young person of courage and frankness, she is determined to mend matters if she can. The scene illustrates not ungracefully the principle now in process of general inculcation:—

'It was the day after she had given the Jamaica letters to Mr. Gautier, that Stella found him alone in Celia's study, reading.

'With his usual courtesy he rose, and placed a chair for her by the side of the fire. Sitting down by his side she said to him, after a minute or two of silence, during which he had resumed his reading:—

"It will be a long time, I fancy, cousin Louis, before you will let me rank as a friend?"

'Mr. Gautier looked up surprised, laid aside his book, and answered gravely:—

"Life is too short to waste in apprenticeships; I see no reason why I should not consider you as a friend."

"I don't mean just a common, everyday friend," Stella said earnestly; "but one like—like what—what your mother's adopted daughter is to you."

'Louis, with the same seriousness as before, replied: "When you know that excellent woman, you will be able to judge how much you ask."

'Stella's heart swelled as it had never swelled before. "I am only a girl, I know; but I could be a good friend; try me, cousin Louis."

'This time Mr. Gautier smiled, as he looked into the depths of the eyes gazing on him. Very few human eyes have that expression of honest faithfulness in them, but you may see the look any day in your dog's eyes when they are watching for your withheld caress.

"So be it," said Mr. Gautier; "we must sign a contract of friendship immediately: and now remember you must tell me all your secrets."

"And you?" asked Stella anxiously.

"Of course," he laughed.

"But I am in earnest, cousin Louis," said Stella imploringly.

"Are you indeed? Do you not understand, Stella, that friendship and confidence (one and the same thing they ought to be) must be won? They cannot be given as one gives a flower to a young lady."

"I don't know that," said Stella stoutly. "I have given you mine, and

you have done nothing to win my friendship. If I had any secrets, I could tell them to you sooner than to any one I ever knew in all my life, and I could tell you what I feel. I want some one to help me, for sometimes I think I have very bad feelings."

"The childlike eyes were still fixed confidingly on Mr. Gautier. He did not respond to the offer; his impulse was to repel it; so, passing over the last part of Stella's speech, he replied to the first.

"You are very young, and very inexperienced; friendship and confidence are nothing but vague, meaningless expressions in your child's mouth; at my age they are stern realities, comprising stern duties."

"Very stern, and not very attractive, if they resembled Mr. Gautier at that time of speaking. He took up his book, and as Stella remained silent, recommenced reading. Presently she interrupted him with the question, "What did that lady do to gain your friendship and confidence?"

"She has given years of unsparing devotion to my mother, years of disinterested aid and sympathy to me."

"I can do the same, cousin Louis. I am your relation, and she is not even that," said Stella, with unshrinking ignorance.

"My dear cousin, do you know that this is very unaccountable talk?"

"Louis was stopped by the great blush that overspread Stella's face and throat, a blush that tingled down to her finger tips. What was it in Louis's tone, or words, or look, that thus awoke for the first time in that young being the shamesfacedness of a woman?"

"His young cousin's deep, painful flush made Louis's colour rise also, from a keen sensation of self-reproach. He made a quick diversion however."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 267.

Some sketches of general society show quick observation, brightened by a gentle satire: here is an after-dinner scene, in which we are admitted to the mysteries of the ladies' private circle. The entertainment is in honour of Stella's military connexions, and at great trouble a lady of rank has been numbered amongst the guests.

"Now my lady had a horror of increasing her visiting list; so to avoid Mrs. General Hubbard's civilities she took to patronising Stella.

"You look like a rosebud, my dear;" began my lady, glancing at her own gorgeous attire, and the shine of bare arms and necks in the room. "How I do like those high white muslin dresses, Mrs. Dashwood; they give such a distinguished look. What a pity they are not more the fashion!" and Lady Almeria, seeing Stella admiring her bouquet, took out of it some sprigs of *genista* (Spanish broom), and said, "Sit down on that footstool, and let me put these into your dark hair; you remind me quite of Eastern girls."

"The G. C. B.'s wife had been greatly accustomed to her own way in the colonies, over which she had reigned with her husband; and she sat in Mrs. Dashwood's drawing-room, amusing herself with decorating Stella's hair, and talking to Stella as coolly as though no one else had been in the room.

"My lady was fond, as most people are, of talking of themselves and their adventures; fondest of all of relating her terrors over her gallant husband's perils in battle. The nature of my lady was good; if she had grown trivial, and artificial, and arrogant, it was the fault of society. There was still some heart left in her. She adored her husband, he was her hero, because he was the hero of a hundred battle-fields. She did not see the least bit in the world that he was coarse, illiterate, and egotistical. Tears, real honest

tears, were in her eyes as she described to Stella her sufferings during the battle that had made him a G. C. B.

"I locked myself up, my dear. I was not going to hear any of their reports or rumours, I should have died if I had. I got hold of my Prayer-book, and I read over and over again the 130th Psalm. I shall never forget it, never! I put cotton in my ears, but I heard Jack's voice a long way off, and then—never marry a soldier, child; one grows old too soon."

'There was quite a hush through the room, so that all the ladies had the benefit of Lady Almeria's reminiscences. Mrs. Hood sat with her eyes shut; Emily Hubbard simpered, as if she were listening to some laughable tale; Mrs. Hubbard, looking extremely offended, kept as far as she could from my lady's sofa, to show that she did not wish to hear what was being said; but still would not converse herself, in spite of Celia's conciliating efforts. There was a spell on every one—they were overcrowded—except aunt Philly, whom the monotony of Lady Almeria's voice soothed into her usual after-dinner nap.

'My lady's amusement lasted till the gentlemen came dropping in.

"Look here, Jack," cried she to her big husband, more like an alderman, truth to say, than a soldier. "Isn't she a pretty girl? Dear child! I have made her quite pale, telling her of our last battle."

'The G. C. B., the Major-General, the saucy Colonel, nay, all the gentlemen, save Mr. Smythe, clustered about my lady and Stella.

'Beauty at any age is attractive, but great youthfulness has a still more inviting power to elderly and old persons. The two old officers poured out the most gallant speeches to Miss Joddrell, making her fully conscious of her own loveliness. Stella knew Louis heard every word, for she recognised his feet among all the varnished leather about her. She lacked the courage to look in his face; but she was very glad he was there.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 310.

We are always struck, in reading the works of clever female writers, with their by-play of ingenious remark, and chance minor currents of observation, which, whether wholly original or not, have a look of originality, and are proofs of a lively and vigorous habit of mind, discriminating and arranging its ideas as it goes on into terse neat axioms and maxims. This writer is a sayer of sayings after this fashion. Thus, of her artful Madam Olympia, she says:—

'She was capable of an act of devotedness; but that is not a proof of the capability of a profound, unmixt affection. All violent persons give occasional examples of magnanimity; the sort of heroism with which brigands and assassins astonish the world.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 232.

And again:—

'Of all persons who hold an habitual guard over themselves, none do so more stringently than those who have disagreeable antecedents. Some experienced person has likened a cautious manner, a sedulous emission of great sentiments, an unusual dose of prudery, to conspirators' passports in which no irregularities are to be found.'—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 19.

And of aunt Celia:—

f. 'A great power resides in polite mediocrity. How often it puts to flight a noble enthusiasm!'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 208.]

And where it is remarked, in reference to the hero's discernment:—

'It would seem that one of the great interests of life is that of exercising our penetrative faculty, of trying to pierce through the visible into the invisible; we none of us are willing to rest satisfied with what is only external. Yet, from the girl scrutinizing her lover, and the youthful poet, up to the philosopher and the divine, all are held equally in suspense by their misinterpretations of the unseen by the seen.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 263.

'Through the Shadows' is a tale from, apparently, a new pen, and one that deserves from us especial notice and encouragement. We are not often more agreeably impressed, both by style and tone of thought; and there is a freshness in the scene and in the assemblage of characters which indicates a vivid fancy and independent habits of observation. It, too, is written with a very distinct moral purpose; but this relates to self-government rather than to any reform in existing opinion. Neither dogmatically, nor by example, are our social institutions interfered with. Nevertheless, though we most cordially acquiesce in the principles inculcated, the story would have been better told, and would have been more acceptable, not only to the professed novel reader, but to the lover of abstract justice, if the moral had not been pushed to such extremes. We infer, more from her stern law of consequences, and the harshness of her judicial sentences, than from any crudeness of manner, that the writer is young in years. Experience surely teaches a certain reticence and timidity when we have to assign the proportion of punishment to error. In this story, tremendous, heart-breaking punishment is inflicted on what (comparing ourselves with ourselves) is but a venial, quickly repented fault. This severity, setting reader and author so much at variance, arises, we do not doubt, from the purely fanciful character of the plot, with which experience can have nothing to do. Young writers have a feeling of power in summarily deciding the fate of their own creations. The interest, or the necessities of the story, are, at critical times, paramount with them; the stability of the actors in the drama fails under the strain; we detect a sense of unreality in the artist's mind; he knows it is all make-believe, and allows the characters of his piece to succumb, physically or morally, to a fine effect, or to a principle, or to a flourishing climax, without a scruple or a pang. Often, under this despotic rule, we see the men and women whom we have learnt to know and believe in, swept clean off the board by their inventors with no more remorse than if they were so many nine-pins, under the implied defence that an author has a right to do what he will with his own; a fallacy we have not space to refute. With this protest,—which we make with an eye to the future, that the

authoress may not risk the popularity, and, we may add, usefulness of her next effort, by repeating the outrage on her readers' sensibilities,—we will enter on the subject of her story, the design of which is to illustrate the evils, the fatal influences and the sorrows that arise from an imperious temper; and especially the mode in which her own sex are tried and influenced when subjected to a tyrannical will. This is very ably, we may say powerfully, delineated in the different members of one family, with some of whom this fatal quality is an heir-loom. There is a tone of experience in all these various portraits which gives them a real value. Indeed, we quarrel with the turning point and conclusion of the story a good deal because the gloom of the conclusion mars it as an instructive tale. We are shown this indomitable self-loving will in various forms, in young and old, man and woman; but the evil genius in particular who lies at the root of the mischief is an elderly maiden lady, capable of great sacrifices, but wanting in the self-restraint and sympathy necessary to confer any real service on her fellow creatures; and waging a general war against peace and happiness through the perpetual irritations of an exacting temper, and what the author calls a diseased self-love. Her sacrifice had been to receive her widowed sister and her young family into her own well-ordered home. The widow, Mrs. Brandon, of weak, suffering frame, a victim to ill-health; an elder daughter, Caroline, handsome, vain, and self-indulgent, who has fallen amongst the religious world, and uses its language; a second daughter, Ruth, ardent, straightforward, sympathising, with a good share of the family characteristic; a son, Frederic, clever and ill-principled, whose home under his forbidding aunt's roof is intolerable to him; and various juniors. The influence of a bad temper upon all these different subjects is the lesson of the book. The atmosphere of fear in which the helpless live under such an incubus is forcibly shown in the following passage, which introduces us to Miss Harriet Earle:—

‘Ruth had brought her mother into a very comfortable chat about Caroline’s pretty looks, and was skilfully leading on to one of those confidential talks respecting her early married life, in which Mrs. Brandon sometimes forgot present sorrow, when the sound of a deliberate, firm step on the stairs caused a little electric thrill to pass through the room, and startled every one into an attitude of preparation. Mrs. Brandon drew her hand away from between Ruth’s two; Ruth jumped up, and restored the stool to its proper place near the fire; Susan hid her story-book in a basket of plain-work; the children’s talking and laughter subsided lower and lower, and at last went out altogether, as the door opened quietly and admitted the mistress of the house, Miss Harriet Earle, and something else with her, an indefinable something, which, somehow or other, always went into and came out from every company into which she went and came. It was felt by every one, the mysterious accompanying atmosphere; but none

knew its full weight and presence so entirely as the widowed sister and the orphan children whom Miss Earle had taken into her home. For them it came in with her, but it did not so surely always go out again. The chairs and the tables, the carpet and the ceiling, the very walls of the house had absorbed some of it, and breathed out "Miss Harriet Earle" distinctly enough to keep a very wholesome check on the spirits of the inmates even in her absence.'—*Through the Shadows*, vol. i. p. 19.

The relationships of the piece are somewhat intricate. It takes some time to disentangle the various cousinships. Alice Earle, the sweet, graceful, eloquent, delicately conceived heroine, is one cousin. Sebastian and Maxwell Earle are cousins to all the others, and yet hardly brothers to each other, that is, not in position, though they are in blood. Alice's timid, sensitive nature has been crushed in childhood by the terrible aunt, and equally terrible grandfather, of whom we are told:—

'His was one of those restless, exacting wills that will not be satisfied with anything less than the utter annihilation of character in all around them. No minute circumstance of daily life was so small that he did not wish to regulate it, and no recess of the heart of wife or child so sacred, that he would not willingly have meddled there and ruled. * * * Sebastian never could understand how it was that, with all her gentle ingratiating ways, and with all the frightened efforts she made to win her grandfather's and aunt's love, she never succeeded in pleasing them as he did, and who was conscious of never trying at all: he did not know that to people afflicted with a diseased self-love, there is nothing so displeasing as the very fear anxiety which their own exactions always awaken in gentle impressible natures.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 105.

She now suffers under her father, who is another influential development of the Earle will. Between her and Sebastian there is a mutual but unacknowledged attachment. Alice from infancy has been so much in the habit of looking to him to screen her from harshness and blame, that he is under the constant impression that her feelings for him have no deeper source, strengthened by some jealous misgivings that his brother Maxwell has a nearer place in her heart. At length, and after many slips and vicissitudes, they are engaged; but now interposes another will from an unexpected quarter: from Ruth, who is Alice's bosom friend, and who mistrusts Sebastian because she fears he does not appreciate her friend enough. Ruth, except that she does unpardonable things, is an interesting character from her force and reality. We see that she has a more positive existence with the authoress than some others of her favourites, for she refrains from extinguishing her at the end by some dismal catastrophe. Though the results of her mistakes and errors are extreme, she is useful as a warning to the young and jealous. Presuming on the strength of her affections, and a certain self-negation, which in some degree redeems her self-confidence, she takes those she loves under a

patronage of protection. She has a fatal gift of blundering, and is conscious of her own brusqueness of manners, which no fear of her aunt can tame, and yet considers herself competent to advise on the point of tact.

"But now, Sebastion, I will tell you something. You and I ought to be friends, for we have a misfortune in common; we neither of us know how to say things in the right way to the right people. I am always in trouble on that account, and I see plainly that you will be; you will make mischief between people, like aunt Harriet and poor mamma, so pray keep out of their way as much as you can; and with people like Alice, and Max——"

"Alice! and Max! Well, go on," interrupted Sebastion, who could not help giving a start at the two names.—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 103.

She is Alice's especial fate, and is perpetually interfering with her destiny. First it is to forbid her thinking of Sebastion, on the ground that she cannot love him.

"Do you remember the last evening I spent at Earle's Court, when you and I were talking, I said, I should like to be able to put myself between those I loved and harm; but, Alice, it would not do for you, and the way you are thinking of is not a right way; you must not do it."

"Do what, dear?" asked Alice soothingly.

"What Caroline says you mean to do. You must not, to please your father or any one, marry Sebastion. Oh, Alice, I know so well how it would be if you did. I see it all. He is just one of those terribly stern, silent people, the weight of whose will crushes one to death. You could never live and be yourself near him. Don't be angry with me for saying this, but I know you would be frightened of him; and, Alice, you might get to be, what aunt Harriet calls you, deceitful. You might *never* be able to speak the truth to him,—and think of going on like that all your life."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 244.

This speech Sebastion, standing at the foot of the stairs, chances to hear, as, indeed, people do, throughout, see and hear a great deal that they ought not to do. But Alice's influence slowly overcomes all difficulties, whether they arise from opposition, as in Ruth's case, or too anxious a meddling to bring the affair about, as in her father's, whose solemn instructions to his daughter on this point have a great deal of nature in them. After Ruth's officious warning, the lovers first meet in the garden of Alice's home, which gives rise to the following pretty reflection, showing a mind at leisure for taking in the teaching and the genius of every scene:—

"Everything, even quite ugly and common-place things, houses, rooms, old clothes, pieces of furniture, above all, gardens and people, have what may be called their ideal days; times when,—for some hidden reason or other, which a philosopher, thinking over the matter deeply, might possibly discover and explain,—all the old stains, disfigurements, incompletenesses of one kind or another, put themselves out of sight for a season, and we can see nothing but the best side, not precisely the thing itself, but that other thing that it was meant to be. The ideal day for the house and garden at Earle's Court,—when the thought of the designer of it stood up, as it were,

alive and crowned, and said, "Look how fair and perfect an expression has been found for me,"—was one of those rare days that come now and then to surprise us in the middle of our gusty springs, when the calm of full summer seems for an hour or two to have taken hands with the joyous freshness of May. The garden's summer days were a shade too bright; garden's autumn days too rich; winter days too sad to harmonize with the spirit of the place; but to the tenderness of spring it answered perfectly.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 1.

Sebastion, desponding of ever gaining Alice's real heart, has called to announce his intention to travel, and finds Alice, the fair presiding spirit of the scene, kneeling over a nest of young robins:—

'At the sound of his approaching steps, Alice sprang up, and advanced to meet him, with the flush and the smile on her face that the kneeling posture and her pleasant occupation had brought there.

"Come," she said, holding out her hand, without any formal greeting, "you shall have just one peep at my pet birds, if you will be quiet, and take great care not to frighten them away."

'Sebastion had been preparing himself all the morning against the chance of some little gleam of cordiality in Alice's manner towards him, coming to try his sober belief in her indifference. Such had come and gone twenty times; it was too late for him to be deceived again. In his great fear of being shaken, he threw an air of restraint and solemnity over his answer that the apparent occasion by no means called for.

"No, no," he said, shaking his head; "I hear too often that I am a formidable person to venture on such a step. I should be sure to frighten them. I had much better keep out of their way."

'He had frightened something away now, if not the birds. He saw it in a minute. The smile from the gentle face, the sweet, sweet look from the upturned blue eyes—with what fluttering speed they hid themselves away. Alice suddenly remembered the last time she had seen her cousin, and the words he had overheard then. The unfortunate meeting had only been out of her mind for a few minutes since it had happened. The bright spring air and her garden employment had turned her thoughts into a pleasanter channel for a moment or two; it was painful to have them brought so suddenly back. She did not look away directly Sebastion spoke; her eyes rested for a second longer on his face; there was gentle reproach in them.

"You should not have put me in mind of that," they said, "when I was happy for a little while, for you know I was not to blame."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 7.

This is very graceful, expressive writing, nor does the little scene lose as it advances in the skilful, tender reading of two hearts. Our sympathies are always with Alice; she is finely and delicately drawn. We feel for her the more that she is the victim of that peculiar calamity, ably set forth by a modern writer, of having too many friends. When the engagement actually takes place, Sebastion is deputed to tell Ruth. That young lady receives the news characteristically:—

"Cousin," he began at last, stooping down, and speaking in the peculiar, earnest, and almost sad tones, which his voice assumed whenever he spoke from his heart, "I think you have a right to hear first what

I have got to tell; for I believe that you love Alice Earle better than any one in the world does except one."

"I love her better than any one loves her," Ruth said, with a little tremble in her voice, for she dreaded what was coming.

"No; not so well as I do—not a hundredth part so well as I do," said Sebastian. "You had better get to believe that, for your own sake; make yourself quite sure of that before I go on."

Ruth drew her hand away from Sebastian's arm, and turned round and looked at him.

"You don't mean that it is true what Caroline told me? You don't mean that you are going to marry her? Oh! Sebastian!" she said, with a look of reproach that provoked him not a little.

He had come out, expecting opposition, however, and he was resolved to be patient.

"Come now, Ruth, be reasonable; why not, if I love her?"

"Does she love you?"

"She says so," answered Sebastian smiling.

Ruth put her hand on Sebastian's arm again, and walked on with an air of having given up the world in despair.

"Come now, cousin Ruth," Sebastian went on, half-playfully, half-earnestly, "make a full confession. Why are you so solemn about it? Why do you find it so impossible to suppose that Alice should marry me from any other than the self-sacrificing motives you were attributing to her the other day? Why should she not choose me of her own free will?"

"I don't know—I could not," said Ruth decidedly.

"Luckily, you see, it is not you I want," answered Sebastian, with a little pardonable malice, which, however, Ruth was too unconscious to feel.

"Of course you don't," she answered; "and, after all, I ought not to judge Alice. Of course she likes you, if she has said so. She always used to like Maxwell better than any one else she knew, and you are not unlike him."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 41.

It is admitted that an unamiable, jealous feeling, which probably really belongs to imperious wills, had some share in Ruth's objection. The effect upon her is to hang over her suffering mother with a morbid feeling of appropriation as all that is left to her. 'You, at all events,' she said to herself, 'no one shall take from being quite my own.' And through this feeling, this natural affection, made unjust through the infusion of self, comes the great temptation and subsequent misery of the story. Alice's wedding preparations are hastening on under the happiest auspices. Ruth on one of her visits sees her 'things,' though *things*, even wedding things, had little interest for her. At length she is shown a costly bracelet, Sebastian's gift. It is one of the book's bye-lessons—better developed than the main moral—that a life of rigid exclusion from the pleasures of life, even when willingly borne, is inimical to the free development of the more generous qualities. Ruth, suffering from the perpetual want of money and subsequent dependence, cannot see the pearls and diamonds without asking the price, and grudging the 200*l.* for which she could find so many better uses. She covets not the bracelet, but the money it would fetch.

"I wonder how I should feel," she said, "if I were carrying about on my wrists as much money as would make some anxious person happy for the rest of her life."

"But must we never look at anything," said Alice, "without thinking of the money it cost? May not some things represent quite a different thought, so different that the costliness never comes into one's recollection, except as part of the symbol?"—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 62.

Unhappily the only symbol that remains on Ruth's mind is the vulgar one of money's worth. And here, through defect in the plot, the open-hearted Ruth is made to commit two flagrant breaches of the commandments about this bracelet—first she covets it, and next, in point of fact, she *steals* it; that is, she is determined to get it from its rightful owner, and she does. We enforce this point, for we think the authoress hardly realizes the extent of Ruth's sin. In what follows, we cannot see the connexion between even an unjust affection and any strength of determination with such a violent breach of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*; and it is contrary to the whole construction of the self-denying character, to regard the goods of others as its own; but, whatever we may think of this, it gives rise to some forcible scenes. That night her unprincipled brother Frederick summons Ruth to a dismal confidence. He is clerk in a bank of which the head is on the eve of marrying their elder sister. He has taken money to the amount of a hundred pounds, and has been found out by cousin Maxwell, who alone is in possession of the fatal secret, but will of course feel bound to communicate it to the firm. 'What am I to do? what will become of me?' he asks.

"You—you," cried Ruth indignantly; "it is mamma I am thinking about—what can be done to save her?"

"Yes, what can be done? think of something," Frederick went on, in an imploring tone.

"Let me think, let me think," Ruth answered.

She stood quite still in the middle of the room; the candle had burned out, but the moon, in its course through the sky, looked in now at the window, and threw pale green lights on the bare floor. It seemed to Ruth afterwards as if she had thought for hours; in reality, it was not perhaps for five minutes. One picture after another rose before her eyes; she realized with all the force of her deep sympathy the coming trouble. She seemed actually to taste the bitterness of her mother's despair and pain, and to see her writhing under the death blow. Great waves of sorrow lifted up their heads and seemed ready to flow in, and then her strong hereditary will rose up—they *should not come*. She did not throw out her heart in prayer for help from above; she did not ask for guidance or teaching. At that moment of her life Ruth lost sight altogether of the loving Father whose merciful will overrules all things. She saw only a cruel unjust fate coming near to crush the helpless, and she stood up and defied it. Her mother should not suffer; anything else might come afterwards, but that should not be. By-and-bye a suggestion came; a plan of action perfectly well-defined and clear, rose up in her mind—whether it came from above or

from below she did not stay to examine. She had not asked for any inspiration, but there it was; and it apparently required nothing in order to carry it out but a little of the strong resolution which she had within herself. As soon as she had seen it all clearly to the minutest point, she turned to the bed:—

“Get up, Frederick,” she said, “and put your clothes back into your drawers. Go to sleep as usual, and be ready and go back to your work in the morning. By this time to-morrow Max Earle shall have received the hundred pounds wanted to make your account right, and he shall have given his word never to reveal this, his discovery, to any one, even to his father.”—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 87.

This bears an ominous resemblance to Jezebel's line of action and tone of address, whether the authoress had her in her mind or not. We need not say that poor Alice's bracelet is fixed on as the means of escape, which Ruth intends to *make* her give up and sell, in order to get Fred out of his difficulty. We have not space for the opening of the attack. Alice submits to the stronger will, and always attracted by the idea of sacrifice, resigns the bracelet, because it costs her so much to give it up, but demurs long at the demand of secrecy from even Sebastian.

‘Alice's scruples about making this promise gave Ruth more trouble than she expected; she never could remember afterwards by what arguments prayers, or tears she combated then. They talked a long time, the minutes passed on, the morning was wearing away. Ruth began to despair, but at last the promise was given, and then all the rest was easy.

‘As soon as she had yielded this first point, Alice felt as if she were being dragged on by some irresistible fate. It was really that she had yielded to a will stronger than her own. Ruth's tears, her vehemence, and her despair, took away from her all power of judging calmly.’—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 102.

The bracelet is soon sold to a jeweller, and the money carried by the young ladies to Maxwell Earle, whom Ruth, without choosing to think *why*, knew well could not refuse Alice a last request. Alice's regrets and misgivings on the way are summarily stopped, with the characteristic selfishness of one possessed by an absorbing idea—‘You are saving mamma's life; don't look back, Alice; if she is saved, what does it matter what becomes of any of us afterwards?’ Maxwell stoutly refuses at first to do what they ask him. Ruth's vehemence, stimulated by a sense of power, is certainly vigorously given. Maxwell says—

“I cannot do it; but I will tell no one but him (his father); you may trust his kindness—he will not act harshly.”

“No, no, no,” Ruth struck in; “I can't trust him or any one—oh, Max, be merciful, you must see yourself that if your father once hears of this he must send Frederick away; he will be disgraced; and think of mamma—let her die at least trusting us all. I don't care what happens afterwards, let us think only of what will be best for her.”

"The best thing for her, and every one else concerned, must be what is right to do; must it not?" said Max.

"I don't care for any one but mamma, and I am certain that the best thing for her is that no one should know. What is the good of stopping to talk about right and wrong? For my part I would do *wrong* to save her; she has always been suffering, and this blow she shall not have. People pretend to be anxious about doing right, and half the time they only mean that they are afraid of being punished if they do wrong. I am not afraid; I dare do this thing, right or wrong; and when mamma is safe I will bear any punishments, any consequences, that come of it. I only hope they will come on me, if they do come."

"They are sure to come," Max said, looking at her with surprise, and, it must be confessed, kindling a little at her boldness; "the worst of it is we cannot choose who shall have them; if we could—" he paused, a sudden conviction of the utter want of faith and of submission that was shown in this strange braving of God's punishments flashed across him; but Alice did not give him time to follow out his thoughts.

"I do not think it will bear talking about," she said, coming near, and putting her hand on Maxwell's arm; "but this is the first favour I ever asked of you. I shall never ask another. I have wished all my life to have a brother; don't spoil my idea of how much a brother would do for a sister by refusing to do for me the only thing I shall ever ask."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 107.

Such scenes suffer by being detached from their context, but our readers will see enough to be aware that the authoress has brought more than average power to her work. She maintains a real hold of her subject, and for the first two volumes nothing is allowed to interfere with the progress of the story, to which the novelist's first duty is owing. There is no shrinking from scenes, we see and hear her personages in the most critical moments of their fate, and her spirit is with them sympathizing with each change and turn of events. Caroline, Ruth's elder sister, whose faults and temptations are of a more common order, lends great variety to the earlier part of the story, till settled by a mercenary marriage; which she persuades herself is entered upon in a spirit of self-sacrifice. The dread of 'aunt Harriet,' prompting to the final acceptance, is ingeniously natural, and all this young lady's previous speculations upon her various admirers and dangles sayings show some humour and a good deal of experience of common place character. We are glad, too, to observe that Ruth has a kind of trusting, sisterly sympathy in these questions, and does not scan Caroline's feeble, vain confessions with the severity of a stranger's eye; as the high-minded sister of the moral tale is so constantly made to do.

The following conversation at a religious party is in another vein from our previous extracts. Mr. Gadstone is Caroline's future husband.

'Alice leant back in her seat, and wondered why she had taken the trouble to interfere. What could it signify what Miss Ash said of Max

Earle? Her thoughts took holiday for a few moments. When they came back again the conversation had left Mr. Meyer, and passed on to his partner in business and superior in wealth and consequence, Mr. Gadstone. "He is here to-night—is he serious?" asked Alice abruptly.

"He is dear Mrs. Warren's brother," said Miss Ash, "and she has great hopes of him: they say he is a very keen man of business, and very clever in making a bargain; but I don't know that he is any worse for that; many very religious people are; Mr. Barrett thinks it a great thing to show the world that the keenest, most practical minds can be brought under the influence of religious truth."

"I wish poor Fred would take example by Mr. Gadstone, then," said Caroline with a sigh; "if he were both religious and likely to make a great deal of money it would be all one could wish."

"Making the most of both worlds, in short," said the youngest Miss Ash, with a happy quotation of the title of a book she had been reading."

"Ah, my dears," continued the elder sister, "that is the way to talk to young men; show them that it is their *interest*—their interest for this world—to be religious, and you will soon gain them over."

"I wonder whether Mr. Meyer would think that an appeal to self-interest would have anything to do with—with holiness," said Alice, hesitating a little over her word, and yet not caring to substitute another.

"My dear Miss Earle," cried Miss Ash, appealingly, "when we have been told on good authority, that Mr. Meyer's views are not sound, is it wise to bring them forward?"

"But about Mr. Gadstone," said Alice, glad to retreat, "what has he done to deserve your good opinion?"

"He took the chair at the last missionary meeting, and he has subscribed a guinea to the Jews' society, and he shows altogether, Mrs. Warren thinks, an appreciation of the right views, which is very encouraging," answered Miss Ash triumphantly.

"I wonder whether he has rebuilt those wretched tumble-down cottages that belong to him at Fairburne," said Alice; "and whether he has done away with the toll at the head of the bridge at Newlands, which prevents the poor people from getting to Church."

"I really don't know about that," answered Miss Belinda Ash, the youngest and gentlest of the sisters; "but, my dear, you know we must not despise the day of small things."

"Especially not with such a man as Mr. Gadstone," interposed her more eager elder sister, "only think what good he might do if he went heart and soul to the work with his means; we ought not to leave a stone unturned to gain him. If only he could be brought to marry some really pious young woman who would lead him in the right way?"—*Ibid.* vol. 1. p. 56.

The third volume cannot be included in our commendation of conscientious adherence to the story, which, in fact, ends in its main interest with the second. Alice is the victim of the concealment enforced by Ruth, by a series of not very skilfully managed false conclusions and blunders. Sebastian is brought to believe that the missing bracelet, and the interview with his brother, and a certain note that aunt Harriet shows him, prove to demonstration Alice's preference for Maxwell. Without giving her the opportunity of explanation, he writes her a final farewell, and sails the same day on Sir John Franklin's expedition for the North Pole; from whence he never returns.

She has not even the satisfaction of clearing herself in his eyes, and goes on expecting, and waiting, and despairing, as far as regards her *human* happiness, till she dies. It is a mistake in every sense. A moral story should be complete in itself, and must not postpone the justice, the satisfaction, the clearing of doubts—which the reader has a right, by a sort of tacit compact with the author, to expect—to the future tribunal. It professes to be a dramatized picture of those providential laws that govern the world, with this world, not the next, for its theatre; and here in this mortal scene it should have some conclusion that man's eyes may rest on.

But while we say this, we would do justice to the beauty and delicacy of Alice's character; except in the momentary falsehood (which we disown for her) she is always true to a very fair ideal. A poetical conception in thought and speech, she well sustains her part. Her vision of the ice-bound ships is oppressive in its vivid distinctness; and her story to the little children, for its gentle pathos and utter simplicity of diction, is a rare success.

The third volume is devoted in part to the development of a new scheme for the employment of women, conducted by a very conventional, good woman, gifted with an intense insight into every one's character and capabilities, and in whose presence the whole system of human intercourse seems to change its character. It concludes by a wholesale, not to say unfeeling, sweep of the minor characters. Amongst the rest are two violent deaths, which are so little realized by the author, that she forgets how they ought to affect those left behind; Ruth, and the less impressionable Caroline, alike sustain the death of husband and brother under the most terrible circumstances, with no greater shock to the nerves, or permanent influence on their tone of thought, than if the events had only concerned them as lookers-on. This we only note as a warning how sparingly such incidents should be used by the novelist, especially if writing only from fancy. Feebly told horrors, awful events, recorded without due sense of their awe, weaken more than the pages in which they occur; they leave a general sense of inexperience and even puerility. We speak strongly because the defects and failings we have noted are not unlikely to injure the general acceptance of a story which, for strength and elegance of style, dramatic power, and high tone of feeling, takes quite another stand from the ordinary novel.

One tale, the most remarkable that has appeared for many years—a work of genius still exciting general interest amongst all classes of readers—'Adam Bede;' which if it be, as there is internal evidence, written by a woman, places woman's aptitude

for this form of composition in some points higher than it has ever stood before—fairly side by side with man—we have not yet touched upon; not only because it is already so popular that it needs no further introduction, and so generally noticed by the press that little new can be said upon it; but because the uncontradicted rumour of its authorship is a perplexity and an enigma which interposes itself and confuses our critical powers when we attempt any analysis. If there is one feature more than another that stamps, or seems to stamp, the book, it is its earnestness;—a profound realization of certain great moral principles as the key to man's nature and moral government. It is a work not of the imagination only, or chiefly; but of the heart. And how can we reconcile this tone, its apparent honesty, and truthfulness, and genuineness, its deep religious sentiment, with the other literary labours and the sceptical association attributed to its author, and, as we say, uncontradicted? People tell us the public have no right to pry into an author's secrets; we do not know what rights mean on this question; we have no right to take unlawful means of getting to know, but it is not in human nature not to wish to know the author who has interested and absorbed us. If we hear a good sermon, do not we ask who preached it? if we hear good music, do we rest till we learn the composer? they have not their full effect till we know; a book is incomplete, it has not fully told its tale, till we know its author. If it represents a strong intellect, a vivid imagination, tender feeling, and large experience, its readers must wish to learn in whom these gifts have met; what favourable circumstances have developed the mind to such felicitous harmony and power. We do not now, after waiting in vain for a denial, set ourselves to find out our mistake, to modify our first high appreciation, to seek for lapses and latent touches of infidelity; we thought it a beautiful tale when we read it, we think it so still, though it should indeed prove to be a simply intellectual effort of memory and association; but if the statement remains uncontradicted because it cannot be denied, we can only say, there is nothing in 'Adam Bede' so surprising as its authorship. We leave it as a riddle yet unsolved, and have sought in other sources what may be the direction of our popular literature, as led by female pens, which seem now to have almost a monopoly of the purely domestic fiction.

- ART. IV.—1. *Journals of the General Convention of the American Episcopal Church.* 1853 and 1856.
2. *New York Church Journal.* 1857, 1858.
3. *Mixed Societies in Principle and in Practice.* By the Rev. A. C. COXE, D.D. of Baltimore. 1859.
4. *Apology for the Common English Bible.* By the same. 1857.
5. *The Western World Revisited.* By the Rev. H. CASWALL. 1853.
6. *Bishop White's Memoirs of the Episcopal Church.* Philadelphia, 1820.

MR. BAINES, in moving for a Select Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the nature and extent of the 'Queen's Printer's Patent,' is reported to have asked the House to consider 'whether it had any right or prerogative to restrict the printing of the Holy Scriptures.' 'The Holy Scriptures,' he proceeded, 'were given in charge to no particular section of the Church, to no priest, to no prince, to no sanhedrim or senate, to neither to Jew nor to Gentile; but liberally and impartially, as the rains and dews of heaven. They were made the universal patrimony of mankind; and he appealed to the House, as they had given freedom to trade and industry, and to the negro slave, removed every restriction from conscience, and maintained the liberty of the press; to bestow upon England *'the crowning blessing of a free and unfettered Bible.'*

Now it is not our object at present, to discuss the question whether the charge of the Holy Scriptures, in their general acceptation, more properly belongs to the Church of Christ or to the civil authority. Nor do we deem it necessary to remind our readers that the title-page, the dedication, and the translators' preface to the reader, concur in proving our Authorized Version in particular to be, like the Prayer-book, a Church of England work, designed for Church of England purposes; and therefore, strictly speaking, under the rightful guardianship of the Church of England. But since 'free trade in Bibles' was the professed object of Mr. Baines's motion, and since the experience of America is now largely appealed to by certain politicians in support of their theories, we have thought that a few facts connected with the history of our Authorized Version in the United States would not be without value, under existing circumstances, in England.

It was in the year 1607, while our present version was in the hands of the translators, that the first English settlers disembarked on the coast of Virginia. Although these early emigrants were members of the Established Church, the great majority of the subsequent colonists of America were professedly Dissenters. Yet, as Protestants, they generally regarded the Bible as the foundation of their faith, understanding by the term 'Bible,' the Authorized Version of the Church of England. When the Revolution broke out in 1776, a large proportion of the Church people and of their clergy took part with the Crown, while the Dissenters were generally attached to the republican party. At the restoration of peace in 1783 many of the churches were deserted or in ruins; the clergy, who never had numbered much more than two hundred, were greatly reduced, and as bishops had never been tolerated in America by the home-government, no form of ecclesiastical rule existed.

Under these untoward circumstances, synodical action commenced, and the Church gradually formed her system of annual Diocesan Conventions, and of a triennial General Convention. In these conventions the clergy and laity had equal votes, or were equally represented, with the useful provision of a 'vote by orders,' an arrangement which makes the consent of both clergy and laity necessary to any act or resolution. Being now free from its old political entanglements, the Church elected its bishops, who derived their consecration in the first instance from the Scottish and English prelates. Even in the jealous eye of the law, the 'American Episcopal Church' was considered identical with that Church in England which had renounced the Pope, reformed the Prayer-book, and translated the Bible. It still retains, for instance, the lands given to the Church of England in Vermont and New Hampshire, while the property of Trinity Church, New York, originally given by Queen Anne, has attained, through the growth of the city, the value of nearly two millions of pounds, being estimated at above seven millions of dollars in 1857. Though little recruited by emigration, the Church in the United States usually doubles itself in about thirteen years, an increase mainly due to the rapid influx of persons from other 'denominations.' At the present time, it numbers about 38 bishops, 2,000 clergy, 135,000 communicants, and perhaps two millions of worshippers.

We have thus briefly alluded to the history and position of the Church in America, because that Church has succeeded to whatever duties may be supposed to attach to the Church of England in regard to the Authorized Version. A few such preliminary statements are also necessary to explain the subsequent action of our American brethren on the same subject. It must

likewise be remembered, in the same connexion, that the General and State governments of the United States are constructed on principles which disqualify them for all pretext of interference in religious matters, and that consequently the law of the land provides no security for the correctness of Bibles.

The manufacture and sale of Bibles being open to all, a number of incorrect editions were very early printed and circulated; and in 1817, the General Convention was led to consider a proposal for adopting a standard edition. This proposal was occasioned by 'the discovery of a large edition extending very 'widely' (says Bishop White¹), 'a corruption of Acts vi. 3, 'by perverting it to a sanction of congregational ordination. 'Instead of "whom *we* may appoint over this business," which 'is the exact translation of the original, the edition has it, "whom '*ye* may appoint over this business.'" In 1823 this proposal was finally carried into effect, and the generally-received English standard was made the standard of the Church in America.

The continued publication, however, of inaccurate editions made it necessary that further measures should be adopted, and it was considered highly expedient that American readers should be supplied with an exact reprint of the most correct copy obtainable in England. The subject accordingly came before the General Conventions of 1850, 1853, and 1856, and will probably afford much discussion to the same assembly in the autumn of 1859.

In the Convention of 1850 a Committee was appointed 'to 'procure and supervise the publication of a standard edition of 'the Holy Bible.' At the same time a proposal was submitted by a Church institution, the New York Bible and Prayer-book Society, to become the publishers of the standard Bible in contemplation. To the Committee had been assigned the duty of contracting with the institution just named, and of reporting to the Convention the result of their labours.

The Convention of 1853, held in New York, was attended by thirty Bishops in the Upper House, and by a Lower House consisting of 115 clerical and 85 lay-deputies from thirty dioceses. There was present also a deputation from our own Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, consisting of Bishop Spencer, Archdeacon Sinclair, the Rev. E. Hawkins, and the Rev. H. Caswall. Among many other items of business the report of the Committee on the standard version was laid before the Lower House.² The report stated that—

'The first and not the least important of its labours appeared to be that of ascertaining on what edition of the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue

¹ Memoirs of the Episcopal Church, p. 310.

² See Journal of the General Convention of 1853, p. 32.

now existing most reliance could be placed for correctness of text and accuracy of typography. The *Princeps* edition in folio, A.D. 1611, is that which appeared from the hands of the translators appointed by King James I. of England, and is the text of the Holy Scriptures used in our Church, and as widely as the English tongue is diffused.'

After giving a brief history of the revision made by Dr. Blayney in 1769, the Committee proceeds:—

'In our own country, where the publication of the Bible is at every man's option, too many editions have been found, crowded with typographical errors, and faulty in numerous other not unimportant respects, while even in England, where by the laws of the land, from four sources alone, under royal authority, can editions of the Holy Scriptures emanate, variations, though slight, are apparent between the copies bearing the impress of those sources.

'The incorrectness of so many editions, and the blemishes of all, united with the duty of our Church as its hereditary guardian to protect the integrity of the English Scriptures, attracted, so early as the year 1817, the attention of our General Convention to the subject, and in 1823 the edition of Eyre and Strahan, published in England, and then considered the most perfect extant, was recommended as the standard to be recognised by our Church, till such time as she thought proper to put forth an edition of her own. At subsequent triennial meetings, the subject was again and again brought before both Houses of this body, till the appointment of your Committee to treat with the New York Bible and Prayer-book Society in the manner which has been mentioned.

'In the course of action under their appointment, your Committee have received from the Society, known as the British and Foreign Bible Society, the information that the present standard text recognised by them, is that of the medium quarto printed in Oxford; and there has been received from that Society a copy of that edition, the courtesy of which gift your Committee esteem it a duty and pleasure to acknowledge.

'They have also to acknowledge on the subject of a Standard Bible, the receipt of a letter from the present Primate and Metropolitan of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, which your Committee may be permitted to consider as an evidence of the interest taken by the Church of England in whatever concerns the Church in these United States, and of the common bond of Christian and catholic fellowship between the Churches; a bond which that eminent prelate has so largely contributed to cement. The letter of the Archbishop is as follows:—

"*Lambeth, April 17, 1853.*

"DEAR SIR,—I am happy to have it in my power to answer your letter of inquiry concerning the text of the Bible. During the years 1834, 1835, and 1836, the delegates of the Oxford, and the syndics of the Cambridge press, had a long and elaborate correspondence on the state of the text of the Bible as then printed, and until then there had been much inaccuracy. A correct text, according to the edition of 1611, was then adopted, both in the Oxford and Cambridge Bibles. The Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has furnished me with the following statement from Mr. Combe, the Superintendent of the Oxford press:

'The text of all the Oxford editions of the Bible is now the same, and is in conformity with the edition of 1611, which is, and has been for many years, adopted for the standard text. The medium quarto book is stereotyped, which protects it from casual errors; and having been long in use without the detection of any error, I have reason to think that it may be

considered as perfect as a book can be, and may therefore be fairly received as the standard book of the Society.'

"It is a most gratifying thought that our English Bible should be circulated over your vast continent, and that our native language should be employed as the vehicle of eternal truth to an increasing multitude of readers; and we may justly pray that the purity which is secured to the text may be extended also to the doctrines gathered from the text and propounded to the hearers of the Word. It gives me much pleasure to have had this opportunity of communicating with an American brother, and I remain, Rev. Sir, your faithful servant,

"J. B. CANTUAR.

"Rev. Henry M. Mason."

'Upon such authority, your Committee cannot hesitate to recognise the above Medium Quarto Stereotyped Edition, published at Oxford, as the Standard Bible of the Church of England. The New York Bible and Prayer-book Society, in its communications, appear to await the determination of this Convention before acting as publishers on their former petition, and your Committee recommend the adoption of the edition named in the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter as that from which a republication in this country by our Church shall be made. An examination of it has resulted in the discovery of but very few particulars which your Committee would decidedly prefer to change, not one which would importantly affect the sense, and but few of which a doubt might not be entertained whether they are even typographical errors.

'Your Committee conclude with the recommendation of the passing of the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, the House of Bishops concurring—

"1. That the Medium Quarto Bible, stereotyped at Oxford, be the recognised standard of this Church, until an American reprint be made and adopted as hereinafter contemplated.

"2. That the New York Bible and Prayer-book Society be the publishers from that standard of the reprint above-mentioned, provided, in making any contract, the Committee shall not exceed the price at which a similar publication can be contracted for with other publishers.

"3. That a joint Committee of five be appointed to supervise the reprint aforesaid, with authority to correct errors of the press, and report to the next General Convention the edition so published, for its adoption as the American Standard Edition.

(Signed) "HENRY M. MASON, *Chairman*.
M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.
G. M. WHARTON.
R. F. W. ALLSTON."

The Report and recommendations of the Committee were laid over for further consideration until the General Convention of 1856. In that year the Committee reported as follows:—

'The Committee appointed at the last General Convention on the subject of a Standard Bible, respectfully report, that to the important duty assigned them they have given such attention as opportunity would permit. The propriety, and even necessity, of protecting the integrity of the text of Divine Revelation, as translated into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, is not less stringent now, but increasingly more so, than at any period since the attention of the supreme legislature of the Church was first attracted to the subject. Too many of the editions of the Holy Scriptures issued in this country are faulty in respect of typography, or in changes which affect the

volume, either as it came from the hands of the translators under King James I., or as it exists in the present standard of the Church of England. It seems desirable therefore that the protection of the General Convention of our Church should be interposed for the guardianship of the great deposit of our faith in the English tongue.'

With the view of carrying into effect the recommendations of this Committee, the Upper and Lower House of the Convention finally agreed,—

'1st. That a competent person be appointed by the Convention to correct typographical errors in the authorized translation of the Holy Scriptures, referring to the present Standard Edition.

'2d. That a Committee of five be appointed, to whom the proposed corrections when made, or in their progressive stages, shall be subjected for approval.

'3d. That the Report of this Committee, with the proposed corrections in full, be printed and presented to the next General Convention (1859) for final action.'

The Rev. Dr. Mason was appointed by both Houses to correct the typographical errors in the Standard Edition, and with him five clerical and lay gentlemen were associated as a committee of revision.

We have recorded the above particulars because they show that, in the opinion of the American Episcopal Church, '*the publication of the Bible at every man's option*' is highly dangerous, and leads to the publication of '*too many editions, crowded with typographical errors, and faulty in numerous other not unimportant respects.*' They prove likewise, that English editions of the Scriptures printed under the present system are considered in America far more accurate than those printed in America under a system of '*free trade.*' They exhibit the Archbishop of Canterbury engaged in a Christian and dignified intercourse with his American brethren while giving information respecting the true standard edition. And lastly, they exhibit the American Episcopal Church acknowledging its duty, as the '*hereditary guardian of the English Scriptures,*' '*to protect the integrity of the text,*' and accordingly appointing a reviser and a committee of revision.

The English reader, however, must not suppose that hereafter American Bibles will all undergo the revision of the committee of the Church. The Church in America, though a highly respectable and increasing body, has never, for the reasons already mentioned, influenced a majority of the American people. The Bibles printed by the '*New York Bible and Prayer-Book Society*' will alone come under the supervision of the Committee. In the meantime, the printers, each at his option, will continue to send forth Bibles exhibiting different degrees of incompleteness and inaccuracy, while the

American Bible Society will virtually continue to supply a standard to the American people.

The American Bible Society is a wealthy and powerful institution, supported by various Protestant sects, and containing but a small admixture of Churchmen.¹ It prints and publishes its own Bibles, in which respect it differs from the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was founded in 1816, when in its constitution it declared its object to be the circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment, and engaged that the only Bibles in the English language, circulated under its authority, should be those of the commonly received English Version. In 1823 its managers made the following statement in their Annual Report:—

‘They earnestly wish always to remember, and that their coadjutors may always remember, the sole object of the Bible Society, and be ever and deeply sensible of the results which their labours may be expected to produce under the Divine blessing. The sole object is to promote a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment. This is the avowed design, and there is no room for deception in this case, or for schemes different from the declared purpose.’

Thus far all appeared to promise well. True, the Bibles of the American Bible Society differed in certain accessories from the Authorized English Version. The Society had struck from the title-page the words, ‘Appointed to be read in churches.’ It had omitted the dedication to King James, and—in common with too many English Bibles—it had also omitted the translators’ preface. Thus it had left the reader in the dark as to the history and origin of the Version, and the part taken in it by the Church of England. But the headings of the chapters were retained; the punctuation, capitals, italics, and other particulars generally coincided with those of the best editions then published in England, and, on the whole, the Protestant bodies of America had reason to be thankful that they were presented with a correct Bible at a moderate price.

But in the year 1852, the ‘Committee of Versions’ of the Bible Society published a new standard Bible, containing about twenty-four thousand alterations in the text and punctuation, besides important changes in the accessories. The Committee stated officially that they had made alterations in the text of the

¹ In the British and Foreign Bible Society there is a great preponderance of Church influence. While the character of that Society is derived in a great measure from such of the Bishops, clergy, and laity of the Church as take part in it, *one-half* of the managers are Churchmen, the various Dissenting denominations being forced to content themselves with dividing the other half between them. The British Society prints no English Bibles, but circulates those of the University presses and of the Queen’s printer; it is therefore infinitely better secured in this respect than the American Society. (See postscript to Dr. Cox’s pamphlet on Mixed Societies.)

common English Bible in *nine* particulars; viz. in words, in orthography, in proper names, in compound words, in capital letters, in words in italics, in punctuation, in parentheses, and in brackets. They added that they had also made alterations in five *accessories*; viz. in the contents of the chapters, in the running heads of columns, in the marginal readings, in the marginal references, and in chronology. The new standard Bible was at once extolled as the most perfect Bible extant; splendid copies of it were sent to Queen Victoria, to all the crowned heads in Europe, and to the President of the United States. During the six following years hundreds of thousands of this new edition were circulated in every part of North America, the people believing them to be the same Bible which alone the Society had engaged to circulate by its constitution of 1816.

But by degrees American Christians began to perceive that the Bible Society was treading on dangerous ground, and that the establishment of the new standard involved a principle which could not fairly be conceded. The question was whether the Bible Society had authority to undertake not only the printing and circulation of the ordinary English version, but the revision of the text and the alteration of the accessories, at its pleasure.¹ If these had been avowed as objects of the Bible Society at the time of its first organization, the enterprise would have been swamped at once. To undertake them after nearly forty years, as if they were included in the original 'sole object of the Society,' seemed like undertaking them on false pretences. Had the changes been the result of a mere *collation* of copies, no one could have justly complained. But as soon as the Committee introduced changes not found in any previous edition, a new principle was introduced, which it became all thoughtful persons to resist. The danger was the greater, since, from its immense wealth and influence, the Bible Society was enabled virtually to set up a standard for all private publishers. In fact, it had already been announced that 'private publishers were engaged in correcting their various editions in conformity with this established and acknowledged standard.'

The alarm appears to have been first sounded with effect by the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., an Episcopal clergyman, resident in Baltimore, and favourably known in this country by his 'Christian Ballads,' and his 'Impressions of England.' The appearance of his 'Apology for the Common English Bible' brought the matter prominently before the American public. Dr. Coxe showed that some of the alterations in

¹ See *New York Church Journal*, 1857, p. 156.

punctuation materially changed the sense ; as when, in Rev. xiii. 8, 'The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,' was so altered by putting a comma after 'slain' that the words 'from the foundation of the world' no longer referred to the Lamb, but to the names of His followers. So also in regard to capitals. The word 'Spirit,' printed with a capital, had indicated the Third Person in the Trinity, but when the initial letter was now printed small, the word itself might mean something else. The headings of chapters had been so modified as to put Christ and the Church wholly out of the Old Testament. For instance, in the third chapter of Canticles, the former heading was: 'The Church's fight and victory in temptation. The Church glorieth in Christ.' This was changed to: 'The bride's despondency. The splendour of the beloved.' In the headings of the prophetic chapters, 'Zion' was substituted for 'The Church.'

'Even in the New Testament,' says Dr. Coxe, 'the old familiar phrases *Christ's passion*, *Christ's resurrection*, and the like, running along the top of the page, and clustering over the heads of chapters, are generally struck out. We have instead, *Jesus is crucified*, *The resurrection of Jesus*. The Jews always speak of our Saviour as "Jesus of Nazareth," but it was a law of theirs, that if any man did confess that He was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. I am sorry to see this law so profoundly revered in the Society's Gospel. I conceive that the actual changes introduced by the Society are almost as evil as any change could be, proceeding from good men with honest intentions. They consist not in here and there an emendation, but in a vast system of alteration, and of thorough substitution, characterized, from first to last, by a debased orthodoxy, rationalistic tendencies, and a general aversion to the evangelical and primitive modes of thought which characterize the old Bible.'

The *New York Church Journal*, the *Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder*, the *Southern Churchman*, and other papers, now uttered loud complaints. The Bishops of Massachusetts and Virginia publicly expressed their disapprobation. The Bishop of Pennsylvania, in condemning the course of the Society, wrote as follows:—

'We are not of those who would deprecate in advance, and denounce *all* revision of the English Bible. The time may come when, without damage to its matchless dignity and beauty, and to the venerable associations that surround it, a few amendments may be made, by the universal consent of those who name the name of Christ, and on authority which few would question. Till then, let text, punctuation, capitals, and headings, stand as they have stood for more than two hundred years ; and wherever one speaking our tongue may go, over the globe, let him have the consoling assurance that when he finds what is called King James's Bible, he finds one and the same book. We much doubt whether American Christians are prepared to renounce the standard which has obtained, on both sides of the Atlantic, for two centuries, and to accept the American Bible Society as the only authorized editor and expounder of Holy Writ.'

The Bishop's doubts proved to be well founded. Throughout the Episcopal Church the disapprobation of the new text became very general. The Convention of the Diocese of Kentucky, for instance, resolved that,—

‘Whereas the immense funds of the American Bible Society enable it to overcome all private competition in the printing and sale of the Bible, this Convention regard with pain, mortification, and fear, the action of the managers of the said Society in altering the English version of the Bible in many and important particulars, and that it be recommended to the ministers and members of the Church in this diocese to withhold all contributions from the said Society, until this unauthorized edition of the Bible is withdrawn from circulation, and to avoid the purchase or circulation of the altered editions of the Bible issued by the said Society.’

The opposition of Churchmen would, however, have been of little avail if unsupported by leading members of the ‘denominations’ principally engaged in the Bible Society. When, however, the General Assembly of the (old school) Presbyterians joined in the opposition; when the scheme was denounced in the columns of the *Princeton (Presbyterian) Review*, when eminent non-Episcopalians, like Drs. Breckenridge and Hodges, united in the assault, and when other sects besides Presbyterians took part in the movement, it began to be perceived that the new standard was doomed. Dr. Breckenridge wrote as follows, in October, 1857, with respect to the changes:—

‘I am bold to say, that, if all this had been done with regard to the works of Milton or Shakespeare, it would have been considered an unprecedented act of literary folly, arrogance, and bad faith. Can it be conceived to be possible that the Christian public will endure it when it is perpetrated on a version of the Sacred Scriptures which has given fixedness to the noblest language and literature on earth, which is the highest bond between the greatest nations in the world, and which is the power of God unto salvation to the most numerous and devoted portion of the followers of the Lamb? Surely this cannot be, this entire procedure, from beginning to end, has been wholly gratuitous, unwarranted, and intolerable. The Bible Society has no authority, no call, no need, no fitness for any such work. The whole affair is a most cruel mistake, which ought to have been corrected the moment it was observed. To persist in it will be a most flagrant outrage, incapable of defence in morals, and capable of a redress, both through public sentiment and at law, fatal to the Society.’

The ‘Committee of Versions’ could not stand against such thunders, and its six members resigned their office. The resignations were accepted by the Board of Managers, who declined to allow a protest of the Committee to be entered on their minutes. Early in 1858, after six years’ circulation of the altered standard, the Board of Managers, at an immense sacrifice of the property of the Society, *abolished their whole work, and re-established the very edition in which it had been declared that twenty-four thousand inaccuracies had been detected.*

At the present time, with the exception of the omission of the dedication, the Standard Bible of the American Society differs in few, if any, material points from the Oxford medium quarto edition.

But let it not be supposed that the standard continues safe in the hands of the Bible Society.

'The late experiment of the Society in tampering with the version,' says Dr. Coxe,¹ 'has indeed been rebuked; but the Society itself derives no credit from the fact, for the evil had gone on for years, and grown into a thing of fearful magnitude, without one word of alarm or anxiety on the part of a single one of its officers and members. It now appears that by one of its by-laws it had actually made ground for future *notes* as well as for the altered headings: and many things portend that its present retreat from the extraordinary position it had ventured to take is only for the moment. It is a tremendous engine, and a *fickle popular opinion is shown to be its only controlling power*. That which has forced it to behave well to-day, will force it as easily to behave ill to-morrow. Who can trust it after this? Let it work out its own destiny, and may God overrule it for good; but surely our duty to His Holy Word cannot lead us to confide in an agent so irresponsible and capricious.'

We have now seen that in America there neither is nor can be a system of revising the Scriptures authorized and fixed by the law of the land. We have seen that in the absence of such a system the Bibles printed in America became full of inaccuracies more or less important in their character. We have seen that the American Episcopal Church has put forth efforts to secure a correct standard for the use of its own members, but that the good effects of these efforts can extend to but a small portion of the copies printed in America. We have seen that the American Bible Society has succeeded for a time in setting up a new standard, constructed on a dangerous principle. We have seen that by the efforts of a few leading individuals, rather than by the effect of public opinion, the Society was driven to retrace its steps. We have finally seen that the Society in question cannot safely be trusted in future; and that the American people remain destitute of any system of revision which will ensure the accuracy of the sacred text.

At present we have in England a system which works well and secures us in the possession of accurate and well printed Bibles. These Bibles are in great demand even in America, where Dr. Coxe assures us that, after paying freight and duty, they may be bought as cheaply as similar ones of native manufacture. They may indeed be bought *more* cheaply, when the paper, type, binding, and general appearance are taken into consideration. At home, they are furnished to our poor at prices so low that the cost cannot be a matter of serious consideration to any who really desire to profit by God's Holy Word.

¹ Mixed Societies in Principles and Practices, p. 58.

It is proposed that this system should be allowed to expire, and that free trade in Bibles should be established in its room. In that event we might soon realize the state of things described by the Committee of the American General Convention in 1853. The publication of the Bible being 'at every man's option,' 'too many editions' might be found, 'crowded with 'typographical errors, and faulty in numerous other not unimportant respects.' Bible Societies among ourselves might be tempted to tamper with the 'accessories' of the text, and to introduce neological or sectarian comments, under the form of 'headings,' italics, capitals, and punctuation. Congregational, Baptist, and Unitarian printers might insinuate alterations akin to that detected by the General Convention of 1817. It would, of course, under such circumstances, be the duty of the Convocation of the province of Canterbury to follow the example of the General Convention, and, as the guardian of a Church-work, to appoint a board of revisers, in order that no change might be effected in that book which we not only value in our closets and in our families, but which our clergy are bound to read publicly in our churches.¹ Yet we do not see how this duty could be effectually discharged by Convocation in its present disabled and fettered condition. It might, indeed, be hoped that in England, with our greater veneration for the works of past ages, attempts similar to those of the American Bible Society would be resisted as energetically as in the United States. It might be expected that the authorities of the Church, of the Universities, and of some of the dissenting bodies, would raise their voices against a change as loudly as did the reverend Doctors Coxe and Breckenridge, the Bishop of Pennsylvania, and the Convention of Kentucky.

But admitting all this, we submit that no good reason has been shown for adopting a course which would afford great temptation to the lovers of change, and which would expose us to the danger of angry controversies, bickerings, and recriminations similar to those which have been aroused by this question on the western side of the Atlantic. For the present, notwithstanding our sad divisions, we are happily agreed, as a nation, in receiving one version, which, though doubtless not absolutely perfect, is unquestionably possessed of excellences of the highest character. One who, alas! has left us for the Church of Rome, thus speaks of the uncommon beauty of the English Bible:²—

¹ Convocation has acted already in this respect. It complained of various typographical and orthographical errors in the original edition of 1611, and solicited the royal interference. This complaint no doubt had its weight when the revision by Dr. Blayney was authorized in 1769.

² *Dublin Review*.

‘ It lives on the ear like music which cannot be forgotten. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the gifts and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments ; and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred thing, *which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy has never soiled.* In the length and breadth of this land, there is not a Protestant, with one spark of righteousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.’

In conclusion, then, we would express our earnest hope that no steps may be taken endangering in any degree the generally-received text, until the time arrives when a revised version shall be set forth by sufficient ecclesiastical authority. At present we have the certainty of which Americans in general are destitute, and which many of them would gladly possess. Whatever may be said in favour of monopoly, or, on the other hand, whatever Mr. Baines may think of ‘ that crowning blessing, a free and unfettered Bible,’ American experience seems to establish at least this, that the system of unrestricted publication conduces neither to the accuracy nor to the cheapness of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures.

ART. V.—1. *Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times.* By H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN. 8vo. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1858.

2.—*La Question Romaine*, par E. ABOUT. Bruxelles: 1859.

3.—*My Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times. An Answer to Dr. Wiseman.* By ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI. 8vo. London: Partridge & Co.

'ROME is the only city in the world where one has never seen 'everything.' So speaks M. About, a caustic and unenthusiastic Frenchman; and so will every one allow who has ever been there. As the traveller along the Via Appia crosses the arid plain, spanned at broken intervals by the colossal stride of the gaunt aqueduct of the ancient Romans, and catches his first sight of the huge dome of St. Peter's, rising clear and full against the brilliant sky, he begins already to feel the strange fascination which Rome exercises over all who approach her. This feeling is one which grows upon him every day. In exploring the piazzas and narrow tortuous streets, he lights at every turn on some fountain or obelisk, the relic of classical or mediæval times. Again and again he revisits the 'finest Christian Temple in the world,' and while treading its imperishable Mosaic floor, and breathing its soft fragrant atmosphere, feels himself each time more and more impressed with the sense of its vastness and magnificence. When he gazes from the Pincian Hill, or the Pope's Terrace, to take a last look at the innumerable cupolas and obelisks bathed in the soft violet hues of an Italian evening, he feels how hard it is to leave such a city, and how impossible to break the many ties which bind him to it.

In these days a journey to Rome is no longer a difficult matter. To those who do not object to thirty-six hours or so of sea-passage, from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia—(and the steamers of the Messageries Imperiales make the voyage far from disagreeable, except to the victims of sea-sickness)—Rome is now within a very few days of London. The eternal city is still the bourne of pilgrimages to multitudes even of those who are unactuated by any feeling of reverence for the Papal chair. At Rome are still to be met, as in past ages, the representatives of every country, and of every section of society. A crowd of sightseers in Rome presents a panorama of the varied phases of human existence. Among the dense masses that are compressed into St. Peter's on some grand occasion, to witness, either in curiosity or devotion, the performance of some gorgeous cere-

mony, it is interesting to look round on the strangely miscellaneous character of the crowd; to see the fair, bright complexion of travellers from the British Isles, side by side with the sallow cheeks of the natives of Southern Europe, or the duskier skin of some Oriental race; to hear the whispered compliment, or the ordinary phrases of conversation quickly succeeding the attention demanded by the celebration of some solemn rite; to think how for one cause or another, by inducements so widely different, the individuals composing that motley assemblage are drawn from their distant homes to one peculiar spot of earth; and to remember that in almost every period of European history, this one and the same city under many changing forms, the city of Scipios, Cæsars, Pontiffs, has retained an irresistible hold on the destinies of the world.

Let us try to analyse more closely the various aspects of Rome, which render the place so attractive to travellers of so many different sorts. Some of course, and not a very few, are chiefly allured by the brightness of the Roman climate, and the gaieties of a Roman winter. The daily drive or promenade on the Pincian or along the Corso; the flirtations of balls and conversaciones; all this is only life in London or Paris, with the novelty of fresh accompaniments: it is the same picture in a new frame. Sojourners in Rome of this description might as well be anywhere else all the time. Artists and lovers of art are attracted by the rich treasures of the galleries and museums; the student of history, by the associations of its palaces and columns; the classical scholar by its rare manuscripts and inexhaustible antiquities. But there is one aspect of Rome which gathers to itself, irrespectively of personal or professional bias, the attention of every thoughtful mind. We mean, of course, its religious aspect; its churches and catacombs. If in the present unhappily divided state of Christendom, the former cannot but be regarded with very mixed feelings of sympathy and repugnance, by those who do not belong to the Roman part of the Church Catholic, at any rate all Christian sympathies of every communion may meet unreservedly in the catacombs. There, in the memorials of martyrs and confessors, we may investigate and cherish the traces of the christian faith, as it was in earliest and holiest days; before the streams that issue from one common source had become less pure by contact with the earth, and before they had tracked for themselves diverging, and in some degree, antagonistic courses.

These and similar causes may account in part for the great number of foreigners that resort every year to Rome. But the interest of Rome does not reside only in works of art, or in monuments of the past; there is a living interest as well. The

dark flowing robes of the ecclesiastics, and the picturesque capes and cloaks of the religious orders, which arrest the notice of the most careless sightseer, by their continued recurrence, sometimes in long procession, sometimes in scattered groups of two and three, in the streets of Rome, are phenomena not simply curious to the eye, but suggestive of grave consideration; they are indications of life and power; of life, it may be, not now in its full vigour, and of power ebbing away, still of a real living agency at work, the presence and operation of which cannot be denied. Rome is the centre of the world to all the myriads who believe in the Papal supremacy. From Rome her emissaries issue to every region of the world to extend and consolidate the limits of the Roman obedience; to bring mankind, as they conceive, within the pale of salvation. To Rome they repair from time to time to render their account of the responsibilities of the commission which she has entrusted to them. It is not intended now to discuss the great doctrinal question of the Pope's supremacy, which lies at the root of the separation between the Roman and other branches of the Church, nor any of the other points of difference in doctrine and practice. But there is another question, which may appear at first sight closely connected with the theological one, which is, in fact, essentially independent of it, though accidentally affecting it in no slight degree—the 'Roman Question,' as M. About styles it; the question of the Pope's temporal power, of his dominion over the States of the Church; a question, which, in the present conjuncture of European affairs, calls urgently for a solution. In attempting to arrive at a conclusion on this point, some assistance may be gained from the books above mentioned, by comparing the conflicting testimony of those who defend, and those who impugn the present state of things in Rome and the Legations.

It is difficult to classify Cardinal Wiseman's fat nondescript book. It is 'not a history,' as he admits in his preface, 'not a series of biographies;' 'not a journal;' not what are called 'memoirs.' But it is not difficult, even before reading, to anticipate its character. The readers of *Fabiola* will be prepared for a style wordy, turgid, and ungraceful, yet not deficient in power of an unwieldy sort; for trite quotations not always happily applied, and for a good deal of not unamiable egotism. Indeed, the impression of the Cardinal, which any one would derive from his literary works, is very unlike the ideal of a Bonner or a Hildebrand, such as impassioned declaimers against the Papal aggression have represented him. On the contrary, unless the author and the archbishop are very different, he is a good-natured easy-going man, with more application than genius,

well satisfied with his own part in the performance, and disposed to make the best of things around him; one of those who have the knack of rising in the world. He looks back sympathisingly on 'the Carnival in the good old times,' before its feasting and sports had been curtailed by authority; and the task of 'collating MSS.' calls up in his mind the more pleasing idea of a 'collation' of a more refreshing and satisfying kind. His book abounds in anecdotes, but they are generally deficient in point; and in many cases seem only to serve as an excuse for introducing the mention of his own acquaintance with some person of rank. But those who expect racy and highly-flavoured gossip from his *personal* recollections of the four popes, must be disappointed. He is too discreet and complaisant a narrator to reveal much of their inner life. Nor, on the other hand, does he give much information on social or political subjects. What there is of private or public matters in his pages, is tinted by a pervading 'couleur de rose.' Each Pope in his turn, of course, is honoured with a proper share of compliments; but even persons of far lower degree, or standing in a less friendly relation to the writer, have their share too in the general panegyric. From Queen Victoria, and the French Emperor, from Consalvi and Pacca, down even to the 'active Sanpietrini, and 'the splendid noble guard' of the Pope, and the 'bearers of the canopy,' walking symmetrically and unflinchingly under their heavy burden, to every one is portioned out, and with a liberal hand, their respective eulogy. In a word, one might fancy oneself all the time perusing the columns of the *Morning Post*, or the *Court Circular*. There is the same profusion of common-place compliments; the same tone of indiscriminating deference for all great personages. In one instance this complaisance betrays the author into an amusing dilemma. In speaking of the first Napoleon's quarrel with Pío VII., he seems at a loss how to hold the balance between the colliding claims on his respect of two such men; the one the head of his Church, and his own earliest patron; the other the maker and deposer of kings; and, which is of more moment just now, the uncle and predecessor of one who has great power of serving the cause which the Cardinal maintains, and who has hitherto shown himself not unwilling to exercise his power for that purpose.

We have already spoken of Wiseman's style as awkward and grandiloquent. Without doubt some allowance must be made for a writer, so much of whose time is engaged in other occupations, and has been passed among un-English associations. Still, it would not be right to overlook such flagrant blemishes of style, and, it must be added, downright violations of the English language, as occur in his pages. Some of the sentences

are not merely long-winded and involved, but, to say the least, barely grammatical. When a writer in the eminent position of Dr. Wiseman uses such phrases as a 'stark and strong Providence,' and 'the personal fit of a sepulchre,' (to select only a few of many similar solecisms,) and applies to a boat under water the words 'toppled over and clean dissolved,' it is necessary to protest against such breaches of good taste, especially at a time when a 'spasmodic' style of writing and ungainly affectation of originality in the use (or rather the abuse) of words, threaten to corrupt the simplicity and purity of the English tongue.

Still, in spite of these drawbacks, those who are interested in Rome may pass some hours pleasantly enough among Dr. Wiseman's Recollections, which may serve, at the very least, to recall to mind their own recollections of sunny days of travelling in Italy. As an authority on the 'Roman Question,' his book cannot have much weight, except with such readers as have already prejudged the case, and only seek arguments for a foregone conclusion. We are not accusing him of intentional misrepresentation; on the contrary, even his unscrupulous assailant, the notorious Gavazzi, in his intemperate and scurrilous parody on 'The Four Popes,' fails in convicting him of any important misstatement. But, in truth, there are very few facts of any importance in Wiseman's book; and the tone throughout is that of a plausible advocate trying to make the best of a slender case. He claims the credit due to an eye-witness; but what he has to relate in favour of his own view amounts to almost nothing; and the undeniable bias of partizanship precludes the evidence of even an eye-witness from being received except with considerable abatement. Under the unruffled complacency with which he evidently wishes to regard the existing state of things, may be detected at times a latent uneasy consciousness of the régime, which he defends, being hollow and unsound at the core; even from his own lips escape some ugly admissions in favour of his opponents. He is compelled to allow the existence of discontent and revolutionary tendencies (p. 98). Again, in trying to excuse the disgraceful system, as it may be called, of brigandage in some parts of the Papal territories, he is necessitated to resort to special pleading of the most transparent kind. It is idle to explain away an evil so monstrous, and yet, as was proved during the French occupation, one not irradicable by a strong government, as the result of the influences of mountainous scenery, or the excitable temperament of the inhabitants. Again, in his account of the manner in which the election of a Pope is conducted, it is apparent how tenderly and warily he treads on ground so dangerous, as unable to disguise even from himself the secular considerations and low selfish motives by

which the conclave is swayed—now by the jealousies of the great Roman Catholic powers, now by the well-known preference of the electors, as in the case of Leo XII. whom Wiseman describes as almost '*moribund*' at the time, for the one of their number who seems least likely to stand long in the way of their own respective pretensions.

But the strongest points in the book against its author's case are the very instances which he brings forward for especial commendation of good effected by the government. Let us see what they amount to. We are gravely told, for example, that Leo XII. distinguished his Pontificate by an ordinance forbidding the osterias to retail their *Vino di paese* 'to be drunk 'on the premises;' and by a still more momentous edict, effecting a new arrangement of the ladies' 'seats in the Sistine 'chapel.' We are told, with the same impressive solemnity, that Gregory XVI. established an insurance company, and made several highly laudable additions to the galleries of art. It is really like Swift's '*Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*,' or the beadle in '*Oliver Twist*' recounting his achievements; or, the '*vacuis ædilis Ulubris*' in Horace, with his limited jurisdiction over pots and pans, and weights and measures. Surely a strong and judicious government would have a better answer to make to its challengers than this. It is not the fault of the men, but of the system. 'The Four last Popes,' if we may trust Dr. Wiseman, were, to say the least, good average specimens of their order, attentive to business, sensible of the responsibilities of their power. If they had not the abilities of a Julius or a Leo, they were at all events, unless we give any credence to the railings of a writer like Gavazzi, innocent of the gross luxury and profligacy of some of their mediæval predecessors—kindly, well-intentioned, decorous, respectable men. They would have been more in place as heads of colleges than as rulers of the state. One would have been a learned Canonist, another a benign and estimable Professor, another a diligent Curator of Museums. Even Dr. Wiseman himself cannot say much for the results of their administration. It is obvious that the daily training, and other antecedents of a Pope, as we gather them from his Recollections of the Four last, are not such as are likely to produce good rulers in temporal affairs. We can easily believe what we are so often told by him, of their gracious urbanity in his interviews with them, and venerable deportment during the performance of their 'functions,' but something else is requisite for the adequate discharge of their responsibilities as heads of the state. Nor is it any answer to this, that the government is really administered by the Cardinal Secretary for the time being. He is trained in the same school,

and affected by the same influences as the Pope himself. The system is one of Clerical Government, and as such it must stand or fall.

On the whole, the impression left on a candid and impartial mind by Dr. Wiseman's descriptions is one of dull stagnation, of inertness and inefficiency; of antiquated prejudices, of short-sighted and narrow-minded policy; in short, of senile imbecility and servile obstinacy in the Government of Rome. We look in vain for any indications of life and progress. Even literature and science seem stifled in the heavy atmosphere of repression and surveillance. Mai and Mezzofanti are names illustrious in their respective specialties; but they stand alone, nor can even they be regarded as exceptions to the general rule. For Mai's ingenious and laborious discoveries of palimpsest MSS., and Mezzofanti's extraordinary gift of conversing in many languages, are no proofs of intellectual progress. The study of theology, and that of the dead languages of Greece and Rome, are those which might be expected to flourish at Rome, even in the dearth of other studies; but even these seem, by their stunted and twisted growth, to betray the depressing influence of the place. The theology is still merely that of the schoolmen; the classical scholarship is of the old contracted and pedantic sort. We read of elaborate 'theses' and 'disputations,' after the manner of the schoolmen, on subjects more recondite than interesting; of Cardinals versed in lapidary inscriptions, and skilful in 'devolving a rounded period,' or in pointing an epigrammatic antithesis in Ciceronian Latin; of one Cancellieri, who wrote learned treatises 'on the head physicians of the Popes,' 'on the country houses of the Popes' 'on the bite of the tarantula,' &c.; but we find no sympathy with the profound and comprehensive philology which in other countries lends its aid to the researches of history and philosophy. We shall have occasion presently to remark on the utter impotency of all this coercion and restriction to exclude the knowledge of evil. At present it is enough to observe that Dr. Wiseman fails to leave a favourable impression even of the state of literature in Rome. In every point of view, intellectually as well as socially and politically, Rome appears, on his own showing, to be far behind other European states under its present régime, and without the likelihood of progress or development.

If this be the impression left by a writer so zealous for his cause as Dr. Wiseman, we may expect to find our suspicions realised by the writers on the other side. But we need not waste much time on a book like Gavazzi's. It is unworthy of consideration. Most persons are familiar enough with his name and reputation to know how much value can be attached to his

testimony on this subject. Those, to whom his name is not so familiar, will be satisfied by reading a very few pages of his book without caring to read more. From beginning to end it is, as might be anticipated, a violent and sweeping invective; a long, confused, rambling tirade against the Papal system. He declares loudly against the 'Satraps of the Vatican,' as if the (generally speaking) inoffensive old men who wear the red hat of the Cardinalate were nothing less than monsters in the shape of men; and rails at their pomp and luxury, as if the tawdry lumbering carriages in which they ride about were marks of wealth, instead of being, as they are, handed down from one generation to another, rickety and battered like the government to which they belong. He delights in the coarse insinuation of charges, which, if made at all, ought to be substantiated by solid proof, not paraded in a tone of revolting buffoonery. His bitter animosity against Wiseman and the Popes, and in particular against Gregory XVI., towards whom his deadly resentment can only be accounted for on personal grounds, breathes its venom into every line: and the thorough-going unfairness into which it leads him may be estimated from the fact, that he will not allow to these recent Popes even the merit, which belongs to them, of having attended well to the preservation and improvement of the museums. The style of the book corresponds with its contents. It is simply what is usually called 'Billingsgate oratory,' and that of a very tedious kind. Let us pass on to a writer, whose remarks deserve far more consideration.

If it be objected to what has been said, that Wiseman's book refers to a bygone state of things, subsequently reformed by Pío IX., M. About supplies the answer. He declares explicitly that the celebrated Rescript of Pío IX. has been nugatory; and that the clerical régime still remains intact, with the exception of a few laymen being now admitted to clerkships and other offices of a subordinate kind; and he maintains, not unreasonably, that it cannot be otherwise so long as a Pope remains at the head of affairs. He speaks as one entitled to a hearing, both from his intimate acquaintance with Rome, and from his unquestionable acuteness and ability. Certainly some caution is necessary in accepting the dicta of a writer, who commences his book by a formal bow of the most distant civility to the faith in which he professes himself a believer; whose tone is that of a free thinker, not on Roman politics only, but on holier things also; and who sneers politely at the notion of wedded happiness and domestic purity. His style of writing, too, so smart, so pointed and epigrammatic, is one peculiarly exposed, especially in a Frenchman, to the temptation of brilliant falla-

cies. His pungent sayings, and terse racy anecdotes, nay, even his keen and trenchant logic are just what too often betray a writer into inaccuracy and exaggeration. For example, he calls the Roman priesthood 'a caste;' the very thing which it is not, and cannot be by the nature of things so long as the vow of celibacy prevails. But M. About knows well, that the 'mot' will find favour with the multitude; it serves to give point and spirit to his argument; it is too good a hit to be thrown away. Many, if not most of his objections to the Papal Government, are not new; they are merely old objections expressed with a clearness and cogency which give them an air of novelty. Still, with due allowance for these provisos, he well deserves a hearing. Let us listen to the opinion of an observer so penetrating and clearheaded, and so thoroughly a man of the world as well as a man of letters.

M. About adds his testimony to that of many other travellers, or rather of all excepting a very few bigoted Roman Catholics, to the effect that the Roman states are miserably misgoverned; and he insists on the fact that those parts which lie nearest to the seat of government are in the worst condition of all. The taxes are very heavy, not if compared in actual amount with those of wealthy countries like England and France, but, which is the real criterion, in proportion to the wretched resources of the tax-payers. By the arbitrary disbursements of the revenue, a door is opened to every form of waste and peculation. Of course agriculture and trade cannot be expected to thrive under the pressure of such taxation, and obstructed as they are by monopolies and other vexatious hindrances. The life is crushed out of them. In spite of having two such advantageous ports as Ancona and Civita Vecchia, commerce can hardly be said to exist at all; and the natural fertility of the soil avails nothing, while the farmer has to contend with every kind of heavy discouragement both from his landlord and the state. The wines, for instance, of modern Italy, hardly seem worthy of bearing the names so highly praised in the days of Horace. The Campagna, once so fertile, is now by long neglect unproductive and pestilential. The malaria from it is gradually extending its deadly sway more and more widely every year. But it may be urged, that the happiness of a people cannot be measured by material prosperity; that moral and physical well-being may coexist with impoverished finances; that peace and contentment, tranquillity and order, are far better than any abundance of railways and manufactures. But we find none of these blessings to compensate for the want of modern civilization in the Roman states. On the contrary, we find disaffection and lawlessness, crimes of violence and sensuality. Their social

condition is deplorable. The nobles and gentry M. About describes as idle and illiterate. What else can be hoped for of them, subjected in youth to a narrow and cramping education, and debarred in manhood from the responsibilities and distinctions of public life? Any one who has ever seen the pale students of the Roman colleges walking two and two in the streets of Rome, and has contrasted their effeminate and mummy-like appearance with the manly bearing of the young men at the great English Universities, will be disposed to agree with M. About on this point.

The middle classes, the 'mezzo ceto,' instead of forming a connecting link between those above them and those below, are dissociated by an impassable barrier from all sympathy with their superiors. The peasantry, numbers of whom may be seen flocking to the towns on great festivals, half-clad in their squalid goatskins, are, according to his account, poor, ignorant, brutish. The same class in the towns are either disaffected to the government or only bribed into acquiescence by the old largess of 'Panem et Circenses;' by the same shallow and shortsighted policy which encourages them to rely on the alms of charitable persons, or a 'lucky' ticket in the pontifical lottery, rather than in their own exertions and honest industry. Justice is so feebly administered, as to be a laughing-stock instead of a terror to evildoers. The army is so disparaged and discountenanced, as to offer no inducement, except to the refuse of society, to enter its ranks. On the whole, it is scarcely possible to conceive any European country in this nineteenth century in so truly forlorn and degraded a condition, both morally and materially, as M. About, and with only too much appearance of truth, describes that of the Roman States to be at the present time.

The Papal Government cannot even plead against this grave indictment, that it does succeed in effecting the one result, which it deems of paramount importance. In the attempt to secure orthodoxy and morality, and to exclude from its dominions the taint of heresy and infidelity, it fails egregiously. It has always been so, wherever coercion over the conscience has been tried; and so it must be while the world lasts; but Popes and Cardinals are slow to learn even from experience.

It is impossible to force men to believe. A belief so created is not belief. No amount of legislative prohibition, no system however inquisitorial of douanes and espionage, can impede the free growth and interchange of thought and opinion, or stop the way against the subtle entrance of even the most pernicious errors. The evil is impalpable and ubiquitous as the air that we breathe. It cannot be so dealt with. It can never be

counteracted by a process which aims not at assimilating to itself but at destroying every element of life. Such a policy is like that of the ancient conquerors, of whom it was said, '*solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*' It may deaden the faculties in an unnatural lethargy; it may succeed in checking for a time the expression of opinion; but the stream flows on all the deeper and stronger beneath the smooth treacherous surface, and some day the pent up volume of waters will burst its barriers and sweep all things headlong before it. The gradual decay of faith and reverence in Rome is a fact patent even to the passing traveller. The most cursory glance at the crowds on the steps of the Ara Coeli and in the piazza below to see the exhibition of the San Bambino, may observe year after year more of curiosity for the spectacle and less of reverence for the sacred meaning of what they see. Persons really conversant with the different grades of Roman society agree with M. About that a spirit of scepticism is spreading more and more among high and low. If it were true that the Papal States present a bright example, though not of material greatness yet of morality and religion, then a great argument would be established for the anomaly of government by ecclesiastics. But the Roman states under this government are a scandal and a blot on the map of Europe. The thousands who dwell within their pale are of course the chief sufferers. The evil is reflected from them over the other countries of Europe. It is no exaggeration to say that the see of S. Peter and S. Paul is a hotbed of infidelity, and that its misgovernment gives an occasion of triumph to the enemies of the Christian faith all over the world.

But there still remains one plea in defence of the present state of things to be considered. The interests of the small territory under papal rule are quite secondary, it is argued by Roman Catholics, to those of the Church at large. It is indispensable at any cost that the head of the Church should be independent of extraneous influences. It would never do for him to be the subject of any temporal power. In order to be perfectly free, he must have a territory of his own. In this way they often argue. It might be objected to such a train of reasoning, that the conclusion tends strongly to invalidate the premises. If the existence of one supreme head of the Church cannot be maintained except by such misgovernment as that of which the Roman states are the victims, then, on this consideration alone, and, apart from other difficulties, we may well hesitate before accepting the papal supremacy as of Divine ordinance. But the argument fails in another respect. Those who so argue seem to overlook the fact that the very object for which they consent to sacrifice the welfare of a population

by no means inconsiderable is simply frustrated by any such arrangement. Real independence, as M. About well says, would be something very different from the Pope's present position. It is not independence, but a most uncomfortable posture of complete dependence to be 'sitting on French bayonets.' It is not independence to be compelled, as has so often happened in the history of the Popes, to resort to the intrigues and manœuvres of diplomacy in order to play off one 'protecting' power against another, at one time by seeming to incline towards Austria, at another time to France or Spain. It is not independence to be trammelled and encumbered by the cares of government, by the expedencies of state-craft, it may chance even by the fearful necessity of waging war. Real independence is to have little or nothing to gain or lose through others. The spiritual power and grandeur of the Papal See are compromised by its temporal relations. As a great spiritual potentate, the Pope may be independent of all earthly powers; as a petty temporal prince his position is and must be degrading and ridiculous.

M. About's remedy, so far as he prescribes one, would be to curtail the Pope's dominions, by taking away the Adriatic provinces. There is a well-known story of the Papal Legate at Bologna, saying, with an Italian shrug, in reply to some question about the popularity of the government which he represented, 'No one likes it except the Vice-Legate, and I am not 'sure of him;' and recent events have shown how gladly the Bolognese would welcome a change. So far it is easy enough to accept M. About's prescription. But why does he stop there? Why, after demonstrating so convincingly that the Papal Government is hardly worthy of being called a government at all, is he content with only narrowing the limits of it, instead of eradicating so incurable an evil? Probably the imperial influences which guide his pen have not yet sanctioned or encouraged so bold a proposal as the utter abolition of the Pope's temporal power. The profound and astute prince, in whose hands the destiny of Italy now mainly lies, may see other impediments in the way, besides the obvious danger of alarming and exasperating the '40,000 emissaries of Rome,' who are at work within his empire, and to whom M. About significantly alludes in one passage, and of provoking them to sound the 'drum ecclesiastic,' hitherto so obsequious in its tone, to notes of 'angry defiance.' For some such reason, most probably, M. About forbears to follow his argument to its legitimate conclusion. But those who regard the 'Roman Question,' not merely from a Napoleonic point of view, but with reference to the prospects of the whole of Christendom, may well ask, whether

something more than mere partition is not required by the exigency of the evils resulting from papal misrule. If these evils could be supposed to be only accidental to, and not radically inherent in the system; if there were any chance of improvement without a thorough change; then we might hesitate to assent to an idea so open, at first sight, to the accusation of being 'revolutionary,' forced upon the mind though it be by all our foregoing considerations. But the experience of history corroborates, what reason divines, that the confusion of temporal and spiritual authority, at any rate in the present advanced state of European civilization, is injurious in its consequences to both, as it is contrary to the analogies of Providence.

M. About rightly styles an ecclesiastical despotism 'the worst despotism in the world.' It is fatal alike to the rulers and to those who are ruled. For the former it is a distraction and a degradation, a situation full of peril, to have to turn from the duties of their high and holy calling to meddle with the administration of the affairs of this world; for the latter, the consequences are still worse; they are placed in a totally false position towards their spiritual guides. They fear and suspect the spiritual fathers whom they ought to reverence and love. They reject with impatience, when enforced by the strong hand of power, the dictates to which they would eagerly give attention, as the utterances of a voice from heaven. They resent the interference, and mistrust the motives, and harden themselves against the influence of an authority which endeavours to constrain instead of persuading, and to convince by force not by reason. The natural results are worldliness, ambition, luxury, and a forgetfulness of their celestial office among the clergy, thus exalted on the dizzy pinnacle of earthly greatness; and among their subjects, either the blind and slavish prostration of men, whose moral and spiritual life is paralyzed and torpid, or a spirit of restlessness and unbelieving rebellion against all ties and all authority, either human or divine.

Such a form of government may be, as Dr. Wiseman calls it, 'patriarchal,' or it may, though with less exactness, be compared to the Mosaic dispensation; but it would not be so easy to reconcile either the theory or the practice of it with the larger and more catholic spirit of Christianity. The startling disparity between the fishermen of Galilee and a modern pontiff is often commented on by controversialists, and sometimes, it must be confessed, with undue emphasis. For it stands to reason, that as time goes on, and circumstances assume new forms and combinations, a corresponding development is to be expected in the outward appearance of the

Church. For example, the Catacombs and the 'Upper Chamber' grow into stately fabrics; the wandering habits of a missionary bishop are changed in converted countries for a more settled and regular routine of work; the Church, in short, acquires a fixed and recognised position, and expands more and more elaborately her organization, and assumes the garb and attitude suited to her rank, as 'in, but not of,' the kingdoms of the world. All this may fairly be conceded. But these are developments not of principle but of details; they are modifications, not of the inner, but only of the outward and visible, life of the Church. To arrogate power and jurisdiction in mundane affairs is a novel principle, and at variance with the tenor of apostolic traditions. While Rome and the Roman States remain as they are, their state is repugnant to and incompatible with the words of Him, who made answer to one asking for His interposition as an arbitrator of earthly things, 'Who made me a judge or divider among you?' and, who taught his disciples, on another occasion, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'

In England the principle for which we are contending has become almost a truism. If not as yet universally admitted, it is at all events gaining ground every day, and extorting an assent even from those who are most reluctant. The theory of Church and State being identical has disproved itself. It may take the form of the grossest Erastianism in some minds. Theorists of the late Dr. Arnold's school may conceive an Utopian state in which is merged the distinct life and action of the Church. On the other hand, with the admirers of Laud, the State is degraded to be the mere creature and servant of the Church, tamely executing her mandates, and enforcing them, when necessary, with a strong arm. In either case the confusion is complete. It may be said, that very few persons, if any, among those who are capable of forming an opinion on such subjects, could be found now holding either of these theories in its integrity. But a dangerous tendency in the former direction still exists, and may be observed continually in practice among men of politics. By a strong reaction from the mediæval system, which we have described as prevailing in most exaggerated form at Rome in the present day, they are apt to regard the Church as merely an instrument in the hands of the State; as dependent on the State even for its very existence. That the life and functions of the Church on the one hand, and the State on the other, are essentially distinct, is a point which needs to be plainly asserted at the present time. The political consociation of men, which we call the State, in all its manifold arrangements, in its laws and usages, its sanctions and prohibitions and conventional requirements, is properly engaged about

their temporal affairs, and directs its aim at their temporal convenience and prosperity. The Church proposes to itself a still higher purpose; their happiness not in time only, but for eternity. The two objects to be attained are, as experience shows, really inseparable. These two great institutions, ordained by the wisdom of Providence, each for its own especial end, are evidently intended to work together and assist each other, and so they do in a healthy state of things. Their respective spheres of action, though each rounded and symmetrical in itself, intersect each other. Good morals, for example, are their common ground. Honesty, temperance, orderly and decent behaviour, are inculcated and enforced by both alike; by religion, as a part of duty, by policy, as calculated to promote the welfare of a nation; but even here we may see a difference. The State deals mainly with overt acts, religion mainly with motives and intentions. Again, it is plain that no man can be a good citizen, except so far as he shapes his course according to the teaching of religion, which is the real groundwork of all morality. Nor can any one be a faithful member of the Church, who neglects his duty to his family or his country, or who in any of the various transactions of life, from the greatest to the least, follows any other rule than the law of Heaven. Still, for all this, Church and State are really separate as soul and body, though like soul and body connected by the closest bonds of mutual dependence. As we have already seen how in Rome the Church is forsaking her appointed mission while claiming to wield temporal powers, so in this country there is often danger lest the civil government transgress its proper limits by presuming to regulate questions affecting the conscience and belief of the Church. If unhappily the Church in England has so far alienated from herself, by neglect and owing to other causes, the hearts of the people, that she can no longer be rightly called national, then, in the course of the next half-century, one of two results may be looked for: either the people will return in large and gradually increasing numbers within her fold—a possibility not altogether hopeless to her quickened energies—or the few remaining ties between her and the State will one by one be severed, and she must then resign the privileges and the vantage-ground which naturally belonged to her in her ages past, when Church and State were working in harmony actuated by one spirit, and numbering the same persons in their respective pales. Whenever the latter result shall arrive, the great gain of free and untrammelled action will be a compensation, we do not say whether an adequate or inadequate one, for whatever facilities accrue to her from her present position as national and established.

But it is time to return from thoughts of this favoured island to the less hopeful prospects of Italy. Of that lovely and unfortunate country, the prey of foreign aggression, enfeebled and exhausted by the still more fatal evils of internal degradation, who can prognosticate the future? Whether Italy be destined to lie prostrate under the 'iron heel' of Austria, or under the less galling, but not less real domination of French 'ideas;' whether the outlying kingdom of Sardinia will be able, like Macedon of old, to make Italy a mere appendage to Turin, or united Italy to assert her own nationality from sea to sea, the most far-seeing of European statesmen would be presumptuous to predict. The most enthusiastic friends of Italy cannot but feel how much is wanting, before she can be pronounced ready for self-government. Ingenious, versatile, quick-witted, and accomplished as Italians are, in all that pertains to art; nay, keen and profound as the Italian intellect proves itself to be, and enterprising their spirit, in affairs of state, still we look doubtingly and distrustfully for evidences of the moral solidity, the uprightness, and self-control, the deliberate and enduring energy, by which alone, as everybody shows, success can be achieved among nations as among individuals. The modern Italians have been called a nation of actors; their character has been described as '*having no backbone.*' One thing may safely be asserted. Whatever changes may be in store for Italy, it is impossible for Rome to remain much longer as it is. Nor will the removal of the unpopular Antonelli, nor the introduction of the Code Napoleon suffice, so long as the Government retains its *priestly* character. As there are scarcely laymen in Rome at present of sufficient experience to undertake the government, the change requires time. Rome, like the rest of Italy, has to learn the lesson of self-government. But sooner or later the great change which we have been contemplating must come. Many signs on the political horizon foreshow it. We have already given reasons for expecting it with hope, rather than with regrets or fears. It is not only, or even chiefly, for the sake of the Pope's wasted territory and misgoverned subjects, that we desire to see him relieved of his temporalities, but for still greater reasons. Whenever this shall happen, then one great obstacle will be removed to the reformation of the Roman Catholic Church, and a great step made towards the consequent reunion of Christendom. The obstinate persistence of that branch of the Church in those corruptions of the primitive faith which cause division and estrangement between it and the reformed branches is closely connected, as we have already remarked, with the condition of the Roman See. Rome is the centre of the Roman Catholic world: Rome is, as it were, the

heart, the pulsations of which are felt in every throb through every limb of her gigantic system; from Rome a tone and character is given to the half of Christendom. There is a passage in Dr. Wiseman's book strongly bearing on this point. He dwells on the fact, that what is called 'Ultramontaniam' is encouraged and strengthened by the personal recollections which bind so many of the Roman Catholic clergy, even in foreign countries, to the city of Rome, and the occupant of the papal chair. It is easy to understand this; and to see how the spirit which perpetuates the errors and abuses of that Church has been engendered and fostered by the appetite for power and dominion of a secular kind. The compulsory vow of celibacy, demarcating the clergy from the laity, in order to bind them by new and closer ties to their own order; the compulsory exaction of private confession, subjecting the laity to the 'direction' of their priests; the narrow and jejune education, which Rome enjoins, reducing the mind to submission by a process of exhaustion and exinanition, these are the natural results of that ambitious and self-aggrandising spirit, which we find, though now in its decrepitude, in its coarsest embodiment under the shadow of the dome of S. Peter's. The Pope's secular power is the keystone in the arch; it rivets the structure of Romanistic innovations; if it were removed, they would be more likely to fall. Of course there would be many other difficulties to be surmounted before the great work of reformation could be feasible. But there would be some hope, to say the least, of the enormous pretensions of the Papal See to supremacy and infallibility being relinquished, when the bishop of Rome shall no longer be raised above the level of the other bishops of the Church by the accidents of temporal sovereignty; some chance of the restoration of primitive simplicity both of doctrine and practice throughout the many channels of the Roman communion, when the mass of corruption shall have been cleared away from the fountain-head. Rome itself, the city of Rome, the beautiful, the eternal city, would still retain its proud pre-eminence in the world, as the city of historical recollections, of æsthetical wonders; as the city of galleries, museums, libraries; of paintings and sculptures; of fountains, obelisks and ruins; of basilicas and catacombs, of cloudless skies and elastic atmosphere. It might be, not all this only, but a metropolis also of literature and philosophy. It would be all the more worthy of admiration and love, if disenthralled from the spell which now hangs over it, and regenerated to a new political existence.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Monthly Record of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for the years 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855.* Four Vols. Longman and Co.
2. *The Mission Field for 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859.* Bell and Daldy.
3. *The Annual Report of the Church Missionary Society for the year 1859.* Messrs. Seeley.
4. *Buchanan's Christian Researches in Asia.*

WE cannot commence a second Article on the wants of the Church's Missions without an expression of deep thankfulness for a practical result, towards which our former Article helped at least to contribute.

The principal suggestions which we then made for an improved home organization have all been substantially embodied in the Mission Union of S. Augustine. This Union is throwing out its ramifications in all directions into the different home and colonial dioceses, and bids fair to be a means of stirring up a deeper spirit of love for Missions, of helping us to realize more vividly our duty to the benighted heathen, of leading us to pray more systematically and more constantly for their conversion; and of promoting among Churchmen generally a more earnest interest, and a more glowing desire, for the speedy and universal diffusion of the kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

Never, that we are aware of, have such great and so widely extended results been attained in so short a space of time, or a proposition so readily embraced immediately after its first dissemination.

This hopeful state of Missionary organization at home may well prompt to the belief, that a brighter æra than the Church has witnessed for many a long weary year is about to dawn upon her work abroad. In her patience, our Mother has possessed her soul: but surely 'all they from Sheba shall come: the multitude of camels shall cover her, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord. All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee: they shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory.'—Isaiah lx. 6, 7. If we are ever spared to behold in

our day a native priesthood and episcopate in our Churches abroad, we shall see 'what kings and prophets desired to see, and saw not.' But for the realization of so blessed and so glorious a result, we feel well convinced that we must change the system of tactics, so to say, which we have hitherto pursued, or at least we must introduce very considerable modifications into that system.

Taking a comprehensive view of Church History, we shall readily perceive that there are three chief ways, distinguishing three different periods, in which mankind in large masses have been brought by conversion into the fold of Christ.

These have been :—

1st. What we will here designate the Apostolic method, which was confined to strictly Apostolic times; namely, those coextensive with the duration of the lives of the Twelve.

2d. The method which was systematically pursued by the early Church, from towards the end of the first until about the conclusion of the fourth century.

3d. The system which prevailed throughout the Middle Ages, which witnessed the interesting spectacle of the abundant fulfilment of the prophecy,—'Who hath heard such a thing? who hath seen such things? Shall the earth be made to bring forth in one day? or shall a nation be born at once? for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children.'—Isaiah lxvi. 8.

These national conversions may be again divided into three classes.

Those which, under God, are referable only to the preaching of devoted Missionaries, as was the case with Ireland, and some of the kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy.

Those referable partly to political considerations possessing a certain amount of influence as secondary causes; as, for instance, the conversion of the Franks. Under this head we should include also the case of a nation embracing Christianity, in the first instance, merely because the prince embraced it, like Russia, where it is quite clear, from history, that the Russians would have embraced Mahometanism as readily as Christianity, had the former, instead of the latter, met with the approbation of their Tsars.

The third class includes the very few instances in which a nation had Christianity forced upon it at the point of the sword, like the German Saxons and the Prussians. It is almost unnecessary to observe that, of all methods of conversion, this is by far the most unsatisfactory.

We shall find, upon an analysis, that the methods pursued by Missionaries at the present day differ in some important points

from each of the three great systems which we have indicated. It will be very material for the purposes of our inquiry, to enter upon a consideration of a few particulars connected with these systems.

In the first instance, we must premise that it will be necessary, in examining the records of the Apostolic age which bear upon the questions we are about to discuss, to use care in distinguishing between that human and natural agency, if we may so say, which conveys significant lessons for all time, and those other agencies, which were either directly supernatural, or at least imply an extraordinary supernatural power for their efficient and successful working.

In endeavouring then to detect in what points the weakness, or failure, of present Missionary aggression upon the heathen world lies, we shall find ourselves at once directed to what is really the most imminent and pressing want of all the rest, and that is the want of a native priesthood. Christianity never has, and we are well convinced never can, penetrate beneath the surface, never can take deep root in any soil, without a native ministry. And in this one point, of a native pastorate to train the youth of Christian families, and convert such as were yet unchristianized, all the three ancient systems coincide.

If we examine the Apostolic period, what do we find? In Acts xiv. 21—23, we have recorded the plan pursued by SS. Paul and Barnabas. 'They returned again to Lystra, and to Iconium and Antioch, confirming the souls of the disciples. And when they had ordained them elders in every Church' (*χειροτονήσαντες δὲ αὐτοῖς πρεσβυτέρους κατ' ἐκκλησίαν*, that is, had chosen out of the converts in each place some of *their own body* to be their priests), 'and had prayed with fasting, they commended them unto the Lord, on whom they believed.' It is not too much to say, that these Churches converted by Apostles, who had the power of conferring upon their converts the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost, could not have maintained their ground simply by means of an occasional visit from SS. Paul and Barnabas. They could not afford to dispense with the divinely-appointed institution of the Christian priesthood. Yet is not this just what we have been attempting to do? Need we wonder at our miserably scanty success?

As a further instance of what we mean, we need only turn to the Epistles of S. Paul to Timothy. In them we learn in the most forcible way, because incidentally, the careful provision which S. Paul made for propagating and carrying on the same system which he himself had inaugurated. It is abundantly evident, beyond the necessity of proof, from those Epistles, as well as from that to Titus, that a great part of the work of

Timothy and Titus was intended to consist of the preparation and admission of candidates for holy orders. In the cities, towns, and villages, throughout their respective provinces, they were to ordain bishops, priests, and deacons, as each several case might require.

Again, in the second period, or that which immediately succeeded to the Apostolic age, nothing is more clear than that each country furnished its own candidates for the priesthood. All the three orders, bishops, priests, and deacons, were indigenous, so to say. Let any one read the Martyrologies of the ancient Church with that end in view, and they will be struck at once with the fact, that the names in each country are the patronymics of each fatherland. Their bishops, saints, and martyrs were evidently, for the most part, natives of the land. Again, in the same point of view, let us look at the signatures which are preserved to us, as appended to the early Councils, such as that of Nicæa, for instance, and earlier still. What a strange and varying nomenclature we often find. In many instances, even if there were no other record to inform us, we might easily detect who were Egyptian, Numidian, Syrian bishops, from their names in close affinity to their own mother-tongue. What a wonderful idea does this give us of the spread of the Church in primitive times. What an evidence of its growth and extension as the planting of the Lord. How very different from its diffusion in modern days, amongst all nations not of the European stock. We find no longer a healthy indigenous tree, springing out of its native soil, but a weekly exotic, tended by holy men indeed, fathers and brethren in the faith, come from far, but aliens in race and language from the native converts, speaking to them with but a 'stammering tongue,' and probably never able fully to penetrate into that inner life which, as in each individual man, so in each individual Church, has peculiarities of its own, unfathomable depths of inner consciousness, mighty energies and capabilities for good, of which a stranger would never even so much as suspect the existence.

If each man be a world in himself, how much more is each Church a moral universe. Who can tell but that, in God's wonderful providence, it may be that each individual national Church may be destined, in some peculiar manner, to set forth her Lord's glory, by penetrating into, and magnifying and exhibiting, as it were, some one special attribute of God, as love, or power, or righteousness, or mercifulness? Or again, that each Church, while maintaining the analogy and the unity of the faith, and the common bond of peace and love, should so develop some special doctrine of the Gospel in connexion with some cognate precept, as to show forth and manifest her own

peculiar form of spiritual beauty, and Christian truth and loveliness? Who can tell what may be yet in store for those native Churches of the far East? What unexampled deeds of patience, or of heroism, what radiant gems of thought, what clear illustrations of that divine deposit of the one faith, delivered once for all, which yet has had so many settings, as it were, in the works of fathers and the systems of theologians, like jewels in a casket; what clear harmonizing, and what faithful exposition of some of the higher mysteries and the deep things of God? How they may yet, with the subtlety and the fire of Oriental intellect, show us a depth and a force in parts of God's revelation which the colder and calmer intelligence of the West never suspected?

Yet what have three hundred years of Protestantism, and nearly two hundred years of Protestant Missionary efforts, accomplished? A period nearly equal in extent to that which brought the Roman Empire, and untold barbarous nations beyond its confines, with their thousands of native bishops, and their tens of thousands of native priests, to the feet of Christ, has not given us *one hundred native priests*, and *not one single native Bishop*. We may well ask in wonder and amazement, can these things be? The answer, alas! must be given: 'It is only too true.'

If we turn again to the Church's work in the middle age, the contrast with our own in this particular respect is quite as evident. Nothing is more striking and interesting in the history of those times, than to see the way in which the Church at once struck her roots deep into the native soil. In an amazingly short space of time after the landing of Augustine, Anglo-Saxon Missionaries converted the remaining kingdoms of the Heptarchy, Anglo-Saxon Bishops presided over Anglo-Saxon Sees, Anglo-Saxon prelates sat in the great primatial chair of Canterbury. That promise which God meant to be a guide to His Church was fulfilled—'Their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governor shall proceed from the midst of them.' Jer. xxx. 21. The great literary saint and luminary of the Anglo-Saxon Church, the Venerable Bede, was an Englishman, who scarcely ever stirred beyond the walls of his monastery.

It was the same in Ireland. Their bishops and abbots, their saints and doctors and confessors, were of themselves. 'Drink waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well. Let thy fountains be dispersed abroad, and rivers of waters in the streets. Let them be only thine own, and not strangers with thee.' Prov. v. 15—17. We talk of the exclusiveness and the bigotry of Rome; but this scriptural and primitive way of propagating the faith made the nations of the West

all her own for more than a thousand years. Will the nations of the East, will the noble-minded sons of Africa, will the tribes who roam the prairies, will the ten thousand coral islands which bedeck the mighty Pacific ever be spiritually ours? Alas! they *might* be; but they never will, unless we change our system; for we believe the fault is wholly to be attributed to a mistaken system. As to the men themselves whom the English Church has sent forth as missionary priests and bishops, we may safely challenge comparison on their behalf with their fellows of any age or clime since the days of the apostles.

Men like Henry Martyn and Heber, Rome would have canonized long since. And Selwyn, and Gray, and Armstrong seem all that even an enthusiast could wish for, personally, in a Christian Bishop: yet, with all this, the question still recurs—Where is our native priesthood? Just an entire generation and a half has passed away since Bishop Middleton landed on the shores of India. Every Maori boy of seven years old when Bishop Selwyn began to preside over the New Zealand Church is now past the age when men are admitted into the English priesthood at home. We repeat, then, the fault must be in the system. It cannot be in the men. It must be something inherently and vitally wrong in Protestant traditions and Protestant feeling respecting the way of conducting missions among the heathen. And men, however holy and devoted, cannot, apparently, at once rid themselves *in practice* of such entanglements. We say in practice, because in theory they are entirely at one with us as to the desirability and the necessity, and even as to the practicability of a native ministry; yet, notwithstanding all this, a native ministry is still something far distant in the shadowy future. If we have not now one hundred native priests in all our churches among the heathen, how many centuries of toil are there yet to come, before the eyes of our children's children behold a native episcopate?

Is not the truth this—that the Anglican Church has forgotten to work after the apostolic model; and that even yet in practice she seems scarcely to believe in the grace of holy orders, as a *great objective fact*? She seems scarcely, even yet, to have faith in her own godlike mission. Oh! would that she might learn a lesson from the narrative recorded in 2 Kings xiii. 14—19:—
 ‘ And Elisha was fallen sick of his sickness whereof he died.
 ‘ And Joash the King of Israel came down unto him, and wept
 ‘ over his face, and said, O my father, my father, the chariot of
 ‘ Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And Elisha said unto him,
 ‘ Take bow and arrows. And he said to the King of Israel, Put
 ‘ thine hand upon the bow. And he put his hand upon it. And
 ‘ he said, Open the window eastward. And he opened it. Then

'Elisha said, Shoot. And he shot. And he said, The arrow of the Lord's deliverance. And he said unto the King of Israel, Smite upon the ground. And he smote thrice, and stayed. And the man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria until thou hadst consumed it.'

What we purpose is, to examine the all-important question, whether or not there are now in the native Christian Churches of Africa and the East, as well as elsewhere, in connexion with the Anglican Church, the elements of a Presbyterate and Episcopate? And in discussing this subject we shall enter into two other questions: viz. what qualification, moral and intellectual, may be supposed necessary or desirable in a native priest? and secondly, what have been the probable hindrances which have weighed with the Colonial Prelates, so as to have withheld them hitherto from an extensive admission of the natives to holy orders?

In reference, then, to the first branch of the subject, we fearlessly assert, however startling it may seem, that there have existed in India, for the last fifty years at least, and in Sierra Leone and New Zealand for the last quarter of a century, numberless native Christians, who, applying to them every test which would have been applied to candidates for the priesthood in the purest ages, might have nobly done God's work *in any and all* of the three orders of the ministry. We know well what we assert when we say, that there have been countless native converts, or descendants of converts, in India, who have gone to their rest as simple laymen, whom the apostolic and the primitive Church, and the Church of the middle age would have enrolled amongst the worthiest of her bishops and priests, countless numbers who would have been the 'glory' of any Church as the 'Apostles of Christ.' There have been such men. Yet they were not ordained. They sought not orders. They were too good, too saintly for that. Therefore, perhaps, it was that orders were not given. But they were men whom the Church of S. Chrysostom and S. Basil would have even forced, if they had been unwilling, into the exercise of sacred functions.

There are such men now, yet they are not ordained. There are men who, had they been endowed in any considerable numbers with the grace of orders, which it was England's Church to give them, would perchance have carried the torch of holy truth from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin; and have lit up such a fire in every city and village of Hindostan as nothing but the crash of final doom could quench.

But we must give the proofs of our assertions. These we are perfectly ready to afford in an induction of particulars, only

premising that we are absolutely overwhelmed with the mass of evidence which we have before us, and that we can scarcely select a hundredth part of what we might, if necessary, lay before our readers.

So far back as 1815, when the first English Bishop was appointed to Calcutta, there were already in communion with the Church of Rome, seven archbishops and bishops, and no less than fifteen hundred native clergy in Southern India alone.¹ This fact shows that Rome found no difficulty in obtaining suitable candidates by hundreds, for the formation of a native priesthood.

In contrast with the Roman system, we read of three hundred converts being the result of Ziegenbalg's labours at Tranquebar, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, together with twenty catechists and schoolmasters, but not of one single native minister.² This, indeed, was one hundred years before the mission of Bishop Middleton; consequently there was at that time no way by which persons could be really consecrated to the priesthood in India. Would that when the means were at hand a different system had been at once inaugurated.

Upon other occasions we read of the conversion of natives of high caste, and high rank, but do not find that they received any authoritative commission to preach to their benighted countrymen.³ In truth, it makes the heart ache to read the history of Protestant missions in India for nearly two hundred years. Over and over again, at Tranquebar, at Trichinopoly, at Vellore, at Tanjore, and a hundred other places, we meet almost invariably with the same melancholy story. The Gospel is preached by holy and devoted men, like Swartz, and Kohlhoff, and Ziegenbalg; the fields seem white unto the harvest; men begin to inquire what this new doctrine is; they are charmed with its sweetness and purity; they believe and are baptized. For a little while all seems to flourish: then comes, first a period when no further advance is made, then deeper stagnation, the death of the old foreign pastors, then a grievous decline, and last, the complete extinguishing of the native Church in that particular spot, or else its sinking into torpidity resembling a state of living death, and the removal of its candlestick out of its place.

It is true that Swartz, at least, did make an effort to raise a native ministry; and in the absence of any bishops of the English Church he admitted several Indians to the Presbyterate, by the imposition of hands.⁴ Of one of these, called Sattianaden, Swartz says himself, 'I cannot but esteem this native teacher

¹ 'Monthly Record' of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for 1854, p. 4.

² Ibid. p. 9.

³ Ibid. p. 7.

⁴ Ibid. p. 22.

'higher than myself. I never met with his equal among the natives of this country.' Speaking of his ordination, 'It was a most sacred and delightful day to us all. Should I not sing unto my God? May He begin anew to bless us and the congregation, and graciously grant that through this our brother many souls may be brought to Christ.' The sermon preached by Sattianaden was translated and sent to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who thought it worthy of publication, 'as an evidence that the work of God was advancing in India, and the light of the Gospel spreading through those regions of darkness and idolatry.' It is indeed most clear, that such natives of India as have at times, few and far between, been admitted into holy orders, have abundantly adorned the doctrine of Christ, and done honour to their sacred profession. In p. 189 of the 'Monthly Record,' we find the following testimony borne by Archdeacon Shortland, of Madras, to the worth of Mr. Parenjody, a native Clergyman of the Church of England:— 'Six years ago,' in 1853, 'it was said by Archdeacon Shortland, that he had derived unmixed satisfaction from his visitation at Secunderabad,' where Mr. Parenjody was stationed, 'one of the largest of our military stations,' in the immediate vicinity of Hyderabad, the capital of the extensive dominions of the Nizam. Mr. Parenjody is labouring faithfully and zealously, and is regarded with just and general respect by the European community. My intercourse with him has been frequent and highly satisfactory; and earnestly as I have hitherto advocated the importance of increasing the number of native Clergymen in connexion with our Anglo-Indian Church, when I observe what has been accomplished by Mr. Parenjody, and consider the firmness and decision of his character, the zeal and energy he has evinced in a new sphere of labour, and the difficulties he has overcome from the opposition, not only of heathen and Mahometans, but of a very numerous body of Romish priests, and an active though small congregation of Socinians, I am more than ever convinced of the necessity of raising up a body of pious and educated native Clergymen for the services of our Missions.' All this, with much more to the same effect from the Bishop of Madras, was written ten years ago. Very much has been said and written upon the subject since, but as far as any practical result is concerned, matters are exactly *in statu quo*, and so they are likely to remain.

Bishop Middleton, in his visitation of the scene of Swartz's labours, appears to have found several native ecclesiastics in charge of Mission Stations.¹

¹ 'Monthly Record' of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for 1864, pp. 41, 42, &c. See also pp. 175 and 205, *ib.* &c. &c.

'From Palamcottah Bishop Middleton writes :—"I have with me a writer, David, who joined me at Tanjore (the son of Sattianaden); and he informed me that the party who stood aloof were Christians, who came from Palamcottah to welcome me, and receive my blessing. I went forward to meet them. They were headed by their native priest and my man David. They were about thirty; and they formed the most remote congregation under Mr. Kohlhoff's care. The priest, a very interesting man, whose countenance resembles the head of S. Cyprian in Cave's Lives, and has almost the darkest complexion I have seen,—addressed me on behalf of his people; and I, in reply, gave them a suitable exhortation, which David interpreted with great energy, and they received it with every mark of thankfulness. They then opened their Tamul Prayer-books, and sang a psalm of thanksgiving quite correctly, and in good time and melody."

Again:—

'The Bishop speaks very highly of the Christians in Tinnevely district for their orderly conduct. They have several churches and villages under the care of native priests. They are all Protestants, and are much attached to the English ritual.'

The priests referred to in the above extract were of course in Lutheran orders. After the most attentive study of the subject, we are able to come to no other conclusion than that *there are now, in 1859, fewer natives in Anglican orders in India than there were in Lutheran orders in 1815*. This is sufficiently startling to arouse the most apathetic. What, we ask in deepest sorrow, has become of the numerous village congregations, which were ministered to by these native priests in the time of Bishop Middleton? Alas! if still in existence, they would appear to be under the charge of laymen, denominated Catechists. Again and again we hear the cry repeated for native priests and deacons.¹ The late lamented Professor Street speaks as follows of the missions in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, at Mogra Hât, and Barripore:—"When I go from 'village to village, and see the native teachers, to whom the 'immediate care of the flock is entrusted, discharging all the 'offices of the Diaconate, except, indeed, the ministration 'of Baptism, I cannot help asking myself, why are they not 'ordained deacons?' Well may we re-echo this important question: why, indeed? Yet these are missions in connexion with a Church boasting of her Catholic and Episcopal character. How could any dissenters or schismatics act in a less Catholic manner?"

In p. 112 of the same volume of the 'Monthly Record,' there is another extract from the journal of Professor Street, which, though rather long, we feel inclined to quote, as it will

¹ See 'Monthly Record' of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for 1854, p. 100; and all Missionary Reports and publications, *passim*.

show, once for all, the calibre of many of these converted natives of India.

'Notice of our arrival was sent abroad, and the converts now came dropping in. Among them came a tall, gaunt, blind old man, led by a little girl. After making his salaam he was guided to a mat, and sat down near us. He said he knew not how old he might be, but that he was a man when the Company's lands were measured (1790). As the people kept coming in, he said to me, "Ah! sir, some years ago I was the only Christian: all alone, all alone; but now there are many all about." A conversation then followed, in which allusion being made to 1 Pet. iii. 18—22, the old man quoted part of the passage, and referring to his own baptism, spoke of the Blood of Christ as having washed away his sins, and given him the "Water of Life," the Holy Ghost. "This, sahib," said he, "this is that of which Jesus Christ spake at Jacob's Well;" and then, with a solemnity and correctness of delivery such as I have never seen surpassed, did this blind old man (*who could never read*) rehearse to me, *literatim*, the whole narrative of our Lord's interview with the woman of Samaria; and then he brought in John vii. 37—39. Next, in reference to the efficacy of Christ's Blood to do all this, he went on to speak of God's almighty power, and particularly in connexion with the resurrection of the body. And I never heard anything more eloquent than the old man's recitation of the history of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, which he ended by giving, *literatim*, the passage of Daniel iii. 19—29. Again, as a ground of confidence, he went over the history of Elijah's being taken up into heaven, ending by saying, "If this was possible before Christ came, how much more possible now, that the dead be raised and taken up into heaven." He sat the while leaning his wasted body against the wall; but his voice and gestures, and the way in which he was manifestly not doing it for display, produced an impression which will never pass from my mind. "To hear that old man discourse," said Mr. Driberg, "is to me always a reward for a whole day's toil."

As far as spiritual and intellectual fitness goes, it is evident that there was nothing lacking in such a man for evangelizing his fellow-countrymen. Familiarity with mission records leads to the firm belief, that there are hundreds and thousands of such intellects in the Church's mission-field; that there are hundreds and thousands of native converts who are in every way, intellectually, morally, spiritually, adapted for 'the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.'

It is now several years ago since we read of there being 'eighty young men in the Missionary Institution of Sawyer-pooram in Tinnevely,' who were then under training to be the future pastors and teachers of that rising Church. These eighty young men must, long ere this, have completed their training. Yet we do not hear of any ordinations from their body. We doubt very much if four out of the eighty, or one in twenty, have been admitted to the priesthood, or even to the diaconate. No! we blush to say it, they are gone forth to pass their days as lay Catechists. They do the work of Evangelists. They preach, rebuke, exhort, with all diligence;—

the very qualifications required by the inspired pen of S. Paul in a bishop,—yet they have not had given them what they ought, and deserved to have had,—the grace and authority of the priesthood.

We have been exceedingly struck in reading in the 'Mission Field' for this very year, the Journal of a Missionary, who is there called an Indian Catechist. We presume he is a native of India; possibly one of those eighty Sawyerpooram young men of whom we spoke above. We never recollect to have read anything which proves more satisfactorily and unquestionably at once the fitness of the natives for admission to holy orders: and also conveys, upon the face of it, so crying a rebuke that such men should have to be designated Catechists instead of priests.

'Monday, January 11, 1858.—Left Mutialpad this evening to visit the surrounding villages. Reached Almoor by dusk, where the tent had been pitched in a pleasant tope.

'Tuesday, January 12th.—Went out early this morning to preach in the village, and continued speaking to several groups till 8 A.M. The crowds that gathered round me were neither large nor composed of intelligent hearers; the greater part being Sudras. I spoke to them principally upon the concern which man should show for the welfare of his soul as well as his body. In the afternoon I visited Chitraynepalla, where I spoke to an assembly of nearly one hundred persons; and was well pleased with the way in which the Word was received. From the reception I here met with, it seemed to me that there was only wanting one man to take the initiative step in joining a religion which all declared to be the true one, and that his example would have been followed by all.

'Wednesday, January 13th.—Early this morning I rode over to the village of Mookoondapooram, and spoke to its inhabitants.'

Under the head of 'Willingness to hear,' we find the following remarks:—

'I had a very good opportunity of addressing the heathen as they were assembled from the surrounding villages, and I was always readily and attentively heard. I read often, and explained Christ's invitation to those labouring under Satan's yoke. As one group melted away I went and took up a station in some other place, urging the same truth to different hearers.

'Friday, January 15th.—Left Almoor for Rudrar, and on the way preached at two intermediate villages. I returned at seven P.M. to the school-room, and had prayers with the Christians at Rudrar. The passage of Scripture I chose for their consideration was Rev. iii. 14—22, containing God's threat to the lukewarm church of Laodicea, and His promise to those who open the door to Him. Their conduct has for some time been unsatisfactory.

'Saturday, January 16th.—Had morning prayers with the Christians, and spoke to them from Mark xiv. 32—42, urging on them the duty of watching and prayer; and the question of our Lord to Peter,—"Simon, why sleepest thou? Couldst not thou watch one hour?"'

And so this Catechist proceeds from month to month evangelizing the heathen and building up Christians. It is just

possible that we may be told the man is a European. But this scarcely mends the matter. If so, why is he not ordained when as many clergymen as can possibly be procured are required for the wants of the missions? And certainly it does seem rather hard upon dissenting ministers at home in England, that they should be perpetually branded as schismatics, and compared to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram for doing the very same things that persons in a similar position to themselves in India are not only trained and encouraged, but actually paid to do by a great Church society like the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. We frankly confess we cannot understand these things. We cannot penetrate to those hidden springs which guide this apparently anomalous course of action. We must again repeat,—What can the spiritual authorities in India be about, that men so eminently qualified for evangelizing the heathen should be allowed to do that work as laymen, not as ordained ministers of Christ?

Why did S. Paul leave Titus Metropolitan of Crete? 'To set in order things that were wanting, and to ordain 'presbyters in every city;' comprehending, most probably, under the term presbyters, bishops in the principal cities. Remembering the character which S. Paul gives of the Cretans in general, there is every reason to believe that at least as fitting candidates for the priesthood might be found in all parts of India where the Gospel has been preached, as existed in the cities of Crete in the days of Titus.

We constantly hear the appeal made in terms of almost despairing earnestness for educated Englishmen, for men of talent, for the younger clergy to go and undertake Missionary work abroad. This may be all very well. There can be no doubt that it would be the very noblest work in which the flower of our Universities and our choicest young men could be engaged, to go forth and fight manfully for Christ upon the battle-plain of India, and China, and Africa. This is again and again set before them, and urged home at Missionary meetings in Oxford and other places in terms of such impassioned, thrilling earnestness as Bishop Wilberforce knows so well how to use: yet still there is no response, no adequate effect produced.

It is almost heartrending to read the appeals made by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for English clergymen and men from the Universities. It ought to put England's Church to the blush to see all sorts of temporal advantages and inducements held out, as a kind of bait, to men to induce them to condescend to take upon them the apostolic office of Missionary to the heathen.

Now why is this? It is idle to attribute it simply to want of zeal and piety amongst our younger clergy. They have them both, we are convinced, to a degree almost unprecedented in any age. It must be that, notwithstanding all that is said, they do not feel in themselves any *special Divine call* for this peculiar work. It may be that that Divine Providence which works so wondrously and mysteriously in all things, is overruling this likewise, in order to force, as it were, irresistibly upon the Anglican Church abroad, the absolute necessity of giving the priesthood and the episcopate to the native Churches. Just as after all explanations have been offered, it is still difficult to feel that there is no indication of the Divine Will in calling home to Himself three Bishops of Sierra Leone, after an average episcopate of about a year each. It does seem to indicate in no doubtful terms, that, if not a native African, at least an acclimatized European Missionary on the spot, should be appointed to that important post, rather than men accustomed to the pleasant breezes of the North, and the comforts of an English rectory.

This leads us to another point which does show almost more strongly than any other the desirableness of a native ministry, and that is the great loss of physical power consequent upon having the mass of the Missionaries European by birth. Of the 180 European born clergymen employed by the Church Missionary Society, 25, or about 15 per cent. are either at home, or returning on account of health. When we remember the fatal nature of the climates in which so many of these devoted men labour, this proportion is exceedingly small, but when again we remember that the whole of this loss would be saved by the employment of a native ministry, we deem the proportion fearfully large, too large to spare, when every available atom of spiritual power, so to say, is so urgently needed, and ought to be expended to the uttermost.

One more point and we have done with India for the present. We have already seen how easily the Church of Rome found ready to her hand materials for a native priesthood. In so doing she merely followed in the track of a Church as old, and it may be, as pure as herself.

Where the Western Ghauts slope towards the setting sun a Christian Church has existed from the earliest times, claiming an unbroken descent from the Apostle S. Thomas, the scene of whose martyrdom is still shown and revered in India. His disciples, banished from Madras, found a home upon the opposite shore of the Peninsula. There, protected and encouraged by the native princes, they have maintained their ground through the eighteen centuries of Christendom. Wonderful

indeed must have been the light of that city set upon a hill amongst the mountains of Travancore. Unknown of the nations of the West, unknowing of the mighty revolutions which shook the Western world, undisturbed by the thunders of the Vatican, until the Portuguese conquests in the sixteenth century, unmoved by the preaching of Luther, they held on their simple way, and produced, it may be, saints and confessors, whose canonization will never be made manifest until the final doom. Once and once only was the thick cloud which shrouded them from the ever busy, ever restless West, uplifted for the space of 1500 years, and that was by the means of our own Alfred. Of him it is authentically recorded that he sent ambassadors with a message of love and a desire for unity to the Christians of S. Thomas in India, who returned in safety after a three years' absence. They brought with them, in addition to answering epistles of Christian charity and tenderness, several of the rare productions of the East. Nearly 1000 years elapsed before any further intercourse took place between the Church of this Ultima Thule of ours, and that land which even now in this nineteenth century we can scarcely bring ourselves to think of with ordinary every day feelings, without a certain uprising of the spirit of romance in the mind, the vision of a land,

‘Far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o’er sand of gold,
Where the pearl and the ruby and emerald shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine.’

The next English visit to the hills of Travancore after Alfred's ambassadors was that of the celebrated Dr. Buchanan. And in our opinion the chapter which gives an account of the time which he spent amongst this primitive Christian people, is by far the most interesting portion of his *Christian Researches in the East*.

But what we are principally concerned to show is, that the native bishops and priests of these secluded Churches are equal in scriptural learning, in the power of analysis, and in critical acumen to the average at least of the Christian priests in any country of what is called the civilized world.

Our extracts must necessarily be at some length; but even apart from the immediate point which it is our present object to prove, they are sufficiently interesting in themselves to plead our excuse.

‘November 10th, 1806.—Chinganoor, a Church of the Syrian Christians.
‘The first view of the Christian Churches in this sequestered region of Hindostan, connected with the idea of their tranquil duration for so many ages, cannot fail to excite pleasing emotions in the eyes of the beholder.

The form of the oldest buildings is not unlike that of some of the old parish churches in England; the style of the buildings in both being of Saracenic origin. They have sloping roofs, pointed arch windows, and buttresses supporting the walls. The beams of the roof being exposed to view are ornamented, and the ceiling of the choir and altar is circular and fretted. In the cathedral churches the shrines of the deceased bishops are placed on each side of the altar. Most of the churches are built of a reddish stone, square and polished at the quarry, and are of a durable construction. The bells of the Churches are cast in the founderies of the country: some of them are of large dimensions. In approaching a town in the evening I once heard the sound of bells among the hills; a circumstance which made me forget for a moment that I was in Hindostan, and reminded me of *another* country.

'I had some discussions with a most intelligent priest in regard to the original language of the four Gospels, which he maintained to be Syriac; and they suspected, from the complexion of my argument, that I wished to weaken the evidences for their antiquity.

"You concede," said the Syrian, "that our Saviour spoke in our language; how do you know it?" From Syriac expressions in the Greek Gospels. It appears that He spoke Syriac when He walked by the way (Ephphatha), and when He sat in the house (Talitha Cumi), and when He was upon the cross (Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani). The Syrians were pleased when they heard we had got their language in our English books. The priest observed that these last were not the exact words, but "Ail, Ail, lamono sabachthani!" I answered that the word must have been very like Eli, for one said He calleth Elias. "True," said he, "but yet it was more likely to be Ail, Ail (pronounced Il or Eel), for Hil or Hila is Syriac for vinegar, for one thought he wanted vinegar; and immediately filled a sponge with it." "But," added he, "if the parables and discourses of Our Lord were in Syriac, and the people of Jerusalem commonly used it, is it not marvellous that His disciples did not record His parables in the Syriac language, but that they should have recourse to the Greek?" I observed that the Gospel was for the world, and the Greek was then the universal language, and therefore Providence selected it. "It is very probable," said he, "that the Gospels were translated immediately into Greek, as into other languages, but surely there must have been a Syriac original. The poor people in Jerusalem could not read Greek. Had they no record in their hands of Christ's parables which they had heard, and of His sublime discourses recorded by S. John?" I acknowledged that it was believed by some of the learned that the Gospel of S. Matthew was written originally in Syriac. "So you admit S. Matthew: you may as well admit S. John; or was one Gospel enough for the inhabitants of Jerusalem?" I contended that there were many Greek and Roman words in their own Syriac Gospels. "True," said he, "Roman words for Roman things." They wished, however, to see some of these words. The discussion afterwards, particularly in reference to the Gospel of S. Luke, was more in my favour.

Thus we see that one of these native Indian priests was no mean antagonist for the great and learned Dr. Buchanan in one of the most abstruse and interesting questions which have engaged the attention of biblical scholars—the original language in which the holy Gospels were written.

In subsequent conversations with other priests and bishops which are too long to quote, Dr. Buchanan found these men

making converts occasionally from the highest class of the Brahmins, and prepared to engage with enthusiasm in the work of translating the Scriptures into the vernacular tongues of India. They were found well acquainted with the true Scriptural doctrine of ecclesiastical polity; and we think modern Dissenters would not find it very easy to answer their questions relative to the threefold order of the ministry.

So much for the interesting native Church and people among the hills of Travancore. And as far as we can judge from the journals of our Missionaries, and the annual and other reports of our two great Missionary Societies, the native catechists of the South, as well as in other parts of India, appear to exhibit equal natural abilities.

Many, to begin with, are conversant with two languages; such, for instance, as the vernacular of the part of India in which they may happen to live, and the sacred Sanscrit. In the mission seminaries they are, we believe, invariably taught English, and this they acquire with sufficient accuracy to converse in it with fluency, and compose it idiomatically. In addition to this, we read in accounts of the periodical examinations that the students in the higher classes exhibit a creditable knowledge of Latin, and are also able to translate the Greek Testament, and the Anabasis of Xenophon. Besides these they frequently are taught Euclid and other branches of European learning. Christian David, a native Hindoo, who was ordained by Bishop Heber, was in the habit of preaching in English to the residents of our nation for many years, at one of the principal stations in Ceylon. This he did extempore; and his discourses were considered, by no mean judge, models of chaste eloquence. He gained the universal esteem and affection of all the English with whom he came into contact. Indeed it is recorded of him that for a long period he alone supported the interests of the Anglican Church at the station to which we have referred. Could more be said of any missionary whom England has ever sent out.

If such men as Christian David (and it is to be remembered that there are many like him in abilities and devotedness, who have not like him been counted worthy of admission into Holy Orders) are not to receive Ordination from the Bishops of the English Church, we should like exceedingly to know what is the standard of *literary* attainment which they are expected to achieve? We find them frequently masters of two languages, and fair proficient in other two. How different from the great Fathers of the Early Church! How very few of the Orientals knew any other language but Greek; and how few of the Western Church were familiar with any other tongue

but that of Rome. Yet, can we ever expect to see again the like of the Chrysostoms, and the Gregories, and the Cyrils, the Augustines and the Cyprians?

How different too was the conduct of S. Patrick in his great work of evangelizing the Irish. Of him, it is related, that he left at his decease 3,000 priests, with bishops in all the important towns in Ireland. This he was enabled to do, not by requiring a high amount of literary qualification in addition to moral and spiritual aptitude for the work of the ministry. But when this latter evidence was satisfactory, he only enjoined upon the candidates for Holy Orders that they should be well acquainted with the sacred Scriptures, and in particular that they should be able to recite the whole of the Psalms by heart.

We have then, we trust and believe, clearly and satisfactorily established these points—that there are in sufficient numbers the materials for the formation of a native ministry, at least in India; and that our missions have languished, and must of necessity continue to languish, until we have courage to form a native ministry.

We must reserve for a future occasion an examination of the Sierra Leone Mission, with its bearing upon the evangelization of Africa; and what is perhaps, for our purpose, the most forcible example of all, and at the same time the most melancholy, the native Church of New Zealand. We shall then endeavour to show the hindrances of various kinds which have lain in the way of the colonial prelates, and suggest what may, in the providence of God, prove eligible methods for their removal.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Order of Nature considered in reference to the Claims of Revelation. A Third Series of Essays.* By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman & Roberts. 1859.
2. *The Epistles of S. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans; with Critical Notes and Dissertations.* By the Rev. BENJAMIN JOWETT, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. In Two Volumes. Second Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1859.

THE two Oxford Professors whose names appear at the head of this article would probably be classed, by an indiscriminating public, as belonging to the same school of theology. And if people will make the arbitrary division of opinions existing within the pale of the English Church, as Evangelical, Latitudinarian, and High Church, no doubt they must be ranked together in the second, and as its name would almost imply, most comprehensive section of the three classes. It is only because it is so comprehensive as to embrace almost every form of belief and unbelief, that it can include both these gentlemen. There is, perhaps, scarcely any other classification which could be made to embrace them. They belong to different generations, and represent entirely distinct lines of thought. They have few natural gifts in common, and exhibit the results of an education as widely different as is conceivable. The Savilian Professor of Geometry has attained an eminent and well-deserved reputation, for his mathematical and physical knowledge; whilst the Regius Professor of Greek has probably not even the most elementary acquaintance with algebra or geometry. The one is overwhelmed with a sense of the importance of the inductive philosophy; the other, perhaps, is scarcely possessed of any knowledge of physical science that can be called his own; and whilst one would almost consider the processes of induction as synonymous with the exercise of the intellectual faculties, the other is wrapt up in the abstractions of metaphysics and the phenomena of thought. Were they to come into collision, they would have no battle-ground on which to fight, they would not even understand each other, and would have no basis of agreement from which to start their differences. They are unfortunately

enlisted on the same side, and that side is opposition to the truths of Revelation. The results at which they arrive are frequently the same ; but they travel by very different roads. The field of error is wide, and is traversed by many divergent paths ; and whilst there is but one temper of mind by which the truth can be ascertained, there are many defects of mind, whether they be classed as mainly intellectual or moral, which lead in the opposite direction ; and both these gentlemen are beset with prejudices which betoken that very narrowness of mind of which they are such conspicuous accusers in their brethren.

Professor Jowett's lucubrations have landed him in a denial of the doctrines of the Church ; Professor Powell's have induced him to dispute the facts of Revelation. They both ought to be alike the impugnors of the facts and the doctrines. We can, nevertheless, understand that the latter has honestly chosen his *locus standi* ; whereas we profess our utter inability to defend Mr. Jowett's subscription to the Creeds of the Western Church and the Articles of the Church of England from the charge of dishonesty.

In saying what we have ventured to put out with regard to these writers, we trust we shall not be understood as referring to anything beyond their writings and publicly expressed opinions. We can have no desire to insinuate indirectly against Professor Jowett that he is consciously dishonest ; we also wish to correct the impression, which perhaps may have already been produced, that we have more sympathy with Professor Powell than with Mr. Jowett. On the contrary, there is a tone of earnestness and reality about the latter which enlists our sympathies and excites our regret for his aberrations, and that perhaps the more because we fancy that we can see the very intellectual defects of mind which have led him so far astray. He is unfortunately one of the number of those who have once been much nearer the truth than they now are ; and there is a bitterness about his assertions as well as an arrogant tone of dogmatism, when he is touching upon doctrinal subjects upon which he has changed his views, which does not appear in other parts of his work. His is one of those restless minds that cannot be content to rest upon little evidence which is real, and is willing to sacrifice in succession everything to which objections can be raised which he is unable himself to answer. Moreover he appears at times extremely ignorant of the workings of the human mind, excepting those most closely connected with the intellect, and is apt to believe others insincere and dishonest because they accept and act upon conclusions which do not appear to him logically proved. His knowledge of human nature, such as it is, is all derived from the study of

history, and a thoughtful observation of human character, but he does not appear to us ever to have entertained that intimate friendship with others which is necessary to appreciate either its dignity, its littleness, or the inconsistencies in which it exhibits itself. And there is a melancholy sadness of tone in his writing which shows that he is ill at ease under the scepticism which he has adopted, and which is strangely contrasted with the light and superficial and impertinent tone adopted by most of those who may be said to belong to the same school with him. In all these respects Professor Powell has nothing in common with him; he writes exactly in the tone of one whom it would cost nothing to surrender all his religious convictions, provided only he could feel satisfied that such surrender was imperatively demanded by the advances of physical science; he would offer up all his most cherished fancies to the Moloch which he seems to idolise, the 'Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy.' He takes his station, as it were, outside the system of Revelation, and criticises it from a single point of view. He has no doubt of the paramount claims of induction, the absolute certainty of its conclusions. If Revelation does not militate against it, so much the better. The Old Testament must be given up because it does interfere with modern science; but the author has made a curious,—discovery shall we call it or invention?—of the utter and entire independence of the material and the spiritual world, the result of which is that the New Testament neither does nor can interfere with any present or future abstractions as established by induction in the physical world. It is fortunate for him that his faith in this discovery is quite unbounded, and that he believes the position he has assumed to be entirely unassailable. He is perfectly at home and comfortable in his convictions. He is of a joyous temperament, and is unable to understand the gloomy doubts which have suggested themselves to most people who have ever thought deeply on religious questions. Everything presents itself to his mind as a matter to be settled by intellectual investigation. All that belongs to the affections is not merely set aside as irrelevant, which it is, to his particular purpose; it is not so much that he ignores the yearnings and distresses of other minds, but that he is not even aware of their existence. He is so goodnatured, that he would be less humorous if he could understand that his humour gave pain to those who differ from his opinions. In all these respects, in views of life and tone of thought, it would be hard to find another mind so antagonistic to his as that of Professor Jowett. The latter is too serious almost to entertain a jest, and the state of perplexity in which he long has been and still is, shows itself in expressions of

irritation, which are not the less real because more than half-concealed, against theories which he cannot but see are productive of some good results. The narrow-mindedness of the Evangelical school is the principal object of Professor Powell's good-humoured sarcasm—the bigotry of the Anglican school is the mark at which Mr. Jowett's envenomed shafts are secretly directed. In the curious alliances of incompatible creeds and attempts at union of unsympathising parties which the last thirty years have witnessed, none is more remarkable than the willingness of Professor Powell to tolerate the extremest views of sacramental grace, and the occasional approach of Mr. Jowett to the Evangelical school, to whose single Shibboleth of doctrine he is the principal opponent of the day. We shall have completed our portraiture of the two Professors when we have said that the one is particularly contented in the position which he occupies, and sanguine as to the results of the future, nothing doubting of the eventual triumph and success of his own opinions in science and religion; whilst the other is as distrustful of coming events as he is discontented with the present attitude of belief throughout his little world of Protestantism.

We have no doubt of the perfect sincerity of Professor Powell's avowal of opinion that, 'so far as we can reasonably speculate on such a point, it can hardly be doubted that, at the present moment, though there exists among us a very considerable amount of scepticism, and even positive and avowed disbelief in Christianity, as a Divine revelation, or in its peculiar doctrines in detail, that disbelief may be, in all cases, traced up to the influence, not of physical, but of metaphysical and moral speculation.' It never seems so much as to have once occurred to his mind, that the disproof of the historical character of a very essential portion of the Old Testament, which he considers as established by the discoveries of physical science, can be thought by any one to affect the position of the New, much less that there are many who will consider that the sacrifice of the New Testament is the legitimate consequence of the demolition of the Old. He himself evidently considers his view of the Old Testament as quite consistent with the most sincere belief in the New; that Judaism is a thing with which the doctrines of Christianity have no connexion which can any longer be deemed important.

The second of the three volumes which this author has published in the course of as many years, is entitled 'Christianity without Judaism.' If he had condescended to use a metaphor, the title would have run, 'The Flower without a Root.' And indeed, even upon the ground of inductive science, with which alone he concerns himself, it is difficult to see how the facts in the New Testament can stand the test which is so triumphantly

urged against the narratives of the creation, the deluge, the standing-still of the sun, and the going-down of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz. It is true the two latter events stand on different ground from the former, being represented as direct interferences with an established order of things;—the history of the deluge being, however, chiefly distinguished from these in that it is not so obviously contradictory to well-ascertained laws of nature. Readers, then, of the volume on Christianity without Judaism might fairly have demanded of the author some account of his adoption of Christianity in spite of the miracles, which are contradictory to the known laws of nature. In other words, the author might fairly be called upon for a 'theory of miracles.' And this third volume appears at first sight likely to supply the demand; but, though nearly half the book is occupied with the subject of miracles, there is absolutely no attempt at a solution of this difficulty. It is needless here to adduce the arguments, familiar to all thoughtful readers, of the adoption of the most commonly ridiculed miracle of the Old Testament by a writer in the New, as being true in the exact letter—or others which will at once occur—to show that the Old Testament cannot fall without dragging the New after it. We have no wish here to argue the general question, but are only urging against Professor Powell the inconsistency of not pressing the unalterable laws of the physical universe to the disparagement of the recorded miracles of the New Testament. We proceed to give a short account of the volume placed at the head of this article—regarded as a sequel to the author's previous publications—before we go on to notice more at length the work of Mr. Jowett, and the alterations introduced into his second edition. Let us premise that Mr. Baden Powell is, all unconsciously to himself, enveloped in a subtle atmosphere of Pantheism. We say unconsciously; for probably no greater surprise than such an accusation could occur to him. Throughout the first series of Essays, as well as the third, he distinctly argues for a Supreme Mind, an Intelligent Cause, a Moral Cause, a Supreme Reason, an Immensity of Intelligence, the Infinite Source of all things, All-pervading Reason of the Universe, the Divine Perfections, Manifestation of Divinity, Sensible Manifestation of Supreme Intelligence, and the like;—these are expressions with which the pages of the first set of essays teem; but they are ideas which the argument of neither of the volumes is adequate to reach. He does not deny, but rather, on the contrary, admits the argument from spiritual sources; and is content that the argument from physical science, to which he exclusively devotes himself, puts no hindrance in the way of its conclusions. We could almost have fancied the

following passage, extracted from Dr. Newman's recent 'Lectures on University Subjects,' had been provoked by the very work which we are reviewing, if the author had not in his summary of the contents given us November, 1855, for the date of its delivery. Speaking of natural theology, the author says:—

'I do not hesitate to say that, taking men as they are, this so-called science tends, if it occupies the mind, to dispose it against Christianity. And for this plain reason, because it speaks only of laws; and cannot contemplate their suspension, that is miracles, which are of the essence of the idea of a Revelation. Thus the God of natural theology may very easily become a mere idol; for He comes to the inductive mind in the medium of fixed appointments, so excellent, so skilful, so beneficent, that when it has for a long time gazed upon them it will think them too beautiful to be broken, and will at length so contract its notion of Him as to conclude that He never could have the heart (if I may dare use such a term) to undo or mar His own work; and this conclusion will be the first step towards its degrading its idea of God a second time, and identifying Him with His works. Indeed, a Being of Power, Wisdom and Goodness, and nothing else, is not very different from the God of the Pantheist.'—*Lectures*, p. 260.

Some account of the Essays in this first volume seems necessary to enable the reader to comprehend the position from which the author starts in the third volume, the title of which is placed at the head of this article. It is entitled, 'Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation,' and came out about four years ago. They are but slightly connected, though all more or less bearing on the subject of 'Induction'—which appears to be uppermost in the author's thoughts, but of the logic of which we think he entertains vague and unsatisfactory notions. It is not necessary to allude further to the middle essay, which was provoked by the singular literary phenomenon of the appearance of the two works on the Unity and Plurality of Worlds, perhaps the most interesting publications of the day, in which two distinguished philosophers took opposite sides on a subject on which there was absolutely no evidence whatever. The author holds the balance between them; and all that need be said of the critique is, that, like the works it criticises, its principal value consists in the incidental information which the reader gains in his attempt to follow the argument of the author. As this second essay of the first series gives us little or no help towards forming an estimate of the purpose of the writer in composing his third series, it may be dismissed without further observation. It is in reality the first and the third Essays in this first series that are introductory to the recently published volume. They respectively treat of 'The Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy,' and 'The Philosophy of Creation.' In the first, the author has given us his views on

a considerable variety of subjects, more or less connected, under the different heads, 'The Inductive Principle,' 'The Unity of Sciences,' 'The Uniformity of Nature,' 'The Theory of Causation,' 'Final Causes,' and 'Natural Theology.'

In much of the matter contained in this essay the author appears to us to be attacking a shadow, or at least to be considerably exaggerating the views of those to whom he alludes, and between whom he, as it were, attempts to mediate. In explaining the processes of induction he broadly states two views, one of which is supposed to assert that there is an intuitive faculty which impresses the proper form on the facts collected, whilst the other is represented as believing that knowledge is derived from observation. Now it is true that two classes of writers are apt to represent the inductive process respectively, the one as too merely dependent upon observation, and the other as too much disconnected from it; yet it really did not require such an elaborate dissertation to establish against the one class of writers, that in every inductive process there is an assumption of some generalizing principle, nor against the other that this assumption is not antecedent to all experience whatever. Neither do we find fault with the author's view, which is a reasonable account of things very clumsily expressed. Thus he tells us that in induction what is superadded to a mere collection of facts, is the assumption that 'all phenomena of the kind in question are similar to the few actually examined.' Now if this proposition be accurately weighed, it will be found to amount to no more than the tautological statement, that 'all phenomena of the kind in question are of the kind in question.' The real difficulty is to fix upon 'the kind in question,' and on the right or the wrong fixing depends the truth or falsehood of the induction. We are here forcibly reminded of the '*hic et ille et iste magnes trahit ferrum, ergo omnes*,' of Aldrich's Logic, where the author never probably stopped to inquire whether he had got any further than the truth, that a magnet is a magnet, or a stone attracting iron is a stone attracting iron. However, as we said before, we are not really at issue with Professor Powell's view, but only demur to his mode of expression. Neither is there any necessity, for our present purpose, to follow him minutely through this essay, or to lay down the exact positions in which we concur, or those from which we differ. We will only observe further, that there are some interesting remarks on the subject of the Unity of Sciences, and their approximation towards exhibiting the unity of nature. One passage is very happily expressed as follows:—'All science is but the partial reflection on the reason of man of the great all-pervading reason of the universe. And thus the unity of

'science is the reflection of the unity of nature, and of the unity of that supreme reason and intelligence which pervades and rules over nature, and from whence all reason and all science is derived.' We cannot give an equally unqualified assent to the passage which is quoted from Oersted, at the end of the next section:—'The progress of discovery continually produces fresh evidence that nature acts according to eternal laws, and that these laws are constituted as the mandates of an infinite perfect reason; so that the friend of nature lives in a constant rational contemplation of the Omnipresent Divinity. The laws of Nature are the thoughts of Nature, and these are the thoughts of God.' We fear the lives of many eminent physical philosophers will bear ample testimony to the truth, that men may be intimately conversant with nature, who are far estranged from God. Nay, we even are inclined to think that the idea of order, by itself, and as distinguished from that of will, has a direct tendency to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of God, and to fix the thoughts upon a mere vague abstraction instead of a personal superintending Deity.

The result of the whole appears to be, that the author is satisfied that induction proves the eternal and universal maintenance of the order of physical causes; from which, he adds, the immediate inference is, a Supreme Moral Cause, distinct from and above nature.

It would not be easy to conjecture what was the subtle link by which an essay on the relations of Judaism and Christianity served to connect two subjects which, however similar to each other, are so distinct from their connecting chain, as 'The Unity of Worlds,' and 'The Order of Nature.' The intervening volume is, in truth, meant as an apology for—or perhaps we should rather say, a justification of—the disparaging views of the Old Testament which the author has adopted, in his zeal for the results of the inductive philosophy. We could imagine that the tone of this volume had been a little sharpened by the objections of religious people in general, and perhaps especially of Scotch Presbyterians, as to the proper mode of spending Sunday, and as to the general duty of attending public worship—of coming to church before the commencement of the service, and the like. The immediately practical point of the volume is, to show that it is absurd to suppose it can be wrong to do on Sunday what is allowable to be done on any other day of the week. Most people will demur to a statement so definitely expressed as this; though it is to be hoped that well-educated members of the Church of England, at least, are cognisant of the fact that the Sabbath and Sunday are two distinct days. The more general view in which this is enveloped,

might have been expected to be, that Christianity has superseded the obligations of the Jewish law; but the volume would be characterised more truly by the description that its purpose is to show that the old dispensation has so passed away, and the Old Testament books so superseded, that they are no longer of any use. The author seems, indeed, to treat them as if it would make little or no difference if they never had had any existence. It does not concern us now to controvert this position. Our object is simply to give an account of the point of view from which the author writes the volume on 'The Order of Nature.' In discarding the Old Testament, the author has found his solution of the difficulty, of the irreconcilable opposition which exists between the truths established by modern science, and any possible interpretation of the statements of the historical books of Moses, Joshua, and the Kings.

The present volume may be described as an attempt to show how the progress of natural philosophy has partially, and ought wholly to have, emancipated the minds of rational beings from the idea of miraculous agency. Accordingly, the first essay in the volume consists of an historical sketch of the progress of physical science as bearing on religious belief. This occupies nearly half the volume, and is followed by another essay, not very dissimilar in character, entitled, 'Nature and Revelation.' If the view which we have been ascribing to our author be correct, the subjects of the remaining two essays in this volume seem to follow as a matter of course. The miracles of the Old Testament having been put out of the way by the help of the inductive philosophy, some account of those of the New Testament, which seem not easy to be included in the abstractions of physical science, may fairly be expected of a writer who professes to receive the writings of the New Testament not merely as authentic documents, but as, in some sense at least, dictated by inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

As might be expected, the author dwells at great length on the points which science has successively established counter to the current belief of people, who imagined that the Bible and the Church were committed to the opinions which they themselves entertained. Instances of this have been found in great numbers, and will continue to be found so long as science shall continue to advance. It could not possibly have been otherwise. We can have no desire to deny the facts, though we should not have exhibited them exactly in the way in which our author has paraded them, nor for precisely the same object. The most useful purpose which such an array of antagonisms between Science and what was thought to be Revelation, could be adduced to serve, appears to us to be the

following; viz. to be urged as a plea in behalf of caution for the future, and for patience in the event of science appearing to contradict revelation itself. We can only regret that the author appears to feel so little sympathy for the, if erroneous, yet at least religious, distrust of scientific investigations, before they have become established truths, which naturally at first sight shock the prejudices of religious people. No sceptical writer in his desire to show up the absurdities of religion, could fasten upon cases of this kind with more apparent avidity than Professor Powell. What he considers bigotry is to him an especial object of aversion; and perhaps no stronger instance of this aversion is to be found, than in the ridicule with which he assails the dislike to the use of chloroform in cases of parturition, which at the first introduction of the practice was almost universally felt. We have had occasion in a previous number of this Review¹ to allude to the relations of science and revelation, both as regards the abstract question, and with respect to theories of education. We need not, therefore, repeat our opinion here, and shall only observe further, that our author, who takes upon himself to censure previous ages for their narrowness of view, should be careful not to misrepresent ancient authors, or accuse them of holding views which they really do not hold. There is one glaring instance of this in the volume before us. At p. 39, he informs us that 'Augustine denied the existence of Antipodes as irreconcilable with Scripture.' Now we should have been glad to see the passage from S. Augustine referred to, instead of the secondhand quotation from Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences' in the note. Till we are better advised on the subject, we shall continue to think that S. Augustine nowhere asserts this. The passage to which, we have little doubt, reference is made, is in the *De Civitate Dei*, where the author objects to the fable of the existence of men on the opposite side of the earth, on the especial ground that it is a mere conjecture, unsupported by the traditions of history or considerations of reason. We should not, however, be doing justice to the volume before us, if we did not allow that it contains a great deal of very interesting as well as useful matter. The historical sketch is of necessity very slight, but it conveys a considerable amount of information as to the attitude in which men of science have from time to time stood towards the received opinions of the age in which they lived. Little as the reflections we feel disposed to make coincide with the author's, we have to thank him for several remarks which lead

¹ See *The Christian Remembrancer* for April, 1859, Article on 'Science and Revelation.'

to trains of thought very different from what he himself could have anticipated.

There is one especial characteristic which seems to excite his wonder, existing, as it seems to have done, in the minds of many men of science, as, for instance, Locke, Newton, Whiston, and, we doubt not, a great number of others: it is the coincidence of an implicit faith in miracles, with inveterate dislike and undisguised disbelief of mysteries of doctrine. It is not surprising that this should have appeared so unaccountable a phenomenon to one who, on the contrary, makes no objection to any amount of the mysterious in the region of pure faith, so long as he can procure an acquiescence in his denial of the miraculous on the ground that it is an infringement of the majesty of science.

The phenomenon itself is well worthy of notice; not, indeed, as presenting any remarkable deviation from the natural order of things, but because it illustrates the connexion between a right faith and a well-balanced state of mind, a connexion which, to say the least, is not prominently brought forward in the volume which we are reviewing. We say, then, that it is but natural that the tone of mind which revolts at the idea of mystery in religion, should unhesitatingly adopt that of the miraculous in nature. A belief in the miraculous is so far from implying credulity, humility, or self-distrust, that it may be, and very frequently is, the consequence of a hard and logical mode of viewing the subject. Again, there is so wide an interval between the commonly alleged cases of miracles and the phenomena of nature, which have been brought by mathematical investigations under the head of general laws, that the belief in them might result from the mere natural tendency in the mind to fancy itself possessed of a much more powerful instrument of analysis than it really has. Thus a miracle may be easily assented to on the mere numerical calculation of the probabilities of coinciding testimony, which can easily be shown to increase in a proportion vastly greater than that of accumulation of evidence from observation of facts. The miracle is professedly outside the domain of science, on which, if so be, the philosopher prides himself, and he may have no particular temptation to deny it. It would be natural, so to say, for such a person to believe the alleged miracles of Buddhism, supposing them well authenticated, without troubling himself further as to the form of religion in whose service they were enlisted. We should not be surprised at hearing any one proclaim his belief in the miracle said to be performed by Vespasian on the concurrent testimony of the crowds who witnessed it, and this quite independently of any view, whether of supporting or impugning the

truth of the narratives of the miracles in Scripture. We can, so to say, draw a distinct line of demarcation between the ordinary and the miraculous, and we are satisfied in being able to do so; but the mysterious in doctrine is closely connected with subjects almost within our grasp. We can argue about them; we can see some scattered rays of light. The mysterious, as it were, proposes itself to us to be received conditionally on our submitting to its terms; it does profess that it will gradually unfold itself, not to reason but to faith, and exacts of us that childlike submission, that self-sacrificing homage, which philosophers of modern times have often shown themselves as unwilling to render as their predecessors in the infancy of the Christian Church.

We suppose if there is one view which represents the essays in this volume, and their different portions, it is this, that nature is absolutely invariable: their author does not ignore revelation, but contents himself with the averment that the provinces of nature and revelation are entirely distinct; he would insist not only that they do not, but that they cannot interfere. There is a somewhat remarkable agreement, considering how independent the sources are, between the mode of expression adopted by Professor Powell, and the clear statements of Dr. Newman in his lecture on 'Christianity and Physical Science,'¹ as to the distinction between knowledge natural and supernatural. But there is an equally remarkable contrast exhibited in the two writers, in that the former appears to keep out of sight the points of approximation, which Dr. Newman, with his usual felicity of diction, has characterised as two great circles of knowledge which intersect; 'first as far as supernatural knowledge includes truths and facts of the natural world, and secondly, as far as truths and facts of the natural world are on the other hand data for inferences about the supernatural.' Still more striking is the contrast with regard to what they respectively say as to the methods of the science of physics and the science of theology. With regard to the provinces of the two sciences both are exactly agreed. We will express their agreement in Dr. Newman's words:—'If then theology be the philosophy of the supernatural world, and science the philosophy of the natural, theology and science, whether in their respective ideas, or again in their own actual fields, on the whole, are incommunicable, incapable of collision, and needing at most to be connected, never to be reconciled.' The distinction of the methods of the two is also beautifully

¹ See *Lectures and Essays on Heavenly Subjects*, by John H. Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. London, 1859.

drawn out by the same writer ; and we must quote one passage of this to illustrate the difference between the two writers :—
 ‘ The physical treats of efficient causes, the theologian of final. The physical tells us of laws, the theologian of the Author, Maintainer, and Controller of them : of their scope, of their suspension, if so be, of their beginning and end.’ Now Professor Powell makes no allusion to the methods of theology. He is content to speak of it as the region of faith, and probably if he did entertain the thought at all, would not insist very strongly upon theology being a science, or if a science, would scarcely like to acknowledge a region of thought almost entirely deductive ; and here it is that our author diverges so widely from Dr. Newman. He would admit any amount of miracles, so called, so long as they should be confined to spiritual things ; or so long as they do not interfere with the indisputable conclusions of the inductive philosophy. For these conclusions, it must be remembered, he claims an amount of certainty far higher than on his principles he has any right to ; and as we have before seen, the absolute uniformity of nature is but an hypothesis, towards proof of which the inductive philosophy makes but very faint advances—whatever evidence there may be *deductively* produced for it from what revelation informs us as to the Being and Attributes of its Author. But whilst on the true theory as to the relation of the inductive philosophy to the deductive system of theology, there is really no antagonism, because so far as the disciple of revelation should speak of events as miracles, it would be, by the very force of the term used, but a testifying to the laws of the universe, of which laws miracles are called violations—the law being admitted on the very ground that the event is exceptional (established by testimony or in any other conceivable way) : yet, on Mr. Powell’s view of matters, miracles can have no place. The description of such events in the Old Testament is got rid of by a very summary process.

We are unable to interpret our author’s language otherwise than by describing his view to be that the New Testament is all that we Christians are now concerned with ; that the Old Testament has passed away, not in the sense of Christianity having sprung up from and developed out of the old dispensation, but in that it has entirely superseded and destroyed it ; not as if Judaism had pointed the way to Christianity, but as if Christianity had proved the absurdity of Judaism. He actually objects to any compromise as to this matter. He has not common patience with those who attempt a defence of the Mosaic account of creation, on the ground that it is not the text itself, but the meaning attached to it by its readers, that is at fault, when any discrepancy is alleged between science and scripture. He ridi-

cules the idea as simply absurd. These, we are told, are only '*false conclusions* deduced by its votaries—*false interpretations* 'which yet are identical with the *very words* ;—*fallacious conclusions*, which, notwithstanding, are directly asserted in the *very terms* ; and, nevertheless, the historical authority of the passages, 'and their surpassing importance, are to be strictly maintained !' (p. 224.)

And now, we suppose we have said enough on this subject to make most of our readers ask the question, at least in thought, What is the mode, then, in which the miracles of the New Testament are to be adjusted to the necessity of scientific order? We must confess to having read the work quite through without discovering the answer to this question. The fourth essay, which is denominated 'On Theological Views of Miracles,' is intended to supply the answer; but the author's view is expressed so vaguely as to be hardly intelligible. Yet, though the conclusions themselves are wrapped up in some obscurity, yet the whole tone of the work, together with scattered observations here and there, helps us to understand that his meaning is that there are no occasional interruptions in the physical economy of the world. But let not the reader go on too hastily to suppose that the author disbelieves in the reality of the miracles of walking on the sea and the resurrection of the dead. Singular as this state of mind may appear, there is no reason whatever to question the author's firm belief in these as facts. Singular as may be his opinions as regards disbelief in the historical character of the Old Testament, and acceptance of the New, there can be no doubt that it is a perfectly sincere and genuine expression of opinion. And equally sincere is his acceptance of the exact letter of the narrative of the Gospel, however antagonistic it may seem to his favourite theory of the absolute uniformity of the laws of nature. How to reconcile these two is the difficulty. In the case of what are sometimes called moral miracles, the difficulty may appear less. Such instances of divine interference, if so we may speak, *seem* to be less at variance with known physical laws; and people who do not think deeply may be satisfied perhaps with the somewhat vague explanation that they belong to the region of faith and not of reason. Persons who cannot bring themselves to think of the world of mind as being so entirely distinct from that of matter, who cannot make so absolute a separation of the domains of faith and of reason, might indeed suggest some awkward difficulties in the way of such explanation; but the real question will be rendered much more intelligible if issue is joined in the case of physical miracles so called. Physics cannot be designated as the domain of faith, and the only conceivable reconcilia-

tion of a belief in the absolute uniformity of nature, which admits of no interruptions, and in the facts denominated miracles, and generally spoken of as violations of natural law, is by means of the assertion that these latter are not real, but only seeming violations of law, or interruptions to uniformity. And this is the view which is first prominently put out at the commencement of the second essay, entitled 'Nature and Revelation.' The invariableness of natural laws, the assertion that there are no real exceptions, clothed, however, in the safe language of 'the one grand principle of law pervading nature, or rather constituting the very idea of nature,' is the ground upon which the author here takes his stand, asserting that 'the whole of the ensuing discussion must stand or fall with the admission of this grand principle' (p. 230). What is meant is sufficiently obvious; and on this point the author will admit of no compromise. He first falls foul of Mr. Mansel, who has been guilty of the following extremely innocent statement, that 'In the material world, if it be true that the researches of science *tend towards* (though who can say that they will ever reach?) the establishment of a system of fixed and orderly recurrence; in the mental world we are no less confronted at every instant by the presence of contingency and free will.' The sting of this sentence appears to lie, not in the direct statement, which one would have thought obvious enough to any reflecting mind, but in its hypothetical character.

Professor Powell cannot abide that his favourite maxim should be so lightly treated as to be prefaced by a conjunction, and goes on to accuse Mr. Mansel of an absurd jealousy of physical science for suggesting the question, 'What right has philosophy to build on material principles alone, and not to take mind into account,' and for contending 'that moral truths' (we suppose Professor Powell means mental emotions) 'are facts of experience to the full as real and certain as the laws of the planetary motions and chemical affinities.' We were quite at a loss when we first met with this savage onslaught on the Bampton Lecturer from the pen of one who is generally courteous towards other writers—even those who differ from him so widely as the infidel writers of the day; but upon referring to the note to the passage in the Bampton Lectures alluded to, we at once see the explanation of the whole outburst. After quoting the words of Theodore Parker, 'I do not believe there ever was a miracle, or ever will be; everywhere I find law the constant mode of operation of the infinite God,' the author has added the following passage: 'Professor Powell in his latest work, though not absolutely rejecting miracles, yet adopts a tone, which, compared with such passages as the

'above, is at least painfully suggestive:' quoting from the volume on 'Christianity without Judaism' the words, 'It is now perceived by all inquiring minds, that the advance of true scientific principles, and the grand inductive conclusions of universal and eternal law and order, are at once the basis of all rational theology, and give the death-blow to superstition.' Unhappily, the hint Mr. Mansel has suggested has been quickly verified. The absolute rejection of miracles, which had not been definitely announced in the previous volume, is made the point of the present work. The author is quite heedless of the inevitable inference in philosophy, that where all is order and unalterable law, there is no room for will. The difficulty, which he does not disguise, he says, 'can only be answered by appealing to those immutable laws as the sole evidence and exponent we have of supreme volition; a volition of immutable mind, an empire of fixed intelligence.' His theory of miracles may be summed up in the short statement that they are neither more nor less than exemplifications of the laws of nature, and that their appearing to contradict those laws is simply owing to our present inability to group the general principles which will include them together with the ordinary phenomena of nature, an inability which, there can be no manner of doubt, time and the advance of physical science will eventually remove. This opinion is supported by a considerable weight of authority, if, indeed, the reader could only be brought to believe that the eminent names quoted could truly be cited as advocates of the same view. But, unfortunately, the agreement between these writers and the author is limited to this, that others, following Bishop Butler, allow that, for all we know, miracles may form part of a scheme which is governed by general laws—an admission which falls considerably short of the assertion that miracles are instances in which the laws of nature are exhibited, and which by no means carries with it the smallest probability that their being so will be evidenced hereafter to philosophers. As we have thus been made acquainted with what is to appear as the conclusion of the investigation, the third essay might be thought superfluous. Its object is to give a cursory and superficial account of the Rationalistic and other theories of miracles. But little as the argument of this volume demanded any such account, we cannot but rejoice at its appearance, for there is in reality no English book which gives so systematic an account of the ridiculous theories adopted by German Rationalists and others, with the view of getting rid of the historical narrative of the miracles of the New Testament. We can only conjecture that the object of its insertion here is to show how widely prevalent are certain views which all religious people would

deprecate, and what extravagant courses people will adopt in their endeavours to explain away things which do not admit of explanation from the principles of physics as established by the inductive philosophy; and thus to prepare the way, by a sort of compromise, for the adoption of the author's view. However, whatever might have been the object, we are glad to be put in possession of so intelligible an account of the five leading theories of miracles. German Rationalism has reaped the full advantage to be derived from the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. It is time that its real pretensions should be known; and we have no hesitation in asserting, that the more widely disseminated is the true knowledge of its doctrines, at the present moment, the less influence will they exert over English minds. For the sake of those who may not have the opportunity of reading Professor Powell's work, and at the risk of incurring the charge of obscurity,—by giving an abstract of an abstract, an epitome, as it were, of a mere brief analysis,—we will give the heads of the seventy pages which this essay occupies.

The theories are classed under five heads. 1. The Naturalistic, of which Paulus is the principal exponent. 2. The Mythic theory of Strauss. 3. The Subjective theory, represented by Feuerbach. 4. The Psychological theory, adopted by Ewald; and, lastly, 5. The Doctrinal theory, of Neander. The first account, which is called the naturalistic, is, as its name imports, an attempt to explain away the character of a miracle by assigning it to natural causes. Now, a theory which is simple and easy, is, on any subject, undoubtedly entitled to a hearing. In proportion as it makes a demand upon the disciple for faith in particular subordinate assumptions will it be felt to be unreasonable. If the various narratives of the Gospel could be reduced to the head of natural events by any uniform process, such theory would require a very careful examination, to see whether it could reasonably be considered as embracing every single case upon record. But under the system of Paulus we are obliged to acquiesce in the statement, that some of the events recorded did not occur at all in any shape whatever; as well as in the conjecture, that men—who were ignorant, and whose feelings were excited—described what appeared to them as what really happened. Again; coincidence of circumstances is made to go a great way towards explaining some of the alleged miraculous interpositions, whilst the natural tendency to exaggerate reduces both the occasions of feeding thousands of hungry people with the provisions which a few of them happened to have brought with them, to an ordinary distribution of food to the multitudes who had forgotten to provide

themselves. The cures of the sick, the restoration of a lost sense, the ejection of demoniacs, are knocked off from the list of miracles; sometimes by resorting to the effects of imagination; sometimes, again, by attributing imposition to the person cured, and characterizing the cure as a detection of the fraud. Sometimes, what has been considered an exertion of power is merely a declaration of a cure which had been by some means or other previously performed; and the instances of raising the dead, are obviously referable to the case of suspended animation. The Birth, the Death, the Resurrection and Ascension, are subjects too sacred for us to follow, through the childish interpretations assigned to the narrative of them. Our author, as usual, speaks tenderly of the tone of mind and purpose of many of those who have adopted these methods of interpretation. Without taking the trouble to say another word on this subject, we feel we may safely leave such a mass of nonsense to the reader's common sense to judge of. It is, however, perhaps due to Professor Powell, to quote his calm and moderately expressed opinion of this hypothesis:—'Without going into more details,' he says, 'it will probably suffice to remark in general on such explanations,' that 'although in some instances they have a semblance of plausibility', 'yet it cannot be denied that, in the incessant attempt to find or force such interpretation in every case, the resources employed are often of a trivial, far-fetched, and laboured kind; and the immense multitude of coincidences, and combinations of circumstances, and extraordinary occurrences, which it thus becomes necessary to suppose concentrated in one short period, presents too complex a mass of hypotheses to furnish a real and satisfactory theory of the whole series of the evangelical miracles' (p. 333).

The author does not offer any similar defence of the antagonistic theory of Strauss, which he urges for that of Paulus and Eichorn. He contents himself with describing it in general terms, as a theory which accounts for the narratives of the Gospels and Acts, on the broad ground that they were written to exalt the Messiahship of Jesus, and to show His correspondence to the typical character foreshadowed in the old dispensation. In carrying out this view, it is necessary to represent the variations of the four Gospels, the amount and character of which is exaggerated to the utmost possible limit, as the natural result of the combination of fragments from different sources, the origin of which is wholly unknown, and their authenticity therefore doubtful. The difficulty of drawing any exact line between history and fiction, the necessity for enveloping the Messiah in an atmosphere of at least as much mystery and miracle as the old prophets, the proneness of human nature to

exaggerate the feats ascribed to its heroes, are all made to play their part in disparaging the historical character of the narratives. The death of Jesus is supposed to have terminated the temporal hopes of His followers, who immediately, in their highly wrought-up state of feeling, resorted to the belief in a spiritual kingdom; and the unusual excitement of the Feast of Pentecost contributes to form the germ of the myth of the resurrection and ascension. Our author offers to go a considerable distance along with Strauss, in his admissions, but thinks that, upon the whole, the hypothesis is 'of so extremely overstrained and improbable a character, when applied generally, that the sober critic—to say nothing of the devout believer—may well be staggered at the contemplation of it' (p. 346). Strict logic does not appear to be the strong point of Strauss' system. If the reader can follow him through his adjustment of his disbelief in history, with his faith in doctrine, we can only say he is possessed of powers to which we make no pretension. We quote Professor Powell's translation, apparently made from the French, and not from the original:—'The author knows that the internal essence of Christian faith is completely independent of his critical researches. The supernatural birth of Christ, His miracles, and His ascension into heaven, remain eternal truths, to whatever doubts the reality of the facts in the light of historical events may be subjected. This certainty alone can give repose and dignity to our critical examinations, and distinguish them from the explanations, on natural principles, of former ages; explanations which, claiming to overthrow at once religious truth with historical fact, were necessarily marked with a character of frivolity' (p. 349). He adds, that a subsequent chapter will show that the dogmatic sense of the life of Jesus has sustained no loss. The 'dogmatic sense' is to the following effect:—'We conceive Christ as he in whose spirit the unity of the Divine and the human has risen, for the first time, with energy, to such a point as to leave in His entire moral nature and life no more than an infinitely small value to anything impairing that unity; and who, in this sense, is unique and without equal in the history of the world, although the religious spirit, attained and promulgated by Him for the first time, has not been able, in detail, to withdraw itself from the purification and extension which results from the progressive development of the human mind' (p. 350).

The subjective theory of Feuerbach, is, as its name imports, an ascribing of external events to the effects of imagination, the earnest aspiration of the soul reflecting upon itself, and realizing its thoughts by the sole influence of intense internal conviction. And the existence of the belief in the miraculous is accounted for

by the perpetual antagonism between the religious principle and the recognition of external nature, from which arises the supposition that the laws of nature must be subdued to the superior power of religious faith. The curious psychological fact of the antagonism alluded to, if true, certainly deserves a fuller investigation than it has yet received.

We cannot congratulate our author on his choice of a name whereby to designate Professor Ewald's view, as developed in his 'Life of Christ.' He calls it the psychological, because of its seeming to depend on the supposed existence of a peculiar kind of action of spirit on matter. If he seems scarcely to understand Ewald's view, that is not to be wondered at; for it is hardly possible to make a consistent theory out of the vague expression of sentiments which appear sometimes to approach the subjective view, sometimes remind us of the naturalistic, and occasionally approach what we may call the common-sense view, or the commonly received account that things took place as they are described to have taken place. As a specimen of one description, the author quotes the miracle at Cana, which is interpreted symbolically,—'It was the joyous influence of His spirit which made the guests drink water as wine.' The author is not particular as to ascertaining the exact meaning of Professor Ewald. It is sufficient for him if he can extract from his writings enough to enlist him as an advocate for some broader principle of interpretation than 'the narrow and generally renounced notion of real violations of the order of nature.'

We need not follow the author through what he calls the Doctrinal Theory of Neander, which is scarcely entitled to be considered a theory at all. It consists, in fact, of remarks, many of which are true, though very misty, in which he seems to lay stress on the qualifications of mind which are fitted for the reception of miraculous truth, a part of the subject which is certainly kept much in the background by Professor Powell. With regard to the rest, Neander strikes us as writing, as it were, in sight of heresy. He writes more like a person before whose mind various erroneous views were floating, against which he desired to express himself cautiously and vaguely, than as if he wished to put forth any particular definite theory. And, in point of fact, there does not appear any reason to suppose that he deemed any theory at all necessary. The summing up of this chapter is expressed in terms nearly all of which we could adopt; but the reader will easily see that we entirely dissent from their whole tone, and their evident implications:—

'The literal sense of *physical* events impossible to science cannot be essential to spiritual truth; nor have contraventions to natural order any necessary connexion with vital Christianity. The philosophic thinker,

whatever view he takes of any, or all, of the rationalistic speculations, will perceive that the grand inductive principle of the immutable uniformity of natural causes—the sole substantial ground for belief in a supreme moral cause !!!—must ever remain unassailed; and firmly grasping this broad principle on the one hand, and perceiving the entire spirituality of Christianity on the other, he will repose on these convictions, and admit that the miraculous narratives of the Gospel may be received, for the divine instruction they were designed to convey, without prejudice to the invariable laws of physiology, of gravitation, or of the constitution of nature.—P. 376.

The following essay, on Theological Views of Miracles, is intended to represent in a still stronger light the perplexity in which the whole subject is involved, by dilating on the conflicting opinions of Protestants as to ecclesiastical miracles, and contains some hard hits against them for dealing with the miracles of the first few centuries on precisely the same principles as they object to in the rationalistic treatment of the miracles of Scripture.

The difficulties in which the subject of miracles is involved, by the admission of all parties, are made use of, principally, in showing that they are always regarded by the spectator, or the hearer, or reader, as the case may be, in a light which is brought to the subject, not one derived from it; and amidst the immense variety of opinions expressed, the shallowest and the profoundest thoughts being huddled together in indiscriminate confusion, the author seems to gather,—one point in which they meet, one focus towards which they are all converging,—that miracles have nothing in them of the nature of intellectual evidence. We will give the last paragraph of the analysis, just as it stands, before the general conclusion:—

‘Thus, on every ground—from the nature of the case, from the arguments of the learned, from the practical confessions of the unlearned, from the admissions of the orthodox, and the controversies of the heterodox,—on the combined consideration of the remarks last made, and the facts and authorities formerly cited—we can only arrive at the conclusion that the belief in miracles, whether in ancient or modern times, has always been a point, *not of evidence* addressed to the *intellect*, but of *religious faith* impressed on the *spirit*. The mere fact was nothing: however well-attested, it might be set aside; however fabulous, it might be accepted, according to the predisposing religious persuasion of the parties. If a more philosophical survey tend to ignore suspensions of nature as inconceivable to reason, the spirit of faith gives a different interpretation, and transfers miracles to the more congenial region of spiritual contemplation, and divine mystery.’—P. 440.

We have quoted this passage in order to enable the reader to see that the confusion of thought, which he has perhaps been for some time wondering at, exists not in the reviewer, but in the author reviewed. Such an elaborate disquisition on miracles, and such an extensive classification of the different theories that have been put out, one would have expected to result in the proposal of some counter theory, which should have explained

the *facts* recorded in the New Testament—*e. g.* the actual instances of resurrection from the dead—and placed them in their proper position as regards the invariable sequences and unalterable laws of nature:—

‘Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?’

We can only answer, that the result to be gathered from the investigation is contained in the passage we have just quoted. We gather that miracles in general make no appeal to the intellect. We gather, also, the reason why they cannot make such appeal to an enlightened age; viz. that the philosopher knows that though he may be unable to explain how it is so, yet that it is certain that there is nothing really extraordinary about them, but that they are manifestations of the ordinary laws of nature, and that they will, in all probability, some day be proved to be so; but whether or no, it is certain that they are so. Some people may think it a slight objection to this view that Scripture does, in fact, appeal to miracles in the light of evidence. But we are not attempting here to controvert the author's view. The mere statement of it will, we are persuaded, carry its own condemnation with it. But we may be permitted to call attention to the author's entrenching himself in theory, and standing so aloof from the facts of the case. The resurrection and the ascension are either true or false. Does the author really mean that the theory of gravitation will ever be so modified as to include the latter of these facts; or that the increasing experience of the law of death is at all going in the direction which will enable us to include the former in a generalization of nature?

This latter instance suggests to us a remark which may perhaps be found useful. Resurrection is an instance of a miracle in the ordinary sense attached to the word miracle; viz. a violation of a law of nature. Now this is a law of experience; that is to say, a law based on experience, and therefore possesses the inductive character of failing of absolute certainty. As an abstract question, it is a problem what amount of independent testimony is necessary to establish the probability of a given assertion of a resurrection, in the face of the antecedent improbability of hitherto uniform experience, partly personal, partly derived from testimony. However, this would be, as we have said, a mere abstract problem, not corresponding to any known conditions of fact. The real state of the case is this, that the law of death is not a mere law of nature, but a law of Revelation, and the resurrection is a miracle which, if we may be allowed the expression, violates a law of Revelation. This consideration appears to us to throw considerable light on the relation in which miracles stand to the law of nature. The

doctrine of the resurrection is so wrapt up with what Revelation tells us about death as the penalty of sin, that, viewed in one light it appears as an exception, whilst, in another and more comprehensive point of view, it forms part of a grand system, the harmony of which we are permitted to some extent to see. Shall the two instances on record in which man was exempted from the common lot of humanity, and the occasional reversal of the ordinary working of nature in the restoration of the dead to life, under the Old Testament dispensation, then be regarded as exemplifications or violations of the law of death? In one sense they are obviously exceptional. And again, in another sense, they may be regarded as typical of the Christian doctrine, and so appear as instances which fit into an harmonious whole. This question may be difficult to answer, but the very difficulty is instructive, if it accustoms us to the thought that the border-territory between the natural and the miraculous must of necessity ever remain undefined; that whilst there are events which manifestly fall under well ascertained generalizations, and others which as clearly do not, no definition will ever meet those cases which lie between the two extremes; that we cannot hope to lay down any law which shall precisely distinguish them, if only on the ground that inductive science can never lay open to our view the whole of nature, and cannot give us the slightest glimpse at any portion of the supernatural.

We have one more objection to urge, further illustrative of the unpractical and irreligious view which pervades this volume. We ask in what domain is the province of prayer, and where can it be considered to be possessed of any efficacy? The author's answer would be readily given: that it has to do with the spiritual and not the material world. But who is to distinguish between the spiritual and the material?

'The belief,' he says, 'common to many nations, but an essential point in the religion of the Jews, that famines and pestilences, droughts and rains, fertility and abundance, and the like temporal and natural events, were judgments or blessings, brought about as express retributions by direct divine interposition, though deprived of its religious importance by the essential principles and very nature of the new dispensation, was yet doubtless sometimes alluded to by the apostles, but never in such a way as either to contravene the spiritual future and unseen nature of the sanctions held out by the Gospel, or to stand in any contradiction to the advance of modern knowledge, by whose light all such events are seen to be the results of immutable laws, and a part of the fixed order of the natural world, which constitutes the idea of Divine Providence.'—P. 454.

Is it indeed true that we know so much about the recurrence of famines and pestilences, droughts and rains, fertility and abundance? When we can calculate their periodic times as we can those of the planetary bodies, it will be as reasonable to

expunge from the Litany the words, 'from lightning and 'tempest, from plague, pestilence, and famine, . . . good 'Lord deliver us,' as it would be absurd now to call upon God to invert the laws by which the universe is worked for our special benefit. So much for the Order of Nature considered in reference to the claims of Revelation.

In going on to notice the second work which has been placed at the head of this article, we must premise that we do not intend to review the book as a whole. It is made up of so many and such incongruous parts, that the mere description of it as a literary production would take up the whole space usually devoted to one subject in a *Quarterly Review*; and we should certainly neither be doing justice to the author's merits or demerits, nor should we afford much either of entertainment or instruction to our readers, were we to make any such attempt. It has already, whilst its first edition was before the public, been noticed in this *Review*. And, in what we say of this second and altered edition, we shall avoid, as far as may be, trespassing on ground which has been already occupied. The title-page informs us tolerably exactly, at least with as much exactness as can be expected from a title-page, of the contents of the publication. But, whereas it is usual for second editions to specify that they appear with alterations, amendments, additions, or modifications, Mr. Jowett professes no such thing; but, instead of professing, he has in this instance performed. He met with some severe handling from critics, and there were some awkward mistakes which we do not wonder that he should have preferred altering in silence, whilst some he has left unnoticed and unaltered; and the author has undoubtedly consulted his own reputation best by simply stating in his introduction that 'he has to thank many critics, unfavourable as well as favourable, for the attention which they have bestowed upon his 'work.'

Again, we do not profess to analyze or refute the different erroneous positions and fallacious arguments with which these volumes abound. Especially do we wish to avoid the sacred doctrine of the Atonement, which, undoubtedly, is not a doctrine of faith to Mr. Jowett in the same sense in which it is ordinarily held by Christians of all schools in this country. There is, indeed, no necessity for touching on these points any further than as to their indirect effect upon the whole of Mr. Jowett's teaching. And, before we go on to notice the particular point on which both the writers of whom we have been speaking have written, and on which both are open to criticism, we will content ourselves with expressing our approbation of the im-

proved scholarship of the present edition. The mistakes are not so numerous as they were in the previous edition; and some of the bad accents have been corrected. One might, indeed, have expected a Regius Professor of Greek both to have known the Greek accents and to have a sufficiently accurate eye to superintend the printing of a Greek text, especially, as in this instance, there is not the excuse of a small and illegible type. Still, though the printing and accentuation are by no means perfect, there is, as we have said, a considerable improvement. There still remain such anomalies as *καὶ γὰρ*, in spite of Porson's Preface to the Hecuba; and we are afraid that *καθὼς*, so printed in the text and so copied in the notes, indicates more ignorance in the Greek Professor than inadvertence in his printer. Such mistakes are, in themselves, trifles; but the perpetual recurrence of errors in the Greek text, if it proves nothing more, at least proves great carelessness on the part of the author; and indicates the slipshod character of mind which is eminently conspicuous throughout these volumes. We have met with as many as five mistakes in one half-page; we do not insist upon these as evidencing want of scholarship, which is abundantly shown without their help, but are content if they be thought to establish against the author a presumption of inaccuracy of mind, which will be more fully indicated in what follows.

There is probably no point on which the two writers whose works we have been noticing stand in more striking contrast, none which illustrates the slight sketch with which we commenced this article better, than the respective lines which they have taken with reference to Natural Theology. Mr. Jowett's book is a work of very heterogeneous elements, bound together by the single link of being thoughts which are the production of the same mind, and possessing a sort of consistency such as might be expected. The dissertations which are interspersed at intervals,—sometimes in the middle, sometimes at the end of an epistle,—have frequently little or no relation to *exegesis*, strictly so called, yet they have always some connexion with the text. They are like the day-dreams of a thoughtful mind, allowing itself to wander from its immediate subject to gather up such fragments of truth as may casually present themselves to it. Unlike his friend, and we suppose we may call him his colleague and coadjutor, Dr. Stanley, who is incapable of deep thought, and whose dissertations remind us of the polished themes of a schoolboy, elaborately varnished with superficial descriptions, Mr. Jowett seems quite to despise such external aids; his sentences are pregnant with thought, and are always suggestive of much more than is expressed; and, irrelevant as

are some of the dissertations to the general design of a commentary on Scripture, we do not feel disposed to quarrel with him for using isolated texts or episodes as pegs on which to hang his dissertations. The Essay on Natural Religion is the longest in the two volumes, occupying between sixty and seventy pages, and is a sort of appendage to the passage in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where S. Paul speaks of the state in which the Gentile world were, as to the knowledge of God. Little as we can agree with Mr. Jowett's disparagement of the value of the commonly received evidences for the existence and attributes of the Almighty, we are bound to state that we sympathize with his view of the case far more than we can with the opinion of Professor Powell, which is, intellectually speaking, nearer the truth. Looking at the matter in a merely logical point of view, we cannot deny that the latter is right in his assertion that the 'existence of mind' is what comes out from an investigation of the phenomena of the physical universe. What we object to in this writer is, that he entirely ignores the gap that exists between the idea of this god of nature and Him who has given us a revelation of Himself in the books of Scripture, and the existence of the Christian Church; and what deserves our strongest reprobation is the light and indifferent tone of all his books, seeming to imply that the writer does not care whether the student should proceed or not beyond the elementary idea of an Eternal Mind, from which he is argumentatively unable to escape. Mr. Jowett, on the contrary, is quite aware how little value such knowledge possesses; nay, he is oppressed with the contemplation of the little effect produced on the mass of mankind by the true knowledge of God, as He has revealed Himself in the Bible, and his thoughts have evidently been much occupied with this subject. We can scarcely doubt that sceptical thoughts have often suggested themselves to him, and that this one consideration is the main key to the unhappy position of belief in which he finds himself, whilst the habit of mind which incapacitates him from believing what he cannot prove in Revelation, leads him also to undervalue the evidence for the belief in God which is producible in nature. When we have added that he likes differing from anything that looks like a *textus receptus*, we have done with our analysis of the state of mind which accounts for the Essay on Natural Religion.

It seems scarcely necessary to say that the mode in which S. Paul speaks of natural religion is entirely with reference to practical results, and wholly regardlessly of intellectual difficulties; he takes it for granted that the eternal power and godhead both could be, and were, understood by the things that are made, and that moral depravity was the cause of the darkness

that had come over the heathen world. This degradation of humanity, which appeared to S. Paul so shocking, and which he reprobates so strongly, Mr. Jowett thinks it impossible for us in this day to view in the same light. The universality of it, which is the point pressed by the apostle, is in our author's opinion its principal excuse. Our classical education prevents us from being able to see things from the same point of view, and therefore S. Paul's point of view is the wrong one—such is really the conclusion, and the inconclusive argument by which it is supported, of the first section of this Essay. The inexcusableness of the sins of the Gentile world was owing to the fact that they knew better. The excuse that is offered for them in this Essay is, that 'men in general do as others do' (ii. 432). And this is mixed up with such deep and thoughtful, and in the main true, remarks on the difficult questions of human responsibility, and the force of external circumstances, and the difficulty of adjusting cases, and assigning the right degree of blame to crime, that many readers would scarcely notice the evil tendency of the pages of which we have just given a short epitome. In entire consistency with this view we find the author looking forward to the time of the 'Church of the Future'—when Christianity and the Mosaic dispensation will begin to be understood in themselves, and in their relation to each other; because we shall be able to see them in their true proportions as compared with Buddhism and those other religions which have been steps in the education of the human race; when Christianity shall no longer be regarded as protesting against all other religions, but as their crown and perfection and fulfilment. S. Paul tells us that the law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ: Mr. Jowett would add to this, that there have been many schoolmasters to bring men to Christ, and amongst them would appear to include the very forms of religion which alike issued from, and resulted in, the vilest prostitution of human energies and thoughts. And the awful resemblance between the externals of Buddhism and Christianity is urged as if the parallelism of their history implied something approaching to an equality in their value, whilst the very faults which exist amongst Christians seem to bring Christianity down nearly to a level with those forms of religion which exhibit similar corruptions. Mr. Jowett's is exactly the point of view from which we should expect an intellectual Buddhist to regard matters just after he had convinced himself that the facts of science to which Buddhism stands committed are not true, and that the circumstances of its annals would not, upon the whole, bear comparison with the authenticated history of Christianity, and who feels that the idea of the Gospel fits in to the requirements of his moral nature in some

respects more nicely than the religion in which he has been educated. Yet, withal, it is quite true that the knowledge which the heathen possess of God may be made use of as a stepping-stone by which they may be guided into truth; and it may be said that the difference between the views,—one of which speaks of it as a stepping-stone and the other as a schoolmaster,—is, after all, a difference only of degree, and not of kind. We will not stop to argue this question, which is in this instance perhaps only a question of words; we can have no wish to disparage the value of the relics of truth which exist in false religions, only we protest against the doctrine which would speak of Christianity being a development of heathenism, as it undoubtedly is of Judaism, rather than as antagonistic to every existing form of faith in the world. The religions of the world, whatever they may once have been, have all successively degenerated, with the advance of civilization, into the most monstrous immoralities. And this leads us on naturally to notice the groundless assertion of Mr. Jowett, that ‘The theory of a ‘primitive tradition common to all mankind has only to be ‘placed distinctly before the mind to make us aware that it is ‘the fabric of a vision’ (ii. p. 461). It is a fashionable theory with infidel writers that religion has sprung up, with a sort of spontaneous growth, in the mind of man, and first having exhibited itself in the uncouth form of nature-worship, has gradually developed into that which may be regarded as its highest manifestation, the nearest approach to some ideal standard to be reached in some remote epoch of the future. And we confess we know not how to distinguish Mr. Jowett’s view from this representation. The view itself, of course, discards the account of the creation and the fall of man as given us in the sacred writings—the mass of its advocates make no scruple of avowing their disbelief in the truth of any such tradition. Amidst numerous hints which seem to show that Mr. Jowett has no sympathy with the ordinary belief of Christians,—either on these historical points or the doctrine of Atonement, so intimately connected with them,—we find no distinct avowal of any such disbelief; and there is so much of truth and beauty in his observations on the relations of natural and revealed religion—and the observations themselves are scattered over his pages in so detached a form, yet so dreamily and vaguely connected with each other—that we scarcely know where we begin to differ from him. Each separate statement is capable of a fair interpretation; whilst the picture presented by the whole reveals to us a mind ill at ease amidst sceptical vagaries, and yet fancying itself to have found a resting-place for its faith. Thus ‘Revealed religion presupposes natural’ (ii. p. 457). There is a sense in which this is:

true. The missionary cannot work upon the heathen, with a view to their conversion, without appealing to some belief which they have within themselves; you cannot, in other words, expect a message to be received unless the existence and authority of Him who sends it be recognised by the recipient. But it would be simply absurd, if it were not in the highest degree irreverent, to speculate upon the case which the author puts—‘Let us imagine a first moment at which Revelation came into the world: there must still have been some prior state which ‘made Revelation possible.’ Now the account given of the dealings of God with the first man is either true or false. On the former supposition there is literally no conceivable use in discussing the question of the priority of natural or revealed religion; nor again, if there were, would there be any conceivable means of arriving at any decision on the matter. The importance then of the question rests solely upon the hypothesis that the historical account of the first chapters in Genesis has no claim whatever upon our belief. It is important to observe this, because the reader of Mr. Jowett’s lucubrations should know beforehand who are the people with whom he casts his lot. Many who would be unable to unravel the entangled skein of truth and falsehood, to distinguish between what is superficially glittering and what is substantially good, may pause before they begin, and look full in the face at the consequences to which his theories will inevitably lead them, and the company with whom they will be associated in the course of their investigations. If it is an ascertained fact that there were no dealings between God and man anterior to the time of Moses, the case which Mr. Jowett puts is full of force; and no doubt a highly interesting argument it would be, if we could put out of sight the truth that the claims of Moses would be themselves disproved by the admission of such an hypothesis. But it suits Mr. Jowett to ignore,—first, when he cannot disprove; secondly, in cases where his readers would be frightened at the too open statement of his scepticism.

Setting aside, then, as valueless, and mere childish delusions, unworthy of a philosophic mind, the direct intercourse which the oldest books of history which we possess, and which some people still think inspired, state to have taken place between the first created pair and their Creator, we quite agree with Mr. Jowett that the theory of a primitive tradition common to all mankind is a baseless fabric, and, even if conceivable, is inconsistent with facts. As to the earliest forms of worship met with in profane history, it would be idle to pretend that they present much resemblance to the adoration of a Being such as Him whom Paley attempts to demonstrate from the

analogy of the watch and its maker. Ancient history certainly does not countenance the idea of a general religion, but tells us of particular, national, and we may add, perhaps, individual, religions, and these standing in most remarkable relations, whether of development and advance, or of degeneration and decadence, to each other. The light which recent researches have thrown upon the religions of the world would seem very little to fall in with the view which infidel writers are so partial to, of man in his savage state finding his religion amidst the war of the elements or the powers of nature whose beneficial effects he feels, and then, as civilization advances, gradually imbibing the idea of anthropomorphism, from which he as gradually emerges into the full blaze of light which the conception of the Absolute sheds over his soul. On the contrary, it will be found that worship has alternated between the abstract and the concrete, the material and the ideal, the visible and the invisible, now advancing, now retrograding, and sometimes varying, so that it is scarcely possible to speak of it as entirely an advance or a retrogression, but partaking of both these qualities. We say the facts are at variance with the development theory of religion. A primeval revelation is, in fact, the only reasonable account that can be given of the fantastic forms of religion which the history of nations presents to us. Under this view the different religions of the world, with the wondrous approximations to truth which underlie them all, and the clearly traceable connexion between their degradation and the immorality of their votaries, are consistent and intelligible. The other theory can only be rendered apparently consistent by taking large averages, ignoring exceptional cases, and allowing Christianity its place in a series beginning as far back as history will allow, and extending forwards to the future, when, in the advancing tide of knowledge, itself will appear like the mere aspiration of humanity in its infancy.

It is no uncommon thing to see people, who are bent on supporting a false theory of religion, entirely losing sight of the plainest truths, and having their judgments warped in such degree as to make a reflecting mind pause to inquire how far it is an instance of judicial blindness. Nothing in the whole of this Essay has astonished us so much as the assertion that the elder religions of the world have no idea of right or wrong, seeming to be wholly devoid of moral elements. The author appears bent on exhibiting his own ignorance and partiality, and, instead of confining himself to vague statements,—which assuredly would have suited his purpose better,—he instances Homer and the tragic poets. That there may be no misapprehension, we must quote his exact words. ‘No action in

‘Homer, however dishonourable or treacherous, calls forth moral reprobation. Neither gods nor men are expected to present any ideal of justice or virtue; their power or splendour may be the theme of the poet’s verse, not their truth or goodness’ (p. 465). And again, in the same page, ‘Ideas of right and wrong have no place in them.’ We will just quote the first instance that occurs to our memory, which is one of a thousand passages in Homer which imply a distinction between right and wrong, independently of their results, and, for a complete answer to his assertion, refer him to the elaborate essay on the subject in the second volume of Mr. Gladstone’s ‘Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age:’—

*ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κείνος ὁμῶς Ἀἰδαο πύλησιν,
ὅς χ’ ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.*

If the professor of Greek has studied Homer superficially, he appears equally ignorant of later Greek writers. The deep thoughts of vengeance overtaking sin in a mysterious way, of crime never escaping retribution, and the mystery of the inequality of punishment which awaits the sinner here, as well as the sufferings which fall upon the innocent; the hints of deliverance, and a coming expiation for sin; the appreciation of purity and chastity, which appear throughout the tragedies of Æschylus, and which invest them with so profound an interest—all these points are summed up in the cold unsympathizing statement, that ‘A later age made a step forwards in morality, and backwards at the same time; it acquired clearer ideas of right and wrong, but found itself encumbered with conceptions of fate and destiny. The vengeance of the Eumenides has but a rude analogy with justice; the personal innocence of the victim whom the gods pursued is a part of the interest in some instances of Greek tragedy’ (ii. 465). It suited Mr. Jowett’s theory to find a slight advance in morality in Greek literature, and, accordingly, he had no difficulty in finding it: yet we must confess that it seems wonderful to us that he should have repeated these statements in his second edition, in the teeth of the powerful analysis of this subject which appeared from the pen of Mr. Gladstone in the interval between the publication of his two editions.

The last two sections of this Dissertation on Natural Religion are occupied with an attempt to disparage the ordinarily alleged proofs of the being of a God, and to exalt its value as being, in the author’s view, the ordinary religion of people who are neither very good nor very bad; ‘the average, as it may be termed, of religious feeling in a Christian land;’ or what he seems to use as a synonymous expression, ‘the haven of the

Gospel hidden in the world.' Mr. Jowett might with equal truth have alleged that two distinct things are identical; in fact, he does say so, though not in so many words; and having said this, we shall spare ourselves the vexation of arguing the case further, or urging any reasons why we decline to regard our fellow Christians, however lamentably they may fall short of the Gospel standard of morality, as living under a system of natural rather than revealed religion. Alas! those who have ceased to pray to the God of Revelation, in whose worship they were taught from their infancy, are not often to be found on their knees before the God of nature; and there is more of danger in the pantheistic spirit amongst those who have altogether ceased to hold converse with God than in the avowed belief in Pantheism, which meets us here and there in works of which it is difficult to say whether shallowness or conceit be the more prominent characteristic.

In the prosecution of his task, Mr. Jowett begins with the celebrated argument from final causes and the defects which are incident to it. And here Mr. Jowett might have made a better case if he had read what others have said on the subject, instead of drawing wholly from the resources of his own mind. The objection which Hume so acutely conceived and so concisely expressed to the form of this argument has been noticed by us at length in a previous number of this Review.¹

Mr. Jowett's objections may be classed as follows:—That matter is not life, that regularity is different from irregularity, that a part is not equal to the whole. We are almost at a loss to imagine what the phantom is which he has conjured up as an antagonist to be knocked down. It may be admitted that Paley and other writers on the evidence from final causes have sometimes overstated their case, and have not been careful to distinguish the exact amount of Divine attributes that emerge from a view of nature, but Mr. Jowett's attack upon the doctrine seems to imply some sort of belief in his mind that his opponents considered the religion of nature as embracing all the doctrines of Revelation, just as if natural theology were so perfect as to supersede the necessity of revealed. Upon the whole, we do not find any material fault with Mr. Jowett's description of the argument and the narrowness of its conclusion. What we think we have reason to accuse him of is, that he lives in such an isolated world of thought as never to have attended to what other people say, the consequence of which is that he misrepresents them, and then frequently speaks as if he thought men were dishonestly upholding a theory which they

¹ See *The Christian Remembrancer* for January, 1857, pp. 79, 86.

do not believe, and this because the distorted image of their belief produced in his own mind seems too full of absurdities for any rational being to believe.

Perhaps one of the deepest and most comprehensive thoughts on this subject which has ever found utterance was enunciated by Plato, and afterwards modified by S. Anselm, viz. that our highest conception must have a true existence. This Mr. Jowett considers to be 'no more than saying, in a technical or 'dialectical form, that we cannot imagine God without imagining 'that He is.' We really see nothing technical or dialectical in the easy and intelligible language of S. Anselm. The technicality lies wholly in Mr. Jowett's version, which also may, for all we know, be dialectical, but certainly is not logical. S. Anselm's expression is equivalent to saying that we cannot imagine God unless He is; but Mr. Jowett, apparently unable to distinguish between the subjective and objective, thrusts in the words '*imagining that*,' and so spoils the whole meaning of the sentence. It reminds us of the miserable play upon the words *esse* and *esse miserum* in the first book of the Tusculan Disputations. As to any positive theory, either of natural or revealed religion, we are not to expect any such thing from this author. We do not profess to be able to find the focus to which all the vague hints thrown out in this Essay may be thought to converge. We cannot make a tolerably consistent theory out of his disjointed fragments, and we are sure that he cannot do so for himself. And what is especially worthy of blame in him is, that, being himself at sea on the wide ocean of truth, with no guide that he feels any reliance on himself, instead of asking for assistance from others, he disdainfully refuses all proffered aid, and contents himself with attempting to demonstrate that all others are wrong in trusting to the guides whom they have chosen for themselves, or in whom they have hitherto trusted. With extraordinary recklessness he attacks, now commonly received opinions, now the doctrines of particular schools; and, what is most distressing, he appears to have no scruple in criticising and setting himself above S. Paul, for whom he appears to entertain no more respect than for any other mere human being. Though he has not edited the Epistles to the Corinthians, he has, we suppose, read them. There is a remarkable argument in one of them on the resurrection of the body. Let the reader think of that, and then read the following passage, in which we will only remind him that Mr. Jowett uses the word *soul* and not *body*. 'Why, 'again, should we argue for the immortality of the soul from 'the analogy of the seed and the tree, or the state of human 'beings before and after birth, when the ground of proof in one

'case is wanting in the other, namely, experience.' Is it so very absurd, in a case where experience cannot be had, to have recourse to argument for establishing a conclusion? Mr. Jowett seems to think that if we had the experience the argument would be valid, and seems quite to forget that it would be useless. 'Again, because the dead acorn may a century hence become a spreading oak, no one would infer that the corrupted remains of animals will rise to life in new forms. The error is not in the use of such illustrations as figures of speech, but in the allegation of them as proofs or evidences after the failure of the analogy is perceived. Perhaps it may be said that in popular discourse they pass unchallenged; it may be a point of honour that they should be maintained because they are in Paley or Butler' (we must be permitted to add S. Paul). 'But evidences for the many which are not evidences for the few are treacherous props to Christianity. They are always liable to come back to us detected, and to need some other fallacy for their support' (ii. p. 485). We will make no further comment upon the passage than to remark that rhetoric is not logic; that the century which naturalists tell us is the period of the oak's reaching its maturity, and the enormous size to which, from small beginnings, it at length attains, though giving rise to very interesting thoughts, are not exactly the point of the argument which really rests upon the instantaneous change from the downward process of corruption to the springing up of life.

But we have yet to notice the last, and much the most painful, section of this Essay on Natural Religion. It professes to treat of that phase of it which is current in society. We have above stated our opinion of the absurdity of speaking of the mass of Christians, who do not seem much under the direct influence of Christianity, as living under a system of natural religion. And we do not wish to join issue with Mr. Jowett as to the essential difference between the state of those who have once been made heirs of the kingdom of heaven by sacramental grace, and the heathen who have not been made partakers of the same privileges. No doubt a wide gulf of belief separates us from him here, and we must be content to forego this part of the question, and rest the case only on the supposition of the belief in which such persons have been educated, and which they have retained; even thus, it seems a great absurdity to speak of ordinary Christians living under a system of natural religion. So far as the particular doctrines of Christianity have ceased to influence them, neither are such persons under the influence of religious belief at all. If they are kept in a respectable course, that is owing much

more to the mass of secondary motives by which they are influenced. But, indeed, it is probably a larger class of persons who are to some extent influenced by directly religious motives, and of these we can see no reason to suppose that the ruling motive owes its sanction to natural rather than to revealed religion. Take, for instance, the simple duty of almsgiving, as coming under the general head of doing as we would be done by, and excluding those who may be supposed to give from whatever complication of motives not directly religious, surely we should not be wrong in supposing that the motive which is most commonly effectual is the belief that we are bound to do so for Christ's sake, rather than the precept of natural religion, *Quod tibi fieri non vis, id alteri ne feceris*. If it is argued that the world at large is very much kept in the right way and saved from offending by considerations of policy, and by following natural inclinations, rather than by any strong sense of duty, that is a position which we do not feel any disposition to controvert. And this is the state of things upon which Mr. Jowett descants in the fifth head, under which he treats natural religion. The case seems to us altogether irrelevant to the subject of natural religion; yet Mr. Jowett has tacked it on, and we must not omit to notice it. If our next few remarks are on a different subject from that of which we have been speaking, the fault is his, not ours.

The hints thrown out seem to us neither more nor less than a profane attempt to solve the awful question, 'Lord, are there few that be saved?' The answer which is meant to be conveyed in this concluding section of the Essay amounts to this, that it is impossible to believe that the people with whom we are in habits of daily intercourse shall be lost, and the conclusion that this carries with it is, the comfortable thought that we too shall be included in their number. This conclusion is not definitely put out. It would have stood in too glaring a contradiction to well-known passages of holy writ. The many that are called, the few that are chosen; the one being taken, the other left; are texts which leave an indelible impression on every thoughtful mind, and we think there are many indications in Scripture that this is the impression meant to be left, and we may, without irreverence, venture to say, that there appears good reason why such an impression should be left. Mr. Jowett has most skilfully put out thoughts that we never remember to have seen in print before, but which have presented themselves, we doubt not, to every religious mind. He has given us a description, first, of the state of mind of people such as are usually seen in the world, and then, of the various feelings which from time to time we entertain with regard to such

persons, and of the comparisons we are in the habit of instituting between them and ourselves. The picture which he has presented is, in all its main features, a true representation of the case. The actual state of people in the Christian Church, as contrasted with what might have been expected by an enthusiastic mind, is forcibly put out, and, as nobody knows better than Mr. Jowett, has been the chief real or alleged cause of secession from the Church to the ranks of infidelity. If people are so impatient, that they must have a solution of all their difficulties, we do not see what place there is for them in the Christian dispensation. It is, perhaps, a strange anomaly, that Christians should be living side by side, not caring to inquire minutely into each other's state of mind, of whom Scripture speaks so often, under the designation of the Church and the world, the wheat and the tares, the sheep and the goats, the children of light and the children of the world. It is true that of great numbers we cannot say in which of these divisions we should find a place for them; but that seems but a poor reason for ignoring, in our thoughts, the difference which it is not denied Holy Scripture represents as separating them. If Mr. Jowett would say the representations of Scripture are therefore false, we should understand what he meant, and at least assign him the praise of consistency. But he does not say this, neither does he place the conclusion, which fairly might have finished this part of his Essay, in this portion of the volume; it appears at a distance of 350 pages from its legitimate premises, and is linked on to an entirely different subject, viz. the universal brotherhood of the redeemed, as distinguished from the restricted offers of God's mercy under the old dispensation. We shall give it in the author's own words, premising only, that the pronoun with which the sentence commences refers, according to his own arrangement, to the latter view, but ought to refer to the picture of which we have been speaking. 'It relieves us from anxiety about the condition of other men, of friends departed, of those ignorant of the Gospel, of those of a different form of faith from our own; knowing that God, who has thus far lifted up the veil, will justify the circumcision through faith, and the uncircumcision by faith; the Jew who fulfils the law, and the Gentile who does by nature the things contained in the law' (ii. p. 141). This passage affords a fair specimen of the style of Mr. Jowett's teaching. We have already spoken of the vague manner in which his thoughts, in themselves extremely suggestive, are thrown out; the mode in which a conclusion is left untouched which seems inevitably to follow from the premises; the shrinking from stating explicitly, though probably

not from recognising in his own mind, the consequences to which his doctrines lead; but the passage just quoted indicates another and a much graver fault than any of these. He is fond of coupling together under the same category, things which, to say the least, will bear being looked at separately, and which most thinkers would prefer to view distinctly. We are far from charging him with designedly mystifying his readers, by linking together subjects which ought to be separate, for the dishonest purpose of involving in the same conclusion certain propositions which, if they had been kept apart, no one would naturally have placed in the category in which they are found in these volumes. For instance, in the passage just quoted, there is a very remarkable deficiency of accuracy (some persons might even have thought of candour) in classing together the perplexing thoughts as to the state of the heathen world, who have never had the opportunity of hearing the glad tidings of the Gospel; the various shades of doubt which different men—and, indeed, the same men, at different times—have felt on the subject of those who have known the true faith, and have acquiesced in some schismatical or heretical deviation from it; and, again, the harassing alternations of hope and fear with which all religious people have at some time or another regarded the future destiny of those whom they have been associated with on earth. The three subjects are almost entirely distinct in themselves. The first belongs directly to S. Paul's argument, the second is indirectly connected with it, whilst the last belongs altogether to a different phase of thought. The first belongs wholly to the subject of our ignorance of God's dealings with His creatures, *e.g.* how far His grace may overflow its regularly appointed channels; whilst most of the distress to which we are subjected by the last, is owing to our ignorance of persons' real characters and habits, how they have lived as regards that inner life of the soul into which no bystander can penetrate, howsoever piercing his glance may be, or how adequate the repentance may have been to atone for the past; whilst the case of the heretic and schismatic just serves to bridge over the interval between the two, because it belongs to both these subjects; and thus appears to introduce into the conclusion that which really has no business there. The author would have made the view which is in his own mind more conspicuous (but then that was not his object probably), if he had added to the enumeration of cases in which we are 'relieved from anxiety by the argument of S. Paul,' the still more important question as to our own state in God's sight. There are two ways of softening down the awful alternative of the awards of the day of judgment:

the one which has been adopted by Mr. Maurice and his friends, is to explain away the doctrine of future punishment, the other is by enlarging the sphere of the application of the province of God's mercy; and the whole tone of the notes and dissertations which we have been reviewing shows unmistakably the conclusion at which Mr. Jowett has arrived, as plainly as if he had stated it in so many words. As regards faith, it may be expressed thus:—

‘For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.’

As regards practice—it is, that the ordinary life of people, who are not guilty of gross sins, is good enough. It would require many more extracts than we could afford space for to exhibit these points with any degree of clearness, and probably no amount of mere extracted passages would seem adequate to so grave a charge. But we do not doubt that such would be the impression left upon the mind of any fair reader, of whatever school, supposing him to have the ordinary amount of religious education, of the middle classes. Nor must we quit this subject without noticing in conclusion, what indeed is closely connected with this view, but which we do not want to put in evidence to justify our opinion of Mr. Jowett. We have said that we acquit him of the charge of dishonesty, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, especially as regards the suppressing of what he must see that his remarks evidently tend to. And the acquittal is undoubtedly justified by the bold and reckless style in which he occasionally puts out statements almost in irreconcilable contradiction to the very letter of Scripture. We do not profess, in this short notice, to give any account of the notes, either critical or explanatory, on the epistles, but we must quote part of a little dissertation on hypocrisy, which, though quite out of place as a note, appears in that capacity as an appendage to an explanation of the use of the particle *δὲ* in the third verse of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

‘Hypocrisy is almost always unconscious: it draws the veil over its own evil deeds while it condemns its neighbours; it deceives others, but begins by deceiving the hypocrite himself. It is popularly described as pretending to be one thing, and doing, thinking, or feeling another; in fact it is very different. Nobody really leads this sort of unnatural and divided existence. A man does wrong, but he forgets it again; he sees the same fault in another, and condemns it; but no arrow of conscience reaches him, no law of association suggests to him that he has sinned too. Human character is weak and plastic, and soon reforms itself into a deceitful whole. Indignation may be honestly felt at others by men who do the same things themselves; they may often be said to relieve their own conscience, perhaps even to strengthen the moral sentiments of mankind, by their

expression of it. The worst hypocrites are bad as we can imagine, but they are not such as we imagine. The Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, were unlike what they seem to us; much more would they have regarded their own lives in another light from that in which our Lord has pictured them. Their hypocrisy, too, might be described as weakness and self-deception, only heightened and made more intense by the time and country in which they lived. It was the hypocrisy of an age and of a state of society, blinder, perhaps, and more fatal for this very reason, but less culpable in the individuals who were guilty of it. Those who said, "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die," were not without a zeal for God, though seeking to take away Him in whom only the law was fulfilled. But although experience of ourselves and others seems to show that hypocrisy is almost always unconscious, such is not the idea that we ordinarily attach to the word hypocrite. This singular psychological phenomenon is worth our observing. The reason is, first, that the strong contrast we observe between the seeming and the reality, between the acts and words of the hypocrite, leads us to speak as though the contrast was present and conscious to himself: we cannot follow the subtle mazes through which he leads himself; we see only the palpable outward effect. Secondly, the notion that hypocrisy is self-deception, or weakness, is inadequate to express our abhorrence of it. Thirdly, our use of language is adapted to the common opinions of mankind, and often fails of expressing the finer shades of human nature.—Vol. ii. p. 80.

In order to see the full force of the accusation we are now bringing against Mr. Jowett, the reader must read, or at least bear in mind the fearful denunciations of woe uttered by our Saviour, as recorded in the twentieth chapter of S. Matthew's Gospel. To it we will add no further comment, with the exception of calling attention to the loose language in which Mr. Jowett clothes his ideas. He really cannot differ in a moderate degree from other people. He begins this note with saying that 'Nobody really leads this sort of unnatural and divided existence.' This strong language is subsequently modified into 'experience seems to show that hypocrisy is *almost* always unconscious.' Mr. Jowett, no doubt, feels strongly; he has been accustomed to think of most people being unconsciously hypocritical; and he has probably often been ear-witness in cases of people speaking in a higher style than their lives seemed to warrant. He has heard people denounce hypocrisy, whom he thinks guilty of precisely the same kind of hypocrisy, and that mainly because he is utterly unable to throw himself into the feelings, and appreciate the state of mind of others. And the expression which perhaps politeness prevented him from uttering, 'You are all a parcel of hypocrites; there is not much difference between you and the persons you are condemning,' has lost none of its force by being pent up for a time, and issuing in a printed defence of hypocrisy on the ground that it is common. But the world will at least demand accuracy of him who sets up to be a philo-

sopher, and despises its opinion ; and certainly will not be convinced by such vague assertions, either that there are none so wicked as, for the sake of interest, habitually to practise themselves in that quality which has been so well described as the homage which vice renders to virtue, or that there is not a distinction between that self-deception which is common amongst people who in the main are virtuous, and the hypocrisy of those who voluntarily deceive themselves.

ART. VIII. — Φιλολογικὴ καὶ κριτικὴ ἱστορία τῶν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀμέχρι τῆς ἑκατονταετηρίδος ἀκμασάντων ἀγίων τῆς ἐκκλησίας πατέρων. Ὑπὸ Κωνσταντίνου Κοντογόνου καθηγητοῦ τῆς θεολογίας ἐν τῇ Πανεπιστήμῳ Ὁθωνος καὶ τῇ ἐκκλησιαστικῇ Ριζαρέυφ σχολῇ. Τόμοι πρῶτος καὶ δεύτερος. Ἐν Ἀθήναις, τύποις καὶ ἀναλώμασι Σ. Κ. Βλάστου· κατὰ τὴν ὁδὸν Ἑρμοῦ, Ἀριθ. 212.

It is curious to observe how the increasing strength and wide spread of the English Church has made some questions of immediately pressing importance, which, fifty years ago, would only have had an antiquarian interest. Had any one,—in the days, say, when the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were first set up,—sat down to furnish a paper to either of them on the nature and extent of metropolitanical jurisdiction, he would have known that he was only writing it for those who took an interest in Ecclesiastical antiquities, and that the so-called practical man, whether concerned with the politics of the State or the Church, would pass it by. The case is now widely altered. The authority of metropolitans over their suffragans is a subject which must shortly be settled in some way or other; and the right or wrong settlement of which will further, or will retard, the welfare of the English Church and its various branches, more than almost any other that can be named.

Up to the beginning of the present century, what was the case with regard to our foreign possessions? When we had discovered, too late, that the want of a national Episcopate had been one of the causes which brought about the separation of the United States from the British Crown, we planted a Bishopric in Canada. The enormously increasing interests of India at length shamed us into sending a bishop to Calcutta. But with those two exceptions all our foreign dependencies were, or were supposed to be, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. Truly when one looks back to that time, and compares the then with the present state of the English Church, it is enough to make us exclaim, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' The poor little 'United Church of England and Ireland,' out of communion with Scotland, out of communion with America, with only its two foreign bishops: that on the one side. On the other, the English

Church now, with its Scotch sister and American daughter, the latter outnumbering in its Episcopate the mother, and the colonial Churches in all parts of the world increasing in a ratio to which past Ecclesiastical history affords no parallel.

In those old times what was the Metropolitan system as regards ourselves? At one period,—for nearly thirty years, eight metropolitans held rule in Great Britain. The two of England, Canterbury and York; the four of Ireland, Armagh, Dublin, Tuam, and Cashel; the two of Scotland, S. Andrew's and Glasgow. The accession of William of Orange abolished the two last. Tuam and Cashel fell before Lord Stanley's spoliation bill. But, 'Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.'

And behold, we have already four, and ought to have five new metropolitans. Calcutta for India, Capetown for South Africa, Sydney for Australia; New Zealand; those we have already gained. It is clearly necessary that Canada should have its own metropolitan; and surely the West Indies are important enough to have a metropolitan of their own. The question, then, which will soon have to be solved is this: Do these new metropolitans owe any obedience whatever to the See of Canterbury? If so, what are its limits? In case—which is not only within the limits of possibility, but far within those of probability—that Australia shall some day contain within itself five or six independent republics, united only by goodwill and Anglo-Saxon blood with England,—and we may make the same supposition with regard to Canada,—and how should we stand in an ecclesiastical point of view then?

Notice further this: that while the primacy of Canterbury is almost, and that of York entirely, a dead letter, in the new metropolitanates the primatial power is a living and moving thing. The Bishop of Calcutta is bound to visit, metropolitically, the dioceses of his suffragans once in three years; and in order to do so with the utmost freedom, he is in the habit, when entering the diocese of his suffragans, of suspending the inferior bishop from all authority during his visitation. Also we must notice that, in consequence of their being unshackled by the State, the colonial dioceses, with their independent synods, with, in Canada, their free election of bishops, and with their further removal from the seat of political government, are sure to outstrip the Mother Church in energy and progress. The two questions, then, are: 'What authority has the Colonial Metropolitan over his suffragans?' and, 'What authority has the Archbishop of Canterbury over him?'

Now we will go back to the past, and see what we can learn from that. It is not worth while to carry our investigations

earlier than the fourth century ; because, till the Church was at external peace, it was hardly at liberty to attend to its internal organisation. Look, then, at this organisation as it existed after the Second Œcumenical Council. In the time of S. Ambrose, and S. Augustine, and S. Jerome, what was it ?

And first we have the three great patriarchates, though not as yet known by that name : Rome, Alexandria, Antioch. Next to them in position, though far inferior in power, Jerusalem. Next came the three exarchates : Ephesus, with the diocese of Asia, and twelve provinces ; Cæsarea, with the diocese of Pontus, and thirteen provinces ; Heraclea, with the diocese of Thrace, and six provinces. Next again to these came the primates of Thessalonica, Carthage, and Milan. Now let us see of what size were the metropolitical provinces which made up these patriarchates and exarchates ; and as Asia Minor was then the garden of the Church, let us take that for our example. And first look at the diocese at Pontus. The first of its metropolises was that of Cappadocia, afterwards divided into three, but at this time one ecclesiastical province. This was something more than 330 miles in its greatest length, and 220 in its greatest breadth. Truly an enormous province, and with singularly few bishops. In this vast province we know but of fifteen sees ; each of which must therefore have been considerably larger than English bishoprics of the present day. The next province was Armenia, afterwards in like manner divided into two, with its eighteen bishoprics. Then we come to Galatia, also subsequently divided into two ; about 220 miles in length, by half that distance in breadth. Here we have nineteen bishoprics. Next comes the province of Pontus Polemoniacus, with eight bishoprics, and about two-thirds the size of Galatia. Next to this Helenopontus, with eight bishops also. After this we come to Paphlagonia, with Gangra for its metropolis. This, less in size than the other, had six bishops. Bithynia, afterwards split into three, holds the next place, with its metropolis Nicomedia ; and could boast as many as thirty bishops. These compose the Pontic diocese ; a total of seven, afterwards thirteen, provinces, and one hundred and four bishops.

If we go on to the Asiatic diocese, very much the superior of the others in wealth and population, we shall find the number of bishoprics increase in the same proportion. The province of Asia, which included nearly Lydia and Mysia, had forty-three bishops. Hellespontus, under Cyzicum, had seventeen. Phrygia, afterwards divided into two, had under the metropolis of Laodicea no less than sixty-two. Lydia, under Sardis, only a part of the secular province of that name, had twenty-six. Little Caria, under Miletus, had also twenty-six. The scattered

Cyclades, under Rhodes, had nineteen. Lycia, the smallest of the provinces, about fifty-five miles in breadth by sixty in length, that is, not half as big again as Sussex, had no less than thirty-two bishops. Pamphylia, under Side, had thirty-seven. Pisidia, under Antioch, also a small province, twenty-five. And lastly, Lycaonia had eighteen. This gives a total for the Asiatic diocese of more than three hundred bishops; a number exceeding all those of Roman Catholic Europe, Italy excepted.

Now at that early period we find the metropolitan exercising a veto on the election of a bishop, in some cases apparently alone, in some acting with a synod of the com-provincials. The twelfth canon of Laodicea speaks very plainly; 'Bishops are not to be instituted without the consent of the metropolitans and of the neighbouring bishops,'—by which last expression we understand the suffragans of the same province. But the Council of Antioch is the fullest in its Canons with respect to the duties and rights of a metropolitan. The ninth canon forbids that anything of great moment be undertaken without his sanction; he is to be the mover of all that goes on in the diocese; no bishop is to visit the Court without his metropolitan's leave. That of Sardica says much the same thing; while that in Trullo plainly lays down the rule that the Civil is also to be the Ecclesiastical metropolis. And it cannot be doubted that this was a very prudent regulation. The Proconsul, or Prefect, or Count, or by whatever other name he might be called, concentrating the civil power in a city which only possessed an ordinary bishop, would have been apt to overwhelm the Church with Erastianism: by the precaution taken, the Church concentrated her strength on the same place, and met the civil authority on more equal grounds. It is worth while considering whether in this country, from the very beginning, the neglect of that rule has not been attended with disastrous consequences. The position of our metropolitans in cities which, but for them, would be perfectly insignificant, has left the Church at a disadvantage in connexion with the secular power. So greatly was the inconvenience of a similar arrangement felt in France, that Paris, after long remaining suffragan to the metropolitan of Sens, at length obtained her own archbishop: who naturally, though not officially, has ever since been considered one of the highest ecclesiastics in the kingdom. The miserable state of Spain we all know; and there Madrid, far from being the seat of a metropolitan, has not even a bishop. The case was the same in Scotland, where the Primate was put away into a corner of the kingdom, if not very far from the civil metropolis, at least in a place not to be got at without extreme

inconvenience and difficulty; nor had Edinburgh a bishop till the time of Charles I. Ireland was better off; since if Armagh were primate, the Metropolitan of Dublin took precedence at least of the others. We may notice that it was in the fifth century that metropolitans attained their highest power. At that time they were not over-balanced by the absolute supremacy of the patriarchates. The three exarchs hardly claimed much authority: Antioch had so vast a diocese, that its further metropolitans were necessarily pretty well autocephalous: Alexandria was the only metropolis of Egypt: the primate of Carthage exercised no very great control over the other metropolitans, as of Numidia and Mauritania. We must not forget to notice, that in Africa that canon of Antioch was never observed. There the metropolis of each province was not fixed; the eldest or most influential bishop exercised the functions of metropolitan. The twenty-eighth canon of the third Council of Carthage forbids the bishops of each province to cross the sea without the leave of the *primæ sedis Episcopus*.

Let us draw lessons for ourselves as we go along. Surely it would be well if that canon were re-enacted for our colonial churches. The bishops of the suffragan sees there, seem to have the most singular vocation for being in England. In fact, judging from the proceedings of many of them, one should imagine that they had been consecrated prelates abroad, merely that they might preach charity sermons with greater emphasis at home. And besides the harm which the lengthened absence of the diocesan must effect among his own people, there is a serious question arising out of this very subject. It may very well happen that the presence of every bishop in the province, who is capable of travelling, may be necessary for the consecration of a new prelate. Either from objecting to an increase of the Episcopate, or from personal dislike to the newly appointed bishop, a suffragan takes himself off, and renders the consecration impossible. A metropolitan surely ought to have the power of saying, 'Go afterwards if you will, but at all events I will have you stay for this office.'

If we go on in the fifth century, we shall find its conclusion distinguished by an endeavour in the Western Church, among the greater metropolitans, to become primates. There surely never was a more vague authority than that which this much coveted office bestowed; and the absolute titularity into which it sank before long, would almost seem absurd if we were not so used to it. It served, however, as one of the many stepping-stones by which Rome attained to her present exaltation. In the fifth century the primacy of any kingdom

was little more than the attachment of the Legantine office to its holder. At this time Seville was, beyond all doubt, the primatial see of Spain. And how does S. Simplicius of Rome write to S. Zeno in 482? 'We have thought it fitting to support thee with the vicarial authority of our see, in order that, propped by its strength, thou mayest in no wise permit the decrees of apostolical institution, or the bounds of the holy fathers, to be violated.' And thirty-five years later, S. Hormisdas, writing to Sallust, Bishop of the same see,—it is the twenty-sixth epistle of that Pope,—appoints him his vicar through Bætica, the modern Andalusia, and Lusitania, which was then nearly conterminous with the kingdom of Portugal. He does so, he says, for the better observation of canons and ecclesiastical discipline: but then, there is a '*salvis privilegiis quæ metropolitanis episcopis detulit antiquitas*.' But then we find the same Pope in the same year appointing John of Tarragona his vicar over the rest of Spain. Seville, however, obtained the primacy over that see also; for S. Leander, in the Third Council of Toledo,—he that drew up the first rough draft of the Mozarabic Office,—took precedence of the other archbishops: and so at a later period, S. Isidore of Seville presided at the Fourth Council of Toledo, taking precedence of the Archbishops of Narbonne, Merida, Braga, Toledo, Tarragona. And their primacy continued at least till the Twelfth Council of Toledo.

We find a similar primacy attached in the fifth century to Arles, as regarded the Church of France. S. Hilarius, writing to Leontius of that see, constitutes him primate, with the power of assembling yearly national synods. By the strength of this commission, and as if to keep his hand in, we find the worthy primate calling S. Mamertus of Vienne to account for ordaining a Bishop of Die, which was out of the bounds of his province. S. Cesarius of Arles was in 514 made primate, not only of Gaul, but of the neighbouring provinces of Spain. It would appear that the consent of the civil power was necessary for these arrangements: thus Vigilius, continuing the primacy to Auxanius of Arles, does so at the request of King Childebert, and, what is more strange, with the permission of the Emperor Justinian.

There seems to have been no similar arrangement in the Eastern Church. There the rank of the different metropolitans was exactly ascertained, as indeed it is to this day; and changes were from time to time made in their precedence, but always by the secular power. When a patriarch attached a kind of vicegerency to any distant see, that see was sure in time to become virtually autocephalous. Thus Alexandria committed a

vicarial jurisdiction to Axum in Ethiopia: and the Ethiopic Church, except that it always applied to head-quarters for a new primate, became perfectly independent. So Constantinople appointed a vicar, whether at Kieff or Moscow, for the Russian Church; and the metropolitans of Moscow were virtually independent long before that city was raised to a fifth patriarchate. So again Georgia had its own autocephalous metropolitan; who for his part threw off another into Kartalania. Antioch did the same thing in two ways: in the one direction, the Catholic of Chaldæa fixing his see first at Seleucia, then at Mosul, became independent, and he formed another primatial shoot in Malabar. On the other hand, a second autocephalous primate for Armenia appeared first at Etchmiadzine, then at Sis and elsewhere. In fact, the different geniuses of the East and West appear in nothing more strikingly than in their different arrangements about primates. Yet doubtless 'all these worked That One and the self-same Spirit.'

To return to the West. It is difficult to say whether Rome gave or received most in the fifth and sixth centuries by the institution of primacies and the donation of the pallium. Now of course every metropolitan calls himself a primate of something or other. If York cannot be Primate of All England, he will at all events be Primate of England; and so Dublin of Ireland. In France they managed in a different way. Thus the Archbishop of Rouen is Primate of Normandy; the Archbishop of Auch, of Novem populania; the Archbishop of Lyons calls himself Primate of all Gaul; while he of Vienne, to be a step above the others, calls himself Primate of the Primates of Gaul. But these titles are infinitely less unmeaning than those of the East. Thus the Bishop of Cæsaræa calls himself Most Excellent of the Most Excellent; while the metropolitan of Heraclea contents himself with that of the First of the Most Excellent. The name of Primate is not in use, but every little prelate is Exarch of something or other. The Archbishop of Mesembria, having nothing better by way of a title, is Exarch of the Black Sea; and the petty bishoprics of Lemnos and Embros strive together for the title of Exarch of the Ægean Sea; of the sea itself, that is, for the exarchy of the islands in it is already occupied. However, we are still writing of times when the primacy was not a mere title of honour. As Seville in Spain, and Arles in France, so Salzburg in Germany very soon claimed the like authority, though not quite so early. Arno, sixth Bishop of that see, obtained the pallium, the title of Metropolitan, and the primacy of that part of Germany, in 792. As say the tuneless lines:—

In quâ pontifices multos post rite sedentes
 Arn successit ovans rector ovile regens.
Quem Carolus Princeps regni superauxit honore
 Archi-sacerdotis, dignior ut fieret :
Quem Leo Papa sui veste vestivit honoris
 Et privilegia dans mox solidavit eum :
Ut regionis apex et summus episcopus esset
 Urbsque hæc, metropolis tempus in omne foret.

One great work of the fifth and sixth centuries was the erection of new bishoprics; and in this the consent of the metropolitan, as well as of the bishop from whose diocese the new diocese was taken, was necessary; and this without any reference to the see of Rome. The metropolitan still had the right of putting a veto on the election of a suffragan; and this again without any appeal to the Roman see.

In the sixth century, a Metropolitan schism began, which continued for many years, and led to some curious consequences. The Archbishop of Aquileia, with the prelates of Istria, breaking off communion with Rome on the question of the Three Chapters, formed themselves into a distinct patriarchate; and as the Eastern emperors held the sea-coast of that part of Italy, the insurgent bishops were not easily to be reduced to the obedience of the Roman pontiff. After the extinction of the schism, the Bishops of Aquileia had the bare title of Patriarch left them, and a certain pre-eminence of honour above the other Italian metropolitans. These privileges were guaranteed by Leo VIII. in 980, and John XX. in 1023; and though withdrawn by Clement II. in 1047, who gave Ravenna precedence over Aquileia, they were restored by Alexander II. in 1049.

In the seventh century, Seville lost the primacy of Spain to Toledo as the residence of the Visigoth kings; and this was completely in accordance with the early principle that the chief city of the state should be the ecclesiastical metropolis. This primacy seems to have been bestowed at the request of King Cindasuinth, by the National Council, and confirmed by the see of Rome. In the same century, the Archbishops of Rheims had a kind of secondary primacy in the Church of France; so that, at all events, they were themselves exempt from any kind of subjection to the see of Arles.

As the first dynasty of French kings drew to its close, the state of the Gallican Church was most pitiable. The appointment of primates fell into disuse; every metropolitan was his own primate: by consequence, no one had any authority of convoking the others to a synod, and all kind of discipline fell to the ground. The few weak councils which met, made

canons, which were framed only to be broken; and it seemed as if the whole ecclesiastical and civil state of Europe were together verging to barbarism. Then came the marvellous era of Charlemagne, and the young life of the Church burst forth in all its vigour. Now, then, we find primates exerting their authority again. And first Bourges was made the primatial see of Aquitaine. This was done by Adrian I., at the request of Charlemagne, in favour of Ermenbert, a prelate whose sanctity of life and ecclesiastical learning rendered him well worthy of the dignity. But the Pope hesitated for a little while; for the old ecclesiastical divisions were so thoroughly broken up, that he was uncertain whether the proposed primatial see ought not itself to be subject to some other jurisdiction. That point having been made out to his satisfaction, the Archbishop of Bourges became Metropolitan of the provinces of Narbonne, Bourdeaux, and Auch. It is curious to trace how the fluctuations of secular affairs affected these primatial claims. When the kingdom of Aquitaine was broken up, and the duchy of Narbonne attained political importance, the Archbishop of that city shook off the yoke of Bourges, and under the auspices of Urban II. obtained the primacy of the province of Aix. After that, when the dukes of Occitania became powerful, the Archbishop of Auch in like manner refused to acknowledge the primacy of Bourges, which was now left with the single province of Bourdeaux besides its own. When the great schism broke out between Pope Innocent II. and the Anti-pope Anacletus, a bishop of Angoulême, a partisan of the latter, was raised to the see of Bourdeaux. On this, all the com-provincials of that province appealed to the Archbishop of Bourges as their primate against the sentence of excommunication with which they were threatened. But when the English obtained Bourdeaux and the adjacent country, this last relic of its primacy was snatched from Bourges, though the two strove together for many years, the one for liberty, the other for sovereignty. Gregory IX. tried a compromise by giving leave to the Archbishop of Bourges to visit the province of Bourdeaux, provided he concluded his visitation within the space of fifty days. But Clement V., who had been Archbishop of Bourdeaux himself, completed the freedom of that Church; and now all that remains of the primacy of Bourges, is a singular custom or privilege, which seems to be much valued in the diocese. The Archbishop appoints two vicars, one as metropolitan, the other as primate. Any appeal from one of his suffragans goes in the first place to the metropolitanical vicar; if either of the parties is not satisfied with his decision, he can then appeal to the primatial vicar.

And now, in this same century, an event occurred which has

a bearing on our own ecclesiastical state at this time. Drogo of Metz, a simple bishop, was sent by Lothaire to Rome on political business. He was the uncle of the king, and obtained very great influence with Sergius II. then Pontiff. He returned with a brief, whereby he was appointed—but it seems to have been only personally and for his life-time—Primate of all the bishops of Gaul and Germany. The Council of Verneuil took the claim into consideration. They had, said the Fathers, the greatest possible respect for their brother Drogo; his learning and piety were known to all; his relationship to the king was an additional argument in his favour; personally, no one could be more fit for the dignity to which it had pleased the Holy Father to advance him. But they were bound to be careful guardians of the boundaries of the Church: it was an unheard of thing, that the possessor of a simple see should claim precedence over so many metropolitans, whose dignity was derived from remote ages; and therefore they begged to defer acting on the Pope's instructions till a larger council (it was then mid-winter) could be summoned. Drogo, on this, showed himself worthy of the dignity to which he had been appointed, by saying modestly, that he would do nothing which could offend his brethren, and resigning the primacy.

Now, it must have struck all English Churchmen as an anomaly, that the Metropolitans of Calcutta, Sydney, and Cape-town should be Bishops. The question of title is said to have come before the highest authorities, and to have been deferred for the present. It may, of course, be asked, What is there in a name? A bishop, with the authority of a metropolitan, does just as well as if he had an appellation of finer sound. Now, most certainly, we place not the least value on a title which is a mere title, or a decoration which is a mere decoration. Nothing seems more contemptible to us than the privileges as some of the Spanish Churches have, where the bishop or dean is treated as a cardinal, the canons as bishops: nothing more silly than when prelates of this or that little island call themselves Exarchs of this or that See. But this is a very different question. We profess to follow the early Church in our organisation; we allow ourselves in a very comfortable contempt towards the darkness of the eighth or ninth centuries; but here we are doing what the prelates of those very ages knew to be contrary to early discipline. And besides this, there are two tangible reasons for the re-adoption of the title of Archbishop. In the first place, talk and reason how you will, you will not get people generally to see that the Metropolitan of Calcutta or Sydney is on a level with York or Dublin, unless he has the same title. People will naturally say, 'Oh, but he is only

a bishop!' And in one sense he is only a bishop; for we do not for a moment imagine that the Bishop of Capetown, for example, takes, *as he ought*, precedence of the Bishop of London. We know very well that, in the colonies there is a very great difference between the metropolitan and his suffragans; that the newspapers always speak of him by that title; and we imagine that he takes a very different precedence from theirs. But what we desire to see is, the rank freely given from the colony, freely allowed at home. Then, though the Church of England cannot in these evil days look for more than fair play as regards other communions, at all events she ought to have that; and it is not fair play with regard to Rome, that while *she* appoints an Archbishop of Sydney, we should only have a Bishop. Those who are always crying out against Roman encroachments and the like, would use their time much more profitably if, instead of raising an outcry against that which Rome has already obtained, they would enable us to obtain the same also. Remember, too, this. Where there is a difference between Metropolitan and Archbishop, there the former title is the highest; if, then, you have given the higher rank, why find any difficulty in bestowing the lower?

While on this subject we may relate a rather amusing incident which lately occurred in the Danish communion. There, as every one knows, the prelates are merely nominal—Tulchan bishops, as they call them in Scotland. The third centenary of the Reformation was celebrated at Copenhagen with the usual Protestant enthusiasm. On that occasion Dr. Mynster, the then Tulchan Bishop of Zeeland, waited on the King, and with the proper preface, that he was actuated by no principles of ambition, but only from regard for the dignity of the Church, ventured to request that his Majesty would raise the Bishopric of Copenhagen to an Archbishopric in honour of the Tercentenary which they were then so happy as to be celebrating. 'There cannot be a happier thought,' replied the King;—Dr. Mynster bowed, looked modest, and prepared himself for what was to come;—'except in one little particular; it strikes me that 'this mark of dignity would be much better bestowed on the 'Church at the completion of the fourth centenary, and I have 'no doubt that my successor will be most happy to confer it on 'yours then.' So Dr. Mynster went away abashed.

We have wandered a great way from good old Drogo. We will return to that century again. Ansegisus of Sens obtained from John VIII. the Primacy of France and of Cis-Rhenane Germany. But at the Synod of Pontyon (*Concilium Pontigonense*) these letters were stoutly opposed, especially by Hincmar of Rheims, who naturally stood up for his own primacy.

However, favoured by Charles the Bald, Ansegisus became primate of Gaul and Germany as aforesaid; and to improve his title, tacked to it the addition of 'and Second Pope.' A worthy monk of Sens, Odoranus by name, celebrates this event in a poem, where he says:—

'Ut primas fieret Gallorum, Papa Johannes
Concessit meritis hoc tribuenda suis.'

In the same century Hamburg was raised to the dignity of a metropolis, the largest at that time in the Christian world. It stretched right away from that city over Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Orkneys, Shetlands, and Färöes, to Iceland, and even to the Christian colonies in Greenland—those colonies so sadly and so mysteriously swept away in after years by the Black Death.

Again, as the Mahometans had now overrun the better part of Spain, though there was still a little kingdom in the mountain fastnesses of Asturias, Oviedo was raised to be its metropolis. The province extended, when at its largest, from Cape Finisterre to the mouth of the Mondego, then, narrowing as it advanced eastward, it abutted on the province of Narbonne. To this metropolis Leon was subject; and in consequence of its former dignity both Oviedo and Leon, though they would naturally be included within the limits either of Burgos or of Santiago de Compostella, are to this day autocephalous: you will find them entered in the Spanish Ecclesiastical guide as *Obispados Esentos*. In the same century the conversions of the barbarians requiring additional superintendence for the new folds, Prague became an archbishopric, pushing its jurisdiction to the confines of the Eastern Church. We have a very instructive detail of the ideas entertained at this epoch, regarding the authority of metropolitans, in the writings of one of its most celebrated ecclesiastics, Hincmar of Rheims, and, above all, in his fierce controversy with his namesake of Laon. Hincmar was one of the last metropolitans who seems to have retained the primitive idea of their power and dignity. The enormous encroachments which the See of Rome was so soon about to make, rendered them, at a later period, almost titular offices.

Let us now give a glance at the metropolitical division of Europe at the accession of Gregory VII.—that great epoch of ecclesiastical history.

We will begin from the south-west. Draw a line from the mouth of the Mondego to the city of Tarragona. All south of this, and a considerable indentation to the north, was Mahometan. Seville and Toledo retained some faint traces of their

metropolitan rights, but scarcely such as to deserve mention here. In the kingdom of Castile and Leon, beginning from the west, we have the province of Oviedo. This extended right across Spain, as far as the Ebro to the east. Here it was met by that of Narbonne, slanting away towards Arles. Above the Pyrenees comes Auch, bounded by Narbonne to the east, by Bourdeaux to the north. Parallel with Bourdeaux, and taking the whole centre of France, is the province of Bourges. Above Bourdeaux is Tours; then, forming a good part of Brittany, the schismatical province of Dol. To the east of this, Rouen; under Rouen, Sens. South-east of these, Lyons; still south-east, the five small provinces of Vienne, Tarantaise, Arles, Aix, Embrun. Returning northwards, east of Rouen and Sens, we have Rheims; still east, Cologne; to the north-east, the enormous province of Hamburg, stretching from Iceland, through Scandinavia, to pagan Pomerania. South of Cologne, Trèves; south of that, Besançon, which touches Milan. East of Cologne, the vast province of Mayence, reaching from Worms and Spires almost to Cracow; between this and Hamburg, Magdeburg; east of the latter, Gnesen. South of Gnesen is Strigonia, which touches to the eastward on the Pagans, to the south on the Eastern Church. South-east of Milan and Salzburg, Aquileia. The little point that runs out into the sea beyond Aquileia is Grado. Then, in Italy, Milan, Rome Proper, Beneventum, Salerno. To the south-east of Aquileia and Salzburg, and west of Strigonia, Dioclea. It may be worth while to put this into a tabular form.

At that time, the principal European kingdoms were thus divided:—

<i>England and Scotland</i> .	Canterbury.		Strigonia.
	York.		Hamburg.
<i>Ireland</i> . .	Armagh.		
	Dublin.	<i>Italy, Savoy, &c.</i> . . .	Rome.
	Tuam.		Salerno.
	Cashel.		Aquileia.
<i>France</i> . .	Rheims.		Grado.
	Rouen.		Ravenna.
	Dol.		Milan.
	Tours.		
	Sens.	<i>Spain</i> . .	Oviedo.
	Bourdeaux.		Seville.
	Bruges.		Toledo.
	Auch.		
	Narbonne.	<i>Germany, &c.</i>	Cologne.
	Lyons.		Magdeburg.
	Besançon.		Mayence.
	Vienne.		Salzburg.

Tarantaise.
Aix.
Embrun.
Arles.

Trêves.
Gnesen.
Dioclea.

Forty provinces in all.

Advancing now into the eleventh and twelfth centuries, we have to notice the rapid diminution of the rights of primates, on account of the exorbitant claims put forward by the papal legates. They completely superseded the ancient authorities in summoning councils. And, indeed, when the doctrine became gradually received, that a synod could not be convoked, much more, could not publish its canons, without the licence of the Papal See, it followed almost of necessity, that legantine, should take the place of primatial, authority. And it is curious to see how in this also, as well as in matters regarding simple bishops, the Court of Rome, and the secular powers of the various European states, played into each other's hands. This was the meaning of pragmatic sanctions, concordats, and to a certain extent also, of the so-called Gallican liberties. If you will only hinder your canons independently electing their bishops, said the Court of Rome to that of Paris, and your monks their abbats, we will allow you to nominate both. And the secular power was only too glad to comply with so pleasing a suggestion.

Towards the end of the eleventh century, the great city of Lyons obtained the primacy over four provinces; those, namely, of Tours, Sens, Rouen, and its own. This, however, occasioned disturbances, which almost ended in a schism. The Archbishop of Tours, who had no traditions of authority to fall back upon, made no objection to the new primate; those of Sens and Rouen, more particularly the former, refused in any way to acknowledge it. Philip the Fair brought the secular arm into operation, and reduced Sens to obedience; but Rouen pertinaciously stood out, and was gratified with the title of Primate of Normandy, though he had nothing but himself to be primate of. See what a mere title of honour the thing was becoming.

Not more than thirty miles from Lyons, is a city as ancient and as interesting, Vienne—Vienne, the holy, as it proudly calls itself, because thirty-eight of its archbishops are reckoned among the Saints, a greater number than that of any other see, Rome only excepted. This place had been capital of the kingdom of Burgundy, and the archbishop had been *ex-officio* chancellor, and afterwards arch-chancellor of the kingdom. Calixtus II., who had himself been metropolitan, advanced the see to the primacy of seven churches: Bourges, Bourdeaux, Auch, Nar-

bonne, Aix, Embrun, Tarantaise, the latter the metropolis of the Pennine Alps. Hence it is that the Archbishop of Vienne calls himself Primate of Primates, since Bourges had long been primatial, and Narbonne had been made so by Urban II. However, this Bull had not the least effect, except in the assumption of the strange title just mentioned.

When Alfonso VI. had liberated Toledo from the Moors, May 25, 1085, Urban II. immediately constituted the Archbishop, Primate of All the Spains; and after considerable resistance, especially on the part of Tarragona, so far as Spain itself was concerned, this precedence was established. But Braga, in Portugal, has never ceased to claim the primacy to itself; and every parish church of that interesting city has the double-barred cross, to indicate this right. The dispute was very wisely left undecided at Trent; but both Braga and Toledo have since sunk to a secondary position in their own countries by the institution of the patriarchate of Lisbon and that of the Indies. It was also in this century that the respective claims of Canterbury and York were settled, or rather, purposely left unsettled. The two Archbishops were first declared equal, and the right of York allowed to carry his cross even through the province of Canterbury. On the appeal of Canterbury, the latter privilege was withdrawn; but on a further representation from York, it was again allowed *pendente lite*; and finally, by the distinction of Primate of All England and Primate of England, peace was made. It must be remembered that the province of York had been larger than, and was even then as large as, that of Canterbury, embracing as it did the whole of Scotland till 1466. In fact, we must not forget that the present archbishopric of Canterbury contains three provinces: its own: that of S. David's, which till 920 embraced Wales; that of Lichfield, which in the time of Offa, king of the Mercians, embraced these sees: Worcester, Leicester, Sidnacheater, Elmham, Hereford, and Dunwich—all of which up to that time belonged to York, but were afterwards annexed to Canterbury.

As to metropolitans, those in the eleventh and twelfth centuries were fast multiplying; especially from the favour with which a pope, raised from some suffragan see, regarded his original Church.

It is curious to see how the tendency of ecclesiastical progress has served to break up the provinces into smaller fragments. Look, for example, at the Iberian peninsula. We have seen it, before the irruption of the Saracens, divided into the provinces of Seville, Toledo, Tarragona, Merida, Braga. How is it divided now?

<i>In Spain . .</i>	Toledo.	Tarragona.
	Seville.	Saragossa.
	Santiago de Com-	Valença.
	postella.	
	Granada.	<i>In Portugal.</i>
	Burgos.	Braga.
		Lisbon.
		Evora.

Again ; take North and Central Italy. We have :—

Bologna,	made an Archbishopric in 1582.
Fermo	" " 1589.
Urbino	" " 1563.
Florence	" " 1420.
Pisa	" " 1092.
Sienna	" " 1459.

After this period we hear very little about primates, but the great increase of metropolitans deserves notice. Thus the little island of Sardinia has no less than three,—Cagliari, Sassari, and Oristano ; the two former call themselves alike, Primates of Corsica and Sardinia. These three archbishops have but eight bishops between them ; and the eleven sees are contained in an island 130 miles long by about 40 in breadth ; that is, in a space considerably less than the three counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex ; and a population of about 500,000. Tuscany, again, about three-fourths of the size of Sardinia, has four archbishops and sixteen bishops, though the population amounts to 1,300,000. So again, the natural fondness of a pope for the see from which he had been raised, induced Sixtus V. to cut out a little slice from the patrimony of S. Peter, of some forty square miles, and to constitute it into a province for Fermo.

Never was a more fearful demolition of a national Church than that pressed upon the Pope by Napoleon, and brought to pass by him in the bull *Qui Christi Domini*. By that document,—to issue which Pius himself confessed that his right was very doubtful, he suppressed the following metropolitanical sees : *Paris, Rheims, *Bourges, *Lyons, *Rouen, Sens, *Tours, Alby, *Bordeaux, Auch, Narbonne, *Toulouse, Arles, *Aix, Vienne, Embrun, Cambrai, *Besançon, Trêves, Mayence, Avignon, *Malines, Tarantaise ; and in their stead re-erected ten out of the twenty-three,—those, namely, which we have marked with an asterisk. Of the old sees, Tours, Bordeaux, Auch, and Narbonne had the greatest number of suffragans. Tours had eleven: Le Mans, Angers, Remus, Nantes, Quimper, Vannes, St. Pol de Léon, Tréguier, S. Briec, S. Malo, Dol. Bordeaux had nine : Agen, Angoulême, Saintes, Poitiers, Périgueux, Condom, Sarlet, La Rochelle, Luçon. Auch had ten : Bax, Lestoure, Comminges, Conserans, Aire, Bazas, Tarbes, Oleron, Lescars, Bayonne. And Narbonne had ten : Beziers, Agde, Nismes,

Carcassone, Montpellier, Lodève, Uzès, S. Pons, Aleth, Alais, Elne. Those that had fewest were Besançon, which had only Belley for suffragan; and Mayence, who had no one to be archbishop to but himself.

While on the subject of French bishoprics, it may be well to notice one or two historical facts connected with that Church that bear on our subject.

The last time, probably, that an appeal was made to a French primate, was by the Sisters of Port-Royal, when condemned by the Archbishop of Paris, their Diocesan as well as Metropolitan: they appealed from him to the Archbishop of Lyons, as his Primate—of course without any effect.

The Council of Embrun, held in 1727, for the purpose of crushing poor Soanen, throws some light on the question we have in hand. The province of Embrun contained but six suffragan sees; of these, Soanen himself occupied one, namely, Senes; and another, Nice, was not in French territory. But as twelve bishops are required for the degradation of a bishop, the question was how to procure a sufficient number. The infamous Tencin, who was president, applied to his brother-metropolitans of Arles, Aix, Besançon, Lyons, and Vienne, and ten more bishops joined the synod from those provinces. On this, Soanen protested to the new comers that they had no right to sit as his judges, except in a national council; and that they had no voice in any provincial synod save their own. But, persecuted and unrighteously overborne as Soanen was, and monster of iniquity as was Tencin, we cannot think that in this instance his protest was valid. The fourteenth canon of the great Council of Antioch says expressly: 'If any bishop shall be judged concerning certain crimes, and it shall fall out, that the com-provincials disagree concerning him, some of them believing him innocent, some of them holding him guilty; it has seemed good to this holy Synod that, for the settlement of the difficulty, the metropolitans should convoke other judges from a neighbouring province who shall hear the cause; and by them and the provincial bishops together, that which is right shall be decreed.' It is true that this canon does not exactly touch the case in question, because here there was no dissension between the bishops, and only a want of the canonical number; but the spirit of one seems to justify the other. And perhaps the third and fourth canons of Sardica, the latter of which speaks of the deposition of a bishop by the judgment of those prelates who live in neighbouring places comes still nearer to the mark. If Soanen's argument were just, there was not one province in France of which the synod could have deposed an unworthy bishop, the highest number of

suffragans being, as we have seen, eleven—twelve, that is, in all, but then the accused bishop must have been one of the twelve. Another appeal of a rather earlier epoch is worth relating, as taken in connexion with the question of metropolitans.

It was that which gave rise to the four Gallican articles. One part of the regale of the kings of France was supposed to give them the appointment of those benefices in each diocese which were in the presentation of the bishop or other dignitaries of the Church, during the vacancy of the bishopric or of those dignities. But this right had never been recognised in Languedoc and the adjacent provinces; and in 1675, Louis XIV., then at about the zenith of his power, resolved to extend his rights over that part of his kingdom also. He accordingly nominated a beneficiary in the diocese of Aleth, and another in that of Pamiers, contrary to the rights of those Churches. At that time Pavillon, one of the holiest of the French bishops, and a very aged man, was in possession of the see of Aleth; Caulet, scarcely inferior to him, was bishop of Pamiers. Now observe the regular course of proceedings and appeals. When Caulet found that the same violence was to be perpetrated on his diocese that had already been exercised on his brother prelates (he was at Paris at the time) he returned to his see, convened his chapter, and addressed them in our Lord's question, 'Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?' And with one voice they answered, 'We are able.' On this, after having prepared himself by public prayers and a fast, he commenced the proceedings, by excommunicating the beneficiary thus intruded, and all those who took any part in his institution. On this they appealed to the Cardinal de Bonzi, Archbishop of Narbonne, who annulled the excommunication. Act II., therefore, showed the regalists successful at its conclusion. But Caulet appealed from his Metropolitan to his Primate, namely, as we have seen just now, the Archbishop of Vienne. This prelate, the mere creature of the Court, as most of the French bishops were at that period, affirmed the Metropolitan's sentence. From the Primate the indefatigable Bishop again appealed to Rome, having taken all the intermediate steps which canonical discipline required, and not proceeding to the last appeal *per saltum*. Pavillon, for his part, had gone through the same steps; and both with the same result. The Metropolitan's decision was reversed; and the excommunication pronounced by the bishops sustained in its vigour. We are not concerned to continue the history of the struggle; nor how the Grand Vicars of Pamiers carried it on after the death of their Bishop; nor how it finally resulted in the famous assembly of 1682, which brought the Gallican Church

to the very verge of schism with the Roman. We merely quoted it as a good example of an appeal carried through the different stages of bishop, metropolitan, and primate.

Again: we may refer to the attempt of Dol to erect itself into the metropolis of Brittany, as another fact bearing on our subject. It was clearly prejudicial to the dukes of Bretagne, who were in the height of their power, kings in all but name, that their dukedom should be subject to a foreign metropolis; that of Tours. With all their might, then, they upheld the claims of Dol; and for more than a century that see, disregarding the censures of Rome, exercised metropolitical power over the province. In this very year Bretagne has at length been constituted a separate province; only Rennes, not Dol, is the seat of the metropolis. It happened to the writer of this paper to be in Brittany at the erection of Rennes to its new dignity; and also at Valladolid when the intelligence arrived that the Holy See had consented, at the request of the Spanish Government, to erect it into a metropolis. The contrast between the sensations occasioned in the two places was not a little curious. In Valladolid no one seemed to care about the change—not one decoration did we observe in any church, not one peal did we hear from any tower. But in Brittany it was perfect ecstasy: every parish sermon seemed to dwell on the happy event; the bells announced it perpetually; and, indeed, it almost rivalled Solferino in attracting public attention.

Again: that was a remarkable erection of metropolies which occurred just before the outbreak of the war which made the Seven United Provinces independent. The enormous extent of the sees of Utrecht, Liège, Osnabrück, Münster, and others in that part of Europe, had been the destruction of the Church. Warriors instead of prelates, secular instead of spiritual potentates, these bishops waged their own battles, made their own treaties, marched at the head of their armies, in all points as any margrave or Free Count might do. By one stroke of his pen, Pius IV. made three metropolies for the Netherlands: Utrecht, Cambray, Mechlin. The two former had been sees before; the latter was a new episcopate, but it was endowed with the primacy of the three, probably on account of Rome's old jealousy of Utrecht. If these new provinces and dioceses could not preserve Holland, they were at all events effectual to the saving of Belgium.

A rather curious creation of a metropolis was that of Funchal, in the island of Madeira. At the time when the Portuguese discoveries both in Brazil and India were raising that little kingdom to a high rank among the states of Europe, Funchal in Madeira was erected into a bishopric, and one Lobo

appointed to its incumbency. On his death, at the request of Dom João III., D. Martinho de Portugal was appointed by Paul III. Archbishop of Funchal and Metropolitan of All the Indies,—the Indies, be it observed, embracing Brazil as well as India. Such was the knowledge of geography at that time, that a little island, only four or five days' sail from Lisbon, had a province which embraced about one-half of the known world! The absurdity of this arrangement was soon discovered. D. Martinho, finding it, we suppose, impossible to look properly after his province, determined not to visit it at all; and accordingly never even took the trouble of going to Madeira. On his death, the primacy of the Indies was transferred to Goa; and Funchal obliged to content itself with its own diocesan rights. The bishop, however, has on certain solemn occasions a crozier borne before him instead of a pastoral staff, in remembrance of his short-lived metropolitical dignity, in the same way that the Bishop of Meath, alone of all simple prelates, terms himself Most Reverend.

We have said that in the West there is absolutely no difference between the titles of bishop and metropolitan. Every archbishop is a metropolitan; every metropolitan is an archbishop. But in the East the case is widely different. There an archbishop is merely a title of honour given to some prelates in order to distinguish them from the common herd, but not implying the existence of a province or the possession of any metropolitical rights. The reader may probably remember Mr. Curzon's account of the astonishment expressed by the Œcumenical Patriarch, when presented with letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury under that title, instead of the proper name of Metropolitan. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'a simple archbishop to have, as you tell me he has, authority over so many prelates and so vast a tract of country!' The adoption of the other name would have prevented all mistake. In point of fact, the first eighty-three prelates, reckoning in order of precedence from the protothronos of Cæsarea down to the metropolitan of Velessa in Thrace, who are subject to the see of Constantinople, are all metropolitans. Then come the archbishops; and there are only two, Lititza and Carpathus. In the Ionian Islands, again, there are three metropolitans and two archbishops. But in the dioceses of Alexandria and Antioch there are no archbishops at all; in that of Jerusalem there are six. In Russia, however, the case is very different. Here all the sees are divided into eparchies of the first, second, and third class. The eparchy of the first class consists of metropolitans only, in number four; but virtually only three: Kieff and Novgorod, which are at present united; Moscow; and S. Petersburg.

Eparchies of the second class are almost all archbishops, but with a few bishops intermixed. Eparchies of the third class consist of bishops with a few archbishops intermixed.

But when we speak of metropolitans throughout the Eastern Church, we must not imagine that now they have each their suffragans; or that their title, in most cases, is anything more than one of honour. Out of the whole number there are not more than fifteen or sixteen who have any bishops; and the greater number of these have but one or two. The greatest number of suffragans possessed by any metropolitan belongs to Thessalonica: here there are eight. Crete comes next, with six; then Larissa, with four; then Tirnova, Wallachia and Servia, with three each. Nor must it be imagined that the so-called bishops in Russia owe obedience to any metropolitan. Those who do so—and they are very few—are called vicar-bishops. Only one metropolitan, namely, he of Lithuania, has two of these: Brzezsch and Kovin.

Such being the case, a remarkable difficulty occurred at the political organization of the Roman Church—we mean as distinct from the now happily extinct Uniats in Russia. It was in the time of the Empress Catherine, and the circumstances are singular enough to merit relation. After almost endless negotiations, it was resolved by the Concordat that there should be five bishops, Vilna, Samogitia, Luceor, Camensk, and Minsk. These were placed under the Archbishop of Mohileff—and a most disreputable Archbishop he was, as the reader shall hear. There was, at that time, in the light cavalry of the Prussian army, a young Protestant officer of the noble Polish family of the Siestrenezevitch-Bohüsz. This man lost two fingers of the right hand in a sabre duel; was thereupon forced to leave the army; and happening to have picked up a smattering of Latin and Greek, he offered himself as tutor in a rich Roman Catholic family in Poland. When the youth whose education he superintended had grown up, the father, who had no other way of recompensing Bohüsz, offered, if he would embrace the Catholic faith, to present him to a living which he happened to possess. Bohüsz, who had never troubled himself much about forms of religion, consented. In the occupation of Poland by Russia, he made himself useful to the governing powers; and Catherine, who saw in him the able unscrupulous minister whom she loved, offered him the archbishopric of Mohileff. Then there arose a difficulty with respect to Rome. 'I will have the possessor of this see,' said the Empress, 'a metropolitan as distinguished from an archbishop.' 'We have no such distinction,' Rome replied; 'an archbishop will have the authority you want, and it will be just the same thing.'

'I will have it my own way,' returned Catherine: 'he shall be 'a metropolitan and not an archbishop, or there shall be no see 'of Mohileff at all.' And so the Pope gave way. Paul further demanded that this metropolitan should wear the costume and receive the title of a cardinal; and this also was conceded. His province extends from Poland to the frontiers of China—certainly the largest in the Catholic world. With respect to Bohüsz himself, his life was a scandal to his flock. He had a brother who remained a Calvinist. This man he made superintendent of his finances, and married his daughter to a Greek priest. The archiepiscopal table was usually filled by the Calvinist brother, the orthodox son-in-law, and one Fessler, an apostate Capuchin, who had turned Lutheran, and was made nominal Bishop of the Lutherans in Russia. This amalgamation of religion gave unutterable offence in a country so scrupulous as that in which it occurred.

If we desire to see the grandest specimen which has ever been exhibited to the Church of the metropolitan system, we must turn our eyes to mediæval Asia. It is very difficult to realize what was the state of the Nestorian Church at the time of its glory, before Jenghis Khan commenced and Tamerlane finished its extirpation. Certainly, it presents the most marvellous history of any Church in the world. At the time of the First Crusade, the Nestorians formed a larger communion than the Eastern and Western Churches put together; and now they are reduced to a few hundred families, in an obscure corner of that continent which once they dominated. We are accustomed to marvel at the sudden fall of the African Church: in the time of S. Augustine, the most flourishing communion in the world; two centuries later, non-existent. Its disappearance we are accustomed to attribute to its failure in action as a missionary body; to its forgetfulness that the charter by which every Christian communion holds its life is aggressiveness; that as soon as it ceases to propagate, it ceases to exist. This cannot be laid to the charge of the Nestorian Church, whose missionaries went out into all parts of Asia; whose blood was poured forth by pailfuls on the steppes of Tartary, and amid the jungles of India. Here we have the mortal effects of heresy. What could it matter, a reasoner might ask, whether the Blessed Virgin were called Mother of God, or merely Mother of Christ; whether our Lord were in two Persons or in one? It mattered just this: that the one united body of the eleventh century has disappeared from the face of the earth, while the two, together not its equal, have gone on and increased, subjugating to themselves one whole continent, and the half of another, since that period.

However, let us attend now, not to the heresy, but to the

wonderful discipline, of the Nestorian Church. And first, think of its patriarch, seated at Mosul, with a province of his own, as any other archbishop; and with twenty-five metropolitans, each of them ruling over fifteen or twenty bishops, dependent on him. There in the rich country of Irâk, the paradise of Persia, is the metropolis of Gondisapor, Protethronus of all: then, further west, is Nisibis: there, ruling over Chuzistan, is the Bassora with which the 'Arabian Nights' familiarized us in the nursery: there is Arbela, with its remembrances of the overthrow of the Persian empire. Then, as we advance further into the continent, is Holwan: if we go west, we have Aleppo and Damascus: if we go to the Caspian, we have Raia, the Rages of Tobit: still farther, and among all the romance of Prester John and the Tataric Khans, we have Samarcand: pass into the Persian Ocean, the fertile island of Zocotra has its metropolitan: go south-east, there is the province of India: still pass eastward, and we come to China, which we now know to have had a flourishing Church in the year 780: and then returning west, Central Tatory and South Siberia had their own archbishop. This was a patriarchate indeed! scorning comparison as it did with the territory of even Constantinople or Rome! And then, for the most part, it was unbroken by schism, or any kind of division. In its western portion, indeed, the Jacobites were mingled among the Nestorians, but as an altogether inferior communion, and without any hostile feeling. Once every year, the nearest metropolitans (Nisibis, Seleucia, Gondisapor, Diarbekr, and the like) came up to pay their respects to the patriarch, and to receive his blessing. Once in three years, came those at a middle distance, such as ruled in Samarcand, Beloochistan, and Zocotra; and once in six years the distant and virtually autocephalous metropolitans of India and China crossed those intervening mountain ranges and trackless deserts, to give and to receive a realization of the feeling that the great Nestorian Communion was one Church. Nothing in the annals of Rome ever equalled this. The most distant prelates in mediæval times could make the journey to S. Peter's son in eight weeks: it took the Metropolitan of China eight months to reach Mosul; thus his sexennial visit involved a two years' absence from his diocese, including his rest at Mosul and the synod which he attended.

Let us now, in conclusion, see what lessons we can gather for ourselves from the facts that have been stated before.

In the first place, we may observe that, having four colonial metropolitans, we ought also, in the judgment of those who established them, to have at least a fifth. Canada, as the most enterprising and most thoroughly Anglo-Saxon dependency of the British Crown, ought to claim its own archbishop. His see

would, of course, lie in the civil metropolis of the kingdom; and the Archbishop of Ottawa would, for the present, have the metropolitical supervision of all British North America. As that enormous district continues to people—a district which may expect the finest future of any country in the world—more metropolitans will be needed. And another reason why that province more than any other stands in need of that supervision is to be found in the fact, that Canada, first of all the British possessions, has obtained a free election of her own bishops.

Then the next thing to be endeavoured after is the change of name. Those who are so nobly interesting themselves in the development of our Colonial Church, can scarcely consult her real interest more than by pressing this on the Government of the day at the next vacancy of Calcutta, Cape Town, Sydney, or New Zealand, that the next prelate should assume the title of archbishop. If in the life of the present incumbents, so much the better; but it stands to reason that this is exactly the one step in advance which those bishops themselves would be less willing to take. Men who will spend and be spent for their provinces, like the Bishops of New Zealand and Cape Town, whose one end and aim is the welfare of those infant Churches which will probably increase and multiply so vastly, would yet find it a difficult and delicate matter to propose the bestowal on themselves of the name of archbishop. It might have a look, in the eyes of those who are determined to suspect evil, of a desire of self-aggrandizement. They are too well acquainted with the real benefit of the title to refuse it when offered; it must be the part of their friends to press its offer on those who have the power of making it. If report is to be trusted, it was a very near point when Sydney was constituted a metropolitical see; probably a little more effort in this direction would gain the day.

Again: the patents of institution give the metropolitan the largest possible power over his suffragans, even to suspend them, if it shall seem necessary. Now the question is, how far this power may be, and when it is to be, exercised.

There are some cases in which the metropolitan may, no doubt, by his own individual act, reverse the judgment of his inferior; there are some in which he could scarcely venture to do so without the authority of the provincial synod. Let us take an example of each.

Imagine that a priest, accused of immoral life, is suspended by his diocesan. He forthwith appeals to the metropolitan, who re-hears the case, finds him innocent, and reverses the suspension. This is a mere matter of fact, on which no further appeal should be allowed.

But imagine, what we know unfortunately to be the case in one of the African dioceses, that the Bishop and the Diocesan Synod have ruled a point, which is abominable in the eyes of the minority. There, for instance, it has been ordered, that a candidate for Christian baptism, if married to more wives than one, need not put away all except one. Imagine that a chief in this condition offers himself for baptism, but declares his intention of retaining all his wives. The priest refuses to receive him as a catechumen. The chief complains to the bishop, who, for his part, admonishes the priest, and the latter remaining firm, suspends him. The priest appeals to the metropolitan. Now, a point of general discipline like this is one that the metropolitan could hardly rule on his own mere dictum. He would receive the appeal with a promise of laying it before the provincial synod as soon as it could be assembled: and in the meantime, the appeal having been received, and its reception notified to the original diocesan, the priest would continue his functions as usual till the case was heard and decided. And this kind of cases is most likely to occur in the first settlement of any heathen country.

An even more objectionable course was, if we remember right, proposed, if not carried, in New Zealand; namely, that a heathen wife and husband, if both converted, and desirous of having the Church's benediction on their marriage, should not be allowed to receive it unless they had lived apart for some time—we think it was thirty days—by way of penance, their former marriage being regarded as merely legalized adultery. Any priest might well feel indignant at, and resolved to oppose to the last, so cruel an enactment: and thus would have arisen a question for a provincial synod.

We have seen before, how desirable it would be that no suffragan should be allowed to cross the sea without the leave of his metropolitan: a canon which seems to have been universal in primitive times.

Again: another point which is likely to be invested with more importance as the rights of chapters become better known, is this: whether the metropolitan chapter possesses over the province the same right which the episcopal chapter has over the diocese.

It has always been held, that the bishop, *quâ* bishop of a certain diocese, forms one body with his diocesan chapter; does the metropolitan *quâ* metropolitan form one body with his chapter? This may be a point of the greatest importance, as it has been before now. For, as every one knows, a diocesan chapter, or its vicars, may perform, the see vacant, everything which a bishop may perform, those acts which require the episcopal

character alone excepted. Can a metropolitical chapter claim the same rights with regard to a metropolitan? It has been held by the best canonists that they can.

Now, here are two most important acts which belong to the metropolitan.

In the first place, the designation of bishops to heathen countries beyond the British dominions. Many have been the services which the Bishop of Cape Town has rendered to the Church. This is the greatest benefit of which, under God, he has been the cause, and it will carry down his name to all future generations. Thanks to his indefatigable exertions, it has now been conceded by the law officers of the Crown, that no English law is broken if a colonial metropolitan, without applying for any leave or licence, consecrates a bishop for extra-British territory. In this way, the proposed mission to Central Africa may be headed by a bishop; in this way, the Metropolitan of Calcutta might supply prelates to Java, or Sumatra, or Celebes. Now, in this case, the metropolitan has the pure and simple right of choosing the bishop-designate; and—let this point also be marked—the metropolitical chapter, the see vacant, would have the same right of designating a missionary bishop, and requesting one of the suffragans to consecrate him. This is a right of inestimable value. For it might so happen, that he who was about to become, or was expected to be, the new metropolitan, might, through private feelings or prejudices, be unwilling to nominate for prelate him whom the chapter knew to be the best man; and, therefore, without waiting for his consecration and arrival, they designate him themselves.

Again, everything seems tending to this: that the prelates of colonial dioceses will be elected by the diocese, but nominated by the Crown. May we be permitted, leaving our own immediate subject for one moment, to say a word or two on this subject of election? It has been our duty to oppose, so far as we were able, the intrusion of the laity into offices to which they have no claim,—as, for example, into diocesan synods. We have always endeavoured to show that this is not a clerical question; that it is not a right which the clergy might concede to the laity if they so would, but one which by the institution of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself has been forbidden to the *Ecclesia discens*, and confined to the *Ecclesia docens*. So much the more bound are we to stand up for the rights of the laity when they really exist. And that one of these rights is a voice in the election of a bishop, as much their bishop as that of the clergy, it needs little knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquity to allow. Every communicant of age, and not under Church censure, has a voice: the only question which may admit of discus-

sion is, whether the laity and clergy should vote together, forming one majority, or whether they should be divided into two houses, and a majority in each be essential to election. What was the primitive custom is less easy to be certainly known; but the modern custom, which forms two houses, is surely by far the wisest; and, apparently, has been found to work well. Otherwise, when the clergy are very few, their influence would be entirely swamped by that of the lay communicants.

The election over, needs confirmation by the provincial synod. And in this another question arises: has the metropolitan merely his vote among the other bishops,—a casting vote if need require, and such influence as his station will necessarily give him,—or has he a vote external to, and independent of, that of the synod, so that after they have approved, he can veto? The primitive canons certainly seem to give him this; since they always mention the metropolitan as distinct from the com-provincials, and lay down that the elect must be approved by both.

One more question still remains to be discussed; namely, what authority of supervision the See of Canterbury has, and whether it ought to have any, over the colonial metropolitans. The terms of the act by which Calcutta was made a metropolis, and those of the patent which conferred the same dignity on Cape Town and Sydney, are not exactly the same, and are both very vague: the act, perhaps, seeming to attribute more to the English archbishop than the patent does. We have already seen that there is nothing contrary to mediæval practice, at least, in an appeal from Cape Town or Sydney to Canterbury. Regard the latter as primate of these sees, and he would then bear the same relation to them that Bourges did to Bourdeaux and Tours: Toledo to Seville and Tarragona, and the like. But then there is this vast difference: the distance that separates Canterbury from the Australian sees is so infinitely greater, even with all our increased facilities for locomotion, than was that which intervened between the primatist and other metropolitical sees of the Middle Ages. There seems no reasonable hope that we shall live to see New Zealand brought within less than five weeks of Canterbury; and at present, as every one knows, the distance is far greater. Let the distance, however, be shortened as much as steam can do it, there will always be the expense: and an appeal case, so important as to be taken half round the world, must almost always involve a considerable number of witnesses. Add to which, it is certain, if the present rate of possession increases, that Australia must, ere long, be divided into more metropoles

than one. One metropolitan for that island will in time be no less absurd than one metropolitan for Europe. Adelaide, no doubt, will have its own cluster of bishoprics: Victoria, the same: Perth, the same. Four metropolitans at least in that one island. How far more natural to make one of them primate of the others, than to attribute the primacy to a bishop thirteen thousand miles off! And there never can be such a thing, except in name, as a primate of primates: you get to a patriarch at once: and nothing but the authority of the Œcumenical Church can establish that dignity. It might not, perhaps, be an impossible, or even undesirable arrangement, supposing Ottawa to be the archbishopric of the Canadas, Barbados of the West Indies, Cape Town of South Africa, that Canterbury should have the primacy over these; but the time must come, and the sooner it comes the better, that all appeal from Australia to England should be done away with.

What then must be done in case of an appeal against one of these primates? The only authority which could adjudicate on such a case, would be a national council of the English Church, and those Churches which are in communion with it. True, such a body could not pretend to infallibility; but yet the united voice of at least a hundred and forty bishops ought to have no small weight. Though not infallible, it would be entitled to as much respect as such councils as those in Trullo, and of Sardica, and Trent, and Bethlehem.

And this brings us to one brief observation with which we will conclude. It is more to be desired than words can express that the American and Scotch Churches should submit themselves to metropolitanical jurisdiction. What precedent have they for the aggregation of autocephalous bishops, owing no obedience except to a synod? None, but the example of Russia; and that example the invention of Peter the Great. The Scotch Church may, indeed, in some degree refer to the pattern of the African, where the chief bishop in each province was rather a primus than an archbishop. But surely the miserable fall and sudden extinction of that Church, notwithstanding its most glorious saints, Cyprian, Augustine, and Fulgentius, ought to make it a warning to, rather than a pattern for us. As to Scotland, in point of fact, the Church has its metropolitan: only at Lambeth, instead of S. Andrews. Since the removal of the penal acts, the ecclesiastical independence of Scotland has been a very sham affair. No one, we suppose, imagines that the episcopal synod would venture to propose or to veto any measure which was known to be disliked by or desired at Lambeth. Much, much better to lean on themselves: to nominate one see,—and why not S. Andrews again, unless Edinburgh

should seem more convenient for the metropolis? The objection would be, that in that case the presbyters of that one diocese would give a head to the Scotch Church. But surely, while the episcopal synod hold, and that very properly, a veto in their own hands, this objection is of small consequence. And truly, however objectionable is the system of translations, it is preferable to the anonymous condition of a Church without a metropolitan.

From the present state of affairs it follows that America and Scotland are governed by bodies which are neither councils nor yet committees; which must be without the promises divinely attached to the former, or the regularity by organization certain to attend the latter. 'I have heard,' said an eminent prelate to the writer, 'of the grace of God promised to an individual; I have also heard of its being promised to a council; but I never heard of its being promised to an episcopal committee.' And truly, judging from late occurrences in Scotland, we do not think that it is often found there.

ART. IX.—*Works of Abraham Cowley.* Tenth Edition.
3 Vols. 8vo. London: Tonson. 1707.

WE have before us an advertisement sheet of Tonson's, affixed to the tenth edition of Cowley's poems, which, post-dated by about thirty years, well represents the literature and literary society in which that poet was *facile princeps*. It is a regular obituary of departed literary reputations. The wits of Button's and Will's, the courtiers of Whitehall, and literateurs from Grub Street, satirists, playwrights, pseudo-travellers, divines, and the great blind bard himself, make this single leaf a page of history. There are Dryden, Milton, Waller, Denham, Suckling, Rochester, Etherege, Garth's Dispensary, Addison's Campaign, the fanatic tory L'Estrange, a 'Voyage to the Island of Love,' by Afra Behn, 'our envy, her own sex's pride,' as the moral Cowley calls her. The list is completed by congratulatory poems by Rowe, heavy booksellers' histories by Lawrence Echard, scandalous 'Memoires,' by S. Evremond, a semi-learned life of Pythagoras, by Madame Dacier, and, finally, various translations from the classics, the favourite reading of that lazy, spuriously scholarly era, and probably fully bearing out in letter, though not in spirit, Cowley's recommendation that men should not servilely copy the original. It is curious to look on a muster-roll of dreary battalions from the Dunciad mingled with giant names, and still more curious to think how many of these antitheses are even now in annihilation not divided. Some volumes are seen just trembling into fame, some already illustrious, though with the seeds of quick decay in them, others destined to shine forth unexpectedly, far beyond and above the rest, when these, their coevals, should have become mere names of history, curious as representatives of a very peculiar social epoch, but with no distinct literary lustre. There Waller shows his seventh edition, put forth in an age when the court and the bar were an author's public, and Denham his fourth; and there, where Milton has apparently not yet passed beyond his first impression, Cowley overtops them all with the glories of a tenth. Where now are those 'celebrated hands,' nay, those 'most eminent hands,' great in society and the coffee-houses, who joined in Dryden's translations? Where are the much belauded patrons of literature, those courtly men of letters and plagiarists of Horace, the Dorsets and Godolphins, the Rochesters and Sucklings?

Cowley has been, perhaps, the most unfortunate of all, as he was as their chieftain then far the most renowned. The rest deserved their fate. It is hard for us to put ourselves into the proper position for comprehending our ancestors' care for them; but in him are seen glimpses of glorious poetry, and a poetical, though not, it may be, a philosophical depth and truthfulness, which should have preserved him, as a politico-poetical vigour has saved Dryden. He could not, perhaps, be now a text-book; he deserves to be still a classic. Cowley is a kind of proverb for the instability of popularity. Each successive age has stolen away one of the ornaments of his chaplet, till the present scarcely comprehends why the infallible Doctor should have thought it worth his while to accumulate reasons why men do not study a bard whose very name they but seldom hear. We know well the contour and bulky air of the volumes of the *eminent*, the *most incomparable*, or as old Wood loves to call him, that *prince of poets*, *Mr. Abraham Cowley*. They lie dispersed in every old library, on each sequestered book-stall, like the beams and keels of wrecks, or the huge masses of drift-wood, which were once green trees shadowing the banks of the Mississippi. The larger fame and the central position in literary history of Dryden, give him the power still to put forth green branches from a decaying trunk and root amid the morasses of this great dismal swamp of departed celebrity. But there are, besides, and Cowley is one of the great types of the class, many noble logs of timber lurking beneath the waters, unseen and almost unsuspected, though students piloting their way through the history and literature of the times, suddenly strike upon them, and are startled at the bulky mass which rears itself up and confronts them. The whole surface of literature rests upon a basis of such submerged heaps, as Snowdon and Ben Nevis, and Mont Blanc itself, are only the highest peaks of gigantic chains and ridges. Some patience and resolution, however, are necessary before these relics of other systems can be properly appreciated, so thick a barrier of temporary prejudices has first to be surmounted. Of all of them, Cowley most needs forbearance; and requires perhaps the determination to discover something precious in him as compensation for wading through the deliberate eccentricity of his style and versification. At the same time, when one has bound oneself apprentice to his handicraft or put on his fetters, it is not difficult to discover how much harmony is consonant with art and stiffness, and what grace may be shown in dancing in shackles.

It is possible that not a little of what we think so forced, unnatural, and costly artificial in Cowley's poems, may be traced back to this precocious facility of versifying, which by out-

running his power of conception, tended to tempt him to look to novelty in manner for originality, and the realization of the great problem of his life—

‘What shall I do to be for ever known?’

Probably, next to Chatterton, he is the most remarkable instance of success in the ambitious imitativeness of childhood, which sometimes develops into poetry, sometimes proves to be nothing but the effervescence of youth and passion. His ‘Pyramus and Thisbe’ was produced at the age of ten, ‘Constantia and Philetus’ at twelve, and ‘Love’s Riddle’ shortly after. It would be too much to say that we can read these poems with pleasure, but at least, for rhythm and sentiment, they seldom offend the ear or judgment.

Cowley’s poetical power was hardly hereditary, unless the narrow circumstances of his parents may be supposed to indicate that though bad grocers they were literary geniuses. His father was,—Dr. Johnson infers from the absence of any note of the poet’s baptism in the register of his parish church, S. Dunstan’s,—a dissenter; and Aubrey adds, a grocer. The latter statement, a reference observed by us in the Calendar of State Papers of the reign of James the First to a bond owing by a certain *Cowley, a grocer*, to two other citizens, would seem to corroborate. The son of an insolvent tradesman, born within the democratic city of London, beneath the shadow of Temple Bar, just where Chancery Lane strikes the end of Fleet Street, he did not start under very favourable auspices for winning the smiles and patronage of a Jermyn and a Buckingham. Mrs. Cowley, to whom was left the task of bringing up three sons, the poet being a posthumous child, was a tender mother, and gifted with the power of exciting an affection in her children which no years or fame could diminish. But his friends confess she knew no more about poetry than her neighbours, and possessed no larger stock of books. It so happened, however, that in her window, along with the whole of the family library, lay a volume, the most Italian and gracefully artificial of English classics, Spenser’s ‘Faëry Queen.’ Amid its bright pictures, Cowley tells us, he basked and grew up into poetry, till the solicitations of Mrs. Cowley, and the interest excited with the head-master by some powerful patron, removed him to the great school at Westminster and the hard business of life in the shape of Latin grammar. It was the most aristocratic school of the day, and, from particular circumstances, the especial home of a political party; yet it does not seem that the boy was looked upon as an intruder, or exposed to unkindness from masters or scholars, on the score of his humble birth. His

name was long and proudly treasured up among them, and his boyish poems heralded in stately rhymes by eulogistic school-fellows.

Very quietly indeed did he vindicate his claims to consideration there, though juvenile fits of poetic rhapsody did not at first exactly harmonize with the quaint hexameters of the pre-Busbeian grammar. Sprat has recorded Cowley's natural and boyish aversion for hard technical rules in, it is true, a somewhat high-flown style, as a portentous token of his friend's genius. He has been rebuked by the greatest master of the art of putting down, and the paragraph treated as a bombastic intimation that Cowley was no better than other boys. It seems to us, we confess, though nothing out of the common way, on a par with Wordsworth's equal dislike for the same kind of learning. There was, doubtless, no lack in the days of James the First, any more than in our own more prosaic ones, of idle schoolboys or of rods, the maiden Queen's perennial benefaction from the royal forests, in the purlieus of the Grey Cloisters of Westminster. The poetical aspirant's prophecy of his own future glories, in a juvenile dedication to Sir Kenelm Digby,—

‘The birch that whipt him then would prove a bay,’

intimates that he had scarcely as yet experienced the results of so agreeable a botanical eccentricity. But the disgust of the lad at those jingling prosodiocal barbarisms might well proceed from no want of application, or even of classical taste, but simply and strictly from the desire, fostered by his previous process of self-education, of grasping at the results without going through the stages of mastering details prepared for the use of more favourably trained minds. At all events, he speedily exhibited the very highest classical taste. An ear for Latin verse, in our opinion, decidedly inferior to Milton's in sweetness and delicacy, but stronger, and showing on the whole, greater freedom and greater power of thinking in the language, is sufficient testimony to his application at school. Hand in hand, as in his subsequent life, advanced his power over both English and classical diction. In that famous year, 1628, when the Parliament gained its first triumph over the King, and in those more advanced days of 1630, when the sovereign's violence was procrastinating and so increasing the mass of the growing passion for liberty, Cowley's muse burgeoned forth. His ‘Pyramus and Thisbe,’ and ‘Constantia and Philetus,’ poems composed in those years in an English dress, but with little else native about them, were, so envious contemporaries often whispered, superior to his mature works. His masters

were proud of him, and cherished the genius from which they expected yet riper fruits. One, Mr. Jordan, Cowley's gratitude, and not the necessities of a school exercise, led him to commemorate in an elegy for his kind sympathy.

It might have happened, had he remained exposed to the feelings and influences most powerful, both in his own home and his school, that the future professional, it is true, rather than impassioned Royalist might have developed into an associate of Milton and Andrew Marvel. Westminster itself was a hotbed of Parliamentaryism. In a seminary supervised by the great Dean Williams, once Lord Keeper, and successor of Bacon, now Bishop of Lincoln, Dean of Westminster, and Laud's rival, and taught by Osbaldeston, alias Osbolston, alias, and as Cowley writes it, Osbalston, the poet was indeed in the way of becoming imbued with the popular spirit. It looks strange to see the earliest preserved poem of the confidant of Lord St. Albans and satirist of Cromwell, dedicated to the schoolmaster, who, even then suspected, was no long time after sentenced, for an unpublished libel upon the Archbishop, to stand in the pillory at his own school-gate. It is placed near a general dedication and congratulatory verses to the Bishop of Lincoln himself, on his release from the Tower, to which he had been sent for his part in this very transaction. But a time was coming when all were to be compelled to take a side, when it was no longer possible to praise the private virtues of a statesman without denouncing his political adversaries. It was not simply Cowley's youth, or the circumstance of the general feeling among the undergraduates of the two Universities in favour of Charles, as opposed, at least at Cambridge, to a powerful party in the neighbourhood on the side of the Commons; but something also in Cowley's disposition, which developed his politics in a very different direction to what might have been anticipated from the pupil of Osbaldeston and extravagant eulogist of the late Lord Keeper. He belonged to that section which will always comprehend many men of literature in a time of popular commotions. Like Waller, like Selden, like Falkland, Cowley had a good deal of aversion for despotism, though scarcely with the fervour or judgment of the latter two. But he had with this a slowness in seizing on the salient points in the proposed changes, and a dread of the consequences. He could praise *excellent Brutus*, and flatter and co-operate with a mean-spirited Jermyn, without the least consciousness of inconsistency.

At Trinity, whither he proceeded in 1636, he had to fight his way without any regular patron. It is, however, probable, considering the incapacity of Mrs. Cowley to equip a son for

college, that he may have been aided while there by the Lord Dorchester, whom he commemorates, or the son of the Sir Everard of Guy Faux and Gunpowder-plot notoriety, the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby, of whom the gossip-mongering Aubrey speaks as 'ever very kind' to our poet. For some reason unknown Cowley had failed to be elected to a scholarship on the Westminster foundation, but it would seem that the prestige of his school successes procured for him almost immediately an open one. He was soon distinguished favourably by the notice of the fellows of his college, especially the learned Mr. Fotherby, the uncle of his future friend, Matthew Clifford, and by the Master, Dr. Comber. But his chief friends and associates seem to have been William Hervey and the famous Crashaw, one of the sweetest of religious poets; though, like the rest, far too artificial. It is pleasant for us to have a glimpse into the academical life of the poet and his friend—how they were in the habit of taking long walks among the meadows and dykes of that green region, which should lie sullen all winter and autumn, to emerge amid floating lime-blossoms in spring-time and summer.

'Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love between us two?'

In the same poem, written in honour of his friend's memory, he appeals to the reminiscences of long winter nights,—

'Spent not in toys, in lust or wine,
But search of deep Philosophy,
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'

His own assertion of his assiduity as a student can have been no vain boast. His continuous devotion to Latin scholarship was evinced by the production of a rough sort of play, '*Naufragium Jocularis*,' in the manner of Plautus and Terence, but with even less of rhythm. Besides this, he found time for the composition of the greater portion of that ponderous poem, the '*Davideis*,' which, water-logged by the long tedium of generations of readers, has so hardly floated down the stream of time to us on the fame of its author. It was no doubt commenced in the boyish belief that it is the doom of all great poets to compose epics; but, we are sorry to say, however venial the original self-delusion, it was not regretted properly in after years by its author as waste of time. It is, of course, not devoid of grand lines and noble sentiments, or of bright, happy conceits; but, on the whole, is as heavy as its copy, Prior's '*Solomon*,' which was probably designed, in emulation

of its repute, as at once a continuation and rival. More cannot be said against it. It is crowded with unblushing plagiarisms, such as 'So a strong oak,' and so on, *ad nauseam*; and these are not like Milton's imitations of the ancients, so beautified with new hues and shades playing over them, that we begin to compare Virgil's with his, rather than his with Virgil's. Sir John Denham could scarcely have perused the 'Davideis,' if he wrote of his friend seriously,—

'Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal but emulate.'

Besides all this, there is a sad want of soul and spirit—plenty of sense, but none of the fire and energy to vivify the dead bones of rhymes in this ponderous epic. We miss, too, any power of imagining a scene. How vague is Cowley's description of Hell, in comparison with that in 'Paradise Lost'! The latter is intentionally vague and misty; but we feel with it, as men groping in the dark, that there is life, and that there lurk ghostly forms behind the veil, fashioned as exactly as the demons in Gothic cathedrals, though like them, meant to remain hidden. In the description of the same in the 'Davideis,' there is a veil with nothing to hide, or thrown on merely to cover the barrenness and baldness of the author's conception. Sometimes, but rarely, the guardian angel of English poesy, the spring-tide spirit of Chaucer, breathes through and animates the struggling verse. 'Uprose the Sun and Saul,' perhaps betrays even more than sympathy with the patriarch of our literature. Again, we have a few pleasant surprises in lines like these:—

'Queen of the flowers who made that orchard gay,
The morning blushes of the Spring's new day;'

or we may chance to stumble on the racy vigour and earnestness which is never entirely wanting to political poetry; as, for instance, in the passage beginning,

'It is jest to tell a people they are free.'

But instances of natural feeling and power are few and far between. If the Bishop, his biographer, were not misled by friendship, or the wish to turn a sentence, the *dictum* that, 'with all the faults of the "Davideis," it is a better instance 'and beginning of a Divine Poem than he [Sprat] ever yet saw 'in any language.' We can only account for it on grounds injurious either to Sprat's reading, or to the religious feeling of epic bards. We may be excused, too, a slight wonderment how far the poet can have believed the result to have harmonised with his own lofty and most terse prelude of invective against 'the cold meats of the ancients' dragged into sacred

verse; or the 'turning of a story into rhyme, which so far from 'elevating Poesie is only abasing the Divinity.' It is somewhat equivocal sublimity, in this keen critic, to have pictured the Mars, Milton's war-demon, kingly Moloch, as a monster who—

'Still did eat
New-roasted babes, his dear delicious meat.'

In fact, as a version of Giant Fee, Fo, Fum.

Men's opinion respecting the volume when it subsequently appeared, as that of the Bard's friends at an earlier period, by no means accorded with ours. He was hailed as the coming poet by the University and his College, of which he proceeded major fellow in 1642. Neither did his open Royalism disqualify him, if it did not point him out as the proper person to be selected for planning a dramatic piece (then an University's customary way of showing honour) for the entertainment of the young Prince of Wales, when passing, the memorable year of 1640, through the University on his way to join the King at York. The result was, 'The Guardian,' a rough-drawn farce, he himself tells us, not written out, but learned by the *dramatis personæ* from his extempore dictation; and which he was only induced to publish, at a subsequent period, by the circumstance that during his exile an incorrect transcript had circulated in London.

But the progress of the troubles now brought evil days upon him. In 1643 he was, with his friend Crashaw, expelled from his fellowship and the University by the Parliamentary Commissioners, for delinquency in refusing the oath then tendered to all members of Cambridge. St. John's College, Oxford, the college successively of Archbishops Abbot and Laud, afforded him shelter, while the friendship of Lord Falkland gave him distinction with the courtiers assembled at Magdalen and Christchurch. He appears to have thus drifted into confirmed partisanship, with no very active zeal for party politics, and probably—though some of the links for proving this are wanting—from the influence of Sir Kenelm Digby, who had certainly long been his friend, or some other powerful patron. Poets and scholars in those days occupied a more dependent, though at the same time less laborious, condition than now. In the general revolution of political and social ideas they had naturally a commanding influence. The result was not fully attained till the reign of Queen Anne, when the golden age of literature became the golden age of literateurs. They were still part of the great man's household, and still looked to his purse and countenance for support as of right, but he began to use them for the political ends which were monopolising his

own energies; till, often, from the condition of retainers of his, they were transferred to that of retainers of the public. We do not mean to say that these men, such as Cowley, hired themselves out as party tools; but when, as literary men, they had been attracted within the sphere of some patron's orbit, and exposed to all the influences which surrounded him, it was but natural that, on his being converted into a statesman, their neutrality should be modified in accordance with the only theory on the subject with which they had had an opportunity of becoming imbued.

On the death, shortly after Cowley's migration to Oxford, of Francis Cary, Viscount Falkland, he appears to have betaken himself to the protection, not of the latter's chief friends, Hyde and Culpepper, but of the opposite faction, the following of Jermyn and the Queen. In that focus of partisanship, Oxford, his own speedily became confirmed; though, apparently, it was always more the partisanship of habit and the accident of association, than of passion. 'The Puritan and the Papist,' a virulent satire, delighted his companions, though it subsequently terrified himself. It was only at Dr. Johnson's earnest instance with the publishers that it was at length inserted in a complete edition of the Poet's works. But he chiefly devoted his time to the composition of a heroic poem on the civil wars. Much of it was compiled from his own note-book; for he seems to have attended the King on several of his expeditions, besides being employed in others as a confidential agent. It was continued down to the time of the second battle of Newbury, when the approach of the catastrophe of Royalist hopes became too apparent to admit even of a poet's favourable interpretation. When his locality and circumstances were different, the violence of the sentiments of the composition appalled himself, conscious as he was of a most uncavalier-like coolness in the matter, and the poem was carefully suppressed. Soon after this calamity which thus damped his political enthusiasm, the cause became so desperate, that, along with a throng of compromised courtiers, divines, and authors, he went over to Paris.

It was fortunate for him that he had gained the countenance of Jermyn, Lord St. Albans, for it was a matter of notoriety and scandal, that this nobleman alone of the refugees in France kept open house, living in comparative splendour, while the Prince of Wales was half destitute. Into his household, and consequently the Queen's, whose chamberlain and favourite Jermyn had long been, Cowley was admitted as a favoured servant. The prestige of his name which, though no remarkable work had proceeded from him, had long resounded throughout both the republican and royalist camps, as that of the coming poet, while *L'Allegro*,

and Il Penseroso, and Comus, were either too great an anticipation of the future dawn of greater poesy, or too much a reflex of the serene sunset of the Elizabethan era, to excite permanent observation, made him a welcome inmate. Indeed, Jermyn, with all his bad qualities, had, at least, sufficient taste to judge of literary power, even independently of selfish motives. The guest on his part appears to have used his advantages so kindly and benevolently, as to escape the envy so liberally dealt out to his host. By his help Crashaw, who had lost his fellowship at Cambridge at the same time and for the same reason, was kept from starving. Eventually, the latter, who in disgust had, when an exile in France, turned Roman Catholic, was despatched into Italy with such warm recommendations from Henrietta, procured by his friend's intervention, as to induce Pope Innocent X. to give him one of the richest benefices in Italy, a canonry at Loretto. Cowley himself found active employment as Jermyn's secretary, in the routine but confidential employment of cyphering and decyphering the correspondence between the King, now a captive, and the Queen, and other royalists. It may seem a practical refutation of the arguments for supporting poets and men of genius in public offices, that this employment of an illustrious writer was not merely the most commonplace drudgery, but so incessant, as to take up all his days and two nights every week. When so distinguished a copying clerk was no longer required, his services were put in requisition in various other ways; the intervals between political journeys being filled up with poetry and meditations over some far off halcyon refuge in the mastership of the Savoy, of which the reversion had been promised him both by Charles and his son. He still retained the post of private secretary to Lord St. Albans, and managed the correspondence between the little courts of Henrietta and her son, in his various removals to Bruges, Spa, and Cologne. Certain grave letters which have been preserved from Mr. Secretary Bennett, afterwards Lord Arlington, one of Charles's favourite ministers, from April 1650, show that the poet readily became a serious man of business; disappointing as this may be to those who would have a bard's eye always in a fine frenzy rolling. The consideration which he, a man of no pretensions to nobility or wisdom in camp or council, enjoyed in the Queen-mother's court, is of itself a sufficient indication, not only of his poetical renown, but also of a somewhat dignified character always keeping its place. We are told, both by himself and Sprat, that he had peculiar opportunities for becoming conversant with courts and the splendour of palaces: that he was not, in short, merely one of the instruments for lending grace to royal establishment, but himself partook in the magnificence.

When not writing letters to Charles's councillors or spies in England, he was principally engaged in political missions to the young king from his mother. Whenever some plan required fuller exposition than was safe or possible through the medium of an ordinary council letter, the poet seems to have been despatched to communicate the opinion of the Queen and her chamberlain. We know, as a fact, that with this object he visited successively, Jersey, Scotland, Flanders, and Holland. No records, however, of the end of his journeys or the incidents to himself have been preserved, with one exception, consisting of an answer sent by him from the first-mentioned island, to a copy of verses addressed to him when there. In his epistle he endeavours to emulate *the Sweet Melody of Native Insular Rhymes, written by ——— Esq. the year of our Lord, sixteen hundred, thirty-three*. Perhaps enemies of his Pindaric verse may say, that it was in this expedition that finding himself, as he himself tells us, without any books but Pindar, he was induced to study that poet's dithyrambic poems, the result of which was, the introduction into the English Helicon of a rivulet of harshest Jersey-bred verse, appealing for aught like melody *ad misericordiam* of the kindly reader. While settled in France in the year 1647, he thought it his duty to show his conformity with the principles, though not the practice, of the cavaliers, by composing his 'Mistress.' It must have been the subject which so quickly made it popular, rather than the special beauty or special application of verses like these:—

' Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.'

It is interesting, too, to catch at times a turn or a tone which appears an anticipation of the poetical development, of which Tennyson is the chief representative; but the general impression on the modern reader, is one of systematic monotony. Cowley's own explanation of it is enough to reveal the causes of its barrenness. He declares it was written because no poet can be esteemed a freeman of his company till he has sacrificed to Venus. A capacity for concerting systematic, cold-blooded conspiracies, for winning the smiles of men, was the great taint on Cowley's poetical character. The initiatory line—

' What can I do to be for ever known,'

is an index to all his poetical cravings. He wrote the 'Davideis' as Haydon painted his finest pictures, because an Epic has the supremacy among poems, and Cowley must, therefore, put himself in a position to emulate Virgil, and Homer, and Tasso.

So he wrote the 'Mistress,' not because the subject, or the thoughts rising out of it, suited his tastes, but because the poet of the Jermyns and Wilmots must pretend to have analysed love; and because, finally, each master poet had shown himself a votary of Cupid. What can be expected from such a confessed theory? The whole subject is exhausted as to its topics, though not on one does he penetrate below the surface. He was, in fact, unwilling to leave room for pointing out a single defect in his treatment of it, or not to have occupied the whole ground, just as Spanish navigators were unwilling to sail away without planting their foot on every barren rock. It may be argued on the other side, that at least this predetermined and superficial completeness serves to vindicate the author's morality, and to show that the laxity which he was at so great pains to display existed in profession much more than in reality; no light offence this, however, and especially a reproach on the age, or at all events, the party of which grossness was so naturally the substratum, that it cropped up occasionally even in characters so respectable as Clarendon and Cowley.

A tradition preserved among Pope's sneering remarks upon his predecessors, says, that the lady who was meant to be overwhelmed by all these panegyrics, which any one would now esteem insults, was the Leonora of whom he speaks as his last and enduring love, in that sparkling, but scandalous 'Chronicle' of his flames, which seems to have taken Johnson's admiration by storm. Disappointment at having his addresses rejected by her in favour of the poet's future friend and biographer, the Bishop of Rochester, is said, on the same authority, to have soured his temper against the whole of woman-kind, and contributed mainly to his disgust at a court. It seems unlikely that this lady can have suggested some of the feelings of either poem; at all events, he had soon an opportunity of enjoying her society, for in 1566, the stagnation of the royalist counsels in France, and the little hopes of the speedy dissolution of the Protector's power at home, led to a sort of breaking up of the nucleus in Paris, and a disposition among the exiles to make compositions with the revolutionary government. Cowley had no estate to compound for; so it was supposed that he would have little difficulty in returning to England, and that while there, he might still be able, as opportunity served, to co-operate with his friends. It was not then thought dishonourable for a partisan to take to the profession of a spy (for such, it is said, was to be his position), or, in fact, to do anything, not even stopping short of murder, which might disturb the Usurper. It was esteemed a most innocent thing for Cowley, who hoped for nothing from Cromwell but to be overlooked,

to do what Evelyn, who was protected in his estate, thought perfectly becoming. It had been thought advisable that he should remain incognito; this indeed is the chief circumstance revealing that his duties were to consist in espionage. His own character would have led us to suppose he had meant now, to throw off all political obligations whatsoever, and live for literature and science; but, as it happened, almost immediately upon his landing he was seized as a returned refugee, by mistake for another, against whom the warrant lay. His real name quickly became known; and the famous court poet and confidant of the Queen and the detested Jermyn, whose plot to raise the troops against the Parliament had made the quarrel between Charles and the Commons irreconcilable, was looked upon as a prize. Several times was he examined before and menaced by the Protector and his council, but to no purpose. It nowhere appears, except from an obscure report of a saying of Clarendon's, that the enemies of Cowley hinted that he had betrayed any secrets to the Usurper, to whom they accused him of unworthily truckling in other ways. Perhaps he had no secrets to reveal. Notes of application by the exiled prince to every sovereign in Europe for a little ready money could scarcely have interested the mighty parvenu much. At length he was dismissed, but only on bail to the amount of 1,000*l.*, a sum which vastly raises our notion of the poet's political value. His surety was the celebrated Dr. Scarborough, of whose loyalty to the Protector there was no doubt, and whose resolute protestantism—so the scandal of June, 1688, whispered—was the reason for concealing from him, though royal physician, the accouchement of James the Second's queen.

Now at last the poet was free to make trial, if he chose, of some poetical realization of the hope breathed in the drawing-rooms of Paris:—

‘ Ah! yet, ere I descend into the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have,
And a few friends, and many friends, both true,
Both wise, and yet delightful, too!’

He really did betake himself from town into Kent, to study botany and rival Virgil's Georgics. With the earnestness and covetousness after universality which distinguished his character, medical and natural science soon absorbed his attention, and he even sought for and, probably by the influence of Scarborough, obtained from the government a command to the University of Oxford to grant him the diploma of M.D. There was, probably, in his application for a degree in medicine, some desire of manifesting his determination to leave politics, and live quietly as a man of science. It was, however, thrown in

his teeth by some enemies as a species of apostasy. Whatever the motive, he really devoted himself to the pursuit, and the result was the poem on flowers and plants. In the same year, 1656, he brought out a complete edition of his poems. The measure was rendered necessary, as well by the unscrupulous abuse of his name by the English publishers to screen paltry rhymes, such as a collection called the 'Iron Age,' as by the numerous and defective editions both of his juvenile and his later poems. But the edition scandalised his friends, for it had a copy of verses to the Protector inserted in it by way of dedication. It is hard for us to judge properly on this matter. Certainly eulogiums addressed to his master's rival by a minister of the exiles, moreover by one with a commission to spy out the actions of the government, are suspicious. Our aversion to his conduct, however, is scarcely inflamed by the recollection that it was his clear interest to conciliate him they called Usurper, now that he was a kind of prisoner upon parol. It might be an apology for his conduct, that it was now his friend Scarborough's 1,000*l.* which he had to protect. We are sorry to say that the Bishop extenuates the obnoxious preface on the ground of the necessity under which the author was of allaying the fears of government, in order more fully to discover and betray its counsels to his employers. The subject of Sprat's theme had a better apology, even if such were the excuse for the biographer's own 'Pindaric Ode, dedicated to the happy memory of the most renowned Prince Oliver, Lord Protector,' wherein it was declared, rather equivocally if by way of compliment, that

'His fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of itself turn whiter too.'

Cowley's dedication brought him no profit; his bond still remained uncanceled; and the feeling of the Royalists against verses, which after all, only expressed admiration of that energy in the Protector's rule which had elevated the national character, was so violent that the poet was weak enough to suppress them after the Restoration. Altogether the visit was a failure; if he came to collect information, his detection and the suretyship of Scarborough effectually prevented his scheme. He had become an able botanist among the Kentish hop-gardens, and was recognised through the introduction of the friendly physician as a man of science, and the chief of English poets: but the *res angusta domi* and the cold looks of friends and foes embittered his life at this period. Such was his despondency that he even used to consult his friends on a migration to some of the American plantations, to study botany and medicine, and write poetry at leisure. His genius was of

a more practical turn than Coleridge's, it is true, and he was wise enough, while sighing for the society of red Indians, to include a good library in the list of necessities for Virginia and Maryland. Still it was fortunate for the poet, wearied with the world, that he could never put his vision to the test.

As this fancy floated off his mind the disasters of the time made the distant vision of the Savoy less dream-like, and he accepted an invitation to resume his duties in Jermyn's household, at Paris. They do not seem to have been obtrusive, for there is no appearance of the poet having been mulcted for this new delinquency. At last came the joyful day of the Restoration, and, of all men, the poet and author of 'The Mistress' expected that in the 'cheerful fit of folly,' which was to do away with the remembrance of 'the twenty years of melancholy,' he should not be passed over. But so it was, that, on his application for the long-promised boon, his prayer was rejected. Wood declares this arose from some 'enemy of the Muses.' A mysterious assertion, which may refer to the dull George Monk, mis-named 'honest,' and the Royalists opposed to Jermyn, or even to the ultra Royalist cavaliers of the Queen Mother's household. The doubtful story of Charles's repulse to the poor bard, 'Mr. Cowley, your pardon is your reward,' is in favour of the latter supposition. He would have been scarcely a poet not to have exclaimed at such treatment. His lament was temperate and loyal, but the complaint and its author, 'Savoy-Seeking Cowley,' was ridiculed in Suckling's witty poem of the day on the choice of a laureat, as exhibiting a pitiful incapacity for proper indignation. As it was, he remained a dependant of Lord St. Albans, a poet by trade, and man of general science by taste. His professional character of M.D. had been thrown off after the publication of the poem on plants. In 1660, came out his 'Vision of Oliver Cromwell,' a majestic composition, in which one's indignation at the renegade-like vehemence of the revilings is tempered by the feeling that the praises which are there given as ironical, might have been the outburst of his admiration. Hume has, with scarce the change of a single word, borrowed them for a panegyric; they were probably, indeed, in substance identical with 'The Lament of the Death of that Great Sovereign,' a poem of which Wood records the existence, but which is no longer extant, except as now inserted in a setting of abuse. It is, indeed, a most noble laudation, and full of the fervour of a man exulting that his country had produced such a man, however much he might disapprove his actions. We know of few compositions in prose more perfectly akin to poetry. Interpolated, as it was, by the writer, it shone but poorly beside the concealed rich vein of

poetry in the prose. We do not think the cavaliers could have been at all satisfied with a work in which every epithet and reproach revealed such a sense of the gigantic in the deceased. The favourite phrases of scurrilous songsters and pamphleteers, the 'Red Nosed Noll,' 'Brewer's Son,' and such like, seemed to have evaporated amid the strong stream of the poet's execrations. By the side of the enumeration of the great national glories, won by the dead Protector, the flattery of the young King's locks—

' If gold might be compared with angel's hair,'

reads sufficiently tame and bald.

This composition elevated the poet to an undisputed supremacy among not only the Royalists, but the national poets: still it gained him no rich sinecure. He remained a follower of Lord St. Albans, though passing his time chiefly with men of literature and science. Round him gathered Evelyn, from Deptford; Boyle, the most modest and abstracted of philosophers; Sir Kenelm Digby, who frequented the society of the sages at Gresham College in a long mourning cloak, peaked hat, and oriental beard; Hobbes, in his selfish green old age; Shakespeare's godson, Sir William Davenant; Lord Broghill; Denham, cherishing regrets for his beloved Cooper's Hill; Sprat, somewhat pompous, but a fervent and affectionate admirer; and Matthew Clifford, Master of the Charterhouse and man of taste. A little further off in this circle of his intimates might be seen men of fashion like Waller and Buckingham, and great John Dryden, and, tradition says, greater John Milton, were among his fervent admirers. His life is connected with the times before and the times after the troubles and their representatives; with Falkland at home, the Queen Mother in France, and Charles the Second, and the gossip of restored Whitehall; with the men of science and the court, the fashionable votaries of literature, and taste, and leisure, and the philosophers and divines. Besides all this, there were great domestic duties which the poet never neglected. His mother, probably still alive at the Restoration, and brothers, one at all events, in good repute, and living in King Street, at Westminster, shared in the advantages, such as they were, of his fame.

Though not one of the six or seven founders of the Royal Society, as he has been termed, Cowley was on the list of the men who were to be first asked to join. His general repute and his acuteness in experimental science, especially botany, made him a valuable acquisition in the sagacious designs the society had on its outset, when Bacon's method seemed to have opened the doors to unlimited repair of the miseries of the human race.

Doubtless the experiments of restoring youth by infusing the blood of the young into the old, as well as divers perplexing questions how they were to find zealots in the cause of science to act as good subjects, and other strange novelties in experiment, which justified the King's practical joke against them, found from his ready imagination perfect sympathy. Nor was it only his co-operation in that way which might be useful; the philosophers hoped from his social rank and pen to get fashion, and to be screened from the popular ridicule they met with, and which irritated even the serene philosophy of Evelyn. He acceded to the invitation of the latter to give them 'a divine song,' to vindicate them from the satire, and the songs of the drunkards, producing for them, in the year 1667, a poem which it is a shame on our age to have forgotten. What can be finer than those lines to Bacon, beginning,—

'Bacon, like Moses, led us on,'

and the apology for the great theorist's failure in practice; or, than the bitter retort on the men who were trying to laugh down science—

'The things which those proud men despise,
And call impertinent, and vain, and small;
Those smallest things of nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest actions do!'

After verse like this it is hard to think that the blame of neglect is only Cowley's. Is it not partly our own reproach that we will not now give time or thought enough to understand him?

The praises of the Royal Society were indeed undertaken by him *con amore*, for the whole scheme of that Institution somewhat approached a design which he, in common with Milton, Evelyn, Boyle, Sir William Davenant, and the famous Sir William Petty, were always debating, viz., the erection of a philosophical college in accordance with the suggestions of Bacon, in the 'Advancement of Learning,' for the promotion of general, but especially experimental, knowledge. As might have been expected, Cowley's designs were not very practical; scarcely so much so as Evelyn's. The latter would, indeed, have been content with 400*l.* a year as a foundation; but then, apparently, each member was himself to furnish all the little ornaments and elegancies fit for philosophers, who were to bring their wines and hold medical soirées. Cowley's scheme required an annual expenditure of 4,000*l.*, but there is something much more tempting and pretty in Evelyn's description to Boyle, in 1659, of the hermit-like cells embosomed in fragrant gardens, and the monkish exercises inter-

spersed with, every Thursday evening, a re-union, than in the poet's more elaborate design. He proposed to erect two quadrangles, the second opening upon gardens and green lawns, together with no contemptible income for science in the shape of, for those days, the sumptuous appointments of 120*l.* a-year for each of the professors, and 20*l.* for each scholar, exclusive of incomes for travelling fellows to collect rarities. The plan was branched out into details respecting the division of the profits of new discoveries between the college and the inventors; the grammar school and boarding-house for rich pupils, whence gradually a foundation was to be accumulated for the maintenance of the poor men's sons, 'as plentiful as for the rich, there being nothing to be expected from a low, sordid, and hospital-like education.' In one point, indeed, the poet breaks out, as compared with a man of the world like Evelyn, when the former gravely lays down the rule for his seminary, that the professors should 'all keep inviolable and exemplary friendship with each other.' It is curious to observe the sympathy between the great men of the age as to the proper instruments of education. Greek and Latin, especially the latter, were to be taught, but Varro and Cato, Columella, Celsus, the *Georgics*, and Manilius were prescribed as the medium for carrying out the design that the students should learn things as well as words. Amid the convulsions of politics and society, myriads of Utopias of the same sort were being thrown up, all with the same negative results. While the Harringtons and Sydneys were constructing the *Oceanas* and perfect polities, the other theorists of the age, the men of science, were planning how to turn the political changes to the advantage of philosophy. They had all looked with unselfish greediness to the funds from sequestered bishoprics and royal domains, and Cromwell's proposed foundation of Durham was looked upon as but a mere instalment of future donations to learning. Even on the Restoration, in the crowd of eager individual claimants, the philosophers put forth their collective requisitions. So late as Queen Anne's reign, and in the acute mind of Swift, hope was harboured of persuading cunning ministers to make colleges for the improvement of the language, something on the plan of Petty's philosophic college, the nation's care. Each successive proposer, however, prudently settled down into the conviction of the impracticability of such projects.

While the mass of the public mind, as well as of its guides and instructors, was in this state of fermentation, about the same time (1665) with the composition of the panegyric on the Royal Society, we learn from the diaries of the time that Cowley and his friends had entertained a design akin to that of Boling-

broke and Swift, of improving the language, and generally directing attention to literary subjects. They used to walk through what were then pleasant fields to talk literature, at Gray's-Inn, probably. They thus, it seems, anticipated the Kit-Kat Club, which itself existed for purely literary purposes, under the great booksellers' auspices, long before it was taken up as a party organ. There were but few meetings, but they seem to have been continued at intervals during two or three years, being finally interrupted by the great plague, and above all, writes Evelyn, 'the death of the incomparable Mr. Cowley.' He was the centre of the whole, the most fashionable of poets, and esteemed then the greatest; nor was such reputation then so entirely without foundation, for it was prior to the appearance of Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'

Besides all this, Cowley had a general repute like that which Dryden afterwards enjoyed, and an allowed supremacy, as a cotemporary writes, independent almost of the merit of his published works. Yet this must have been mainly based on his literary fame, for his biographer tells us that 'he did not surprise at first in his conversation,' and further, that none but his intimates would have discovered that he was a poet. There was nothing brilliant or showy to make up for this in his general demeanour. When his eulogist declares that he was possessed of perfect natural goodness, great integrity, and plainness of manners, though living in France; that there was 'nothing affected in habit, person, or gesture;' that 'he understood the forms of good breeding enough to practise them 'without burdening himself;' finally, 'that he was modest and 'humble excessively even to appear dissimulation, unless for 'other equal virtues,' we have no great difficulty in representing to ourselves a person who was destitute, like Addison, of external graces, but without Addison's capability of warming into eloquence and fire with wine. It is not necessary to go so far as to believe in the truthfulness of his friend Denham's epigram—

'Had Cowley ne'er spoke, nor Killigrew writ,
They'd both have made a very good wit.'

Perhaps it was this brilliancy of fame, as conjoined with such perfect unconsciousness of it, which charmed by its contrast with the affectation and pretentiousness of other literary men of the day. Davenant, for instance, in these pleasant congresses met men of various ranks, but all united by a like love of literature. There was the notorious Duke of Buckingham, constant to nothing but patronage of literature; there too was Waller, from whom the memory of friends betrayed to the hangman, and

an affectation of lamentable hypocrisy, had easily glided off, not only from his memory, but from that of friends and foes, whom his gentle wit at the age of eighty attracted; there too were politicians, who excused no variableness, except in themselves, like Clarendon; there were debauchees, who tolerated no one else if not a drunkard, like Wilmot and Rochester; there were men of honour and piety like Evelyn. With these was joined Sprat, the high Tory prelate, and Dryden, soon about to take up, as it were, Cowley's sceptre, and rule literature after him. Matthew Clifford was of the party—co-author with the Duke of Buckingham and Sprat of the 'Rehearsal,' and deemed worthy of the dedication of the life of Cowley, one of those anomalous men of literature who are admitted as honorary members into its guild, without performing any of its exercises, and who sometimes, as did this very connoisseur himself, with his coarse strictures on Dryden's fables, so miserably disappoint their friends when they have been flattered into authorship.

Cowley's popularity, like Dryden's, though general, had met with one or two rebuffs. While association with courtiers gave literature fashion, and taught literary men how to adopt the tone which would make their compositions popular with their patrons, not only did they sometimes find that '*ipse facit versus*,' and that the noble forgot the patron in the rival, but any deviation from the tone which the great man believed himself fully competent to prescribe, or any appearance of isolation in life and severer morals, exposed them to the chance of a persecution. The courtiers sympathized with his brother authors in degrading Dryden, by assuming a rivalry between him and Settle, and in cheering on Montague and Prior, subsequently, from a sort of jealousy of any literary dictatorship which obtained among the wits, whether professional or amateur. The attack on Cowley was more of a political or party character. In 1663, he had remodelled and produced upon the stage, 'the Cutter of Coleman Street,' a play originally represented before Charles, when Prince of Wales, at Cambridge, under the title of 'the Guardian.' It is a witty and well-managed comedy, with abundance of brisk action; and adapted, it seemed, to please the cavaliers by a great deal of illiberal caricaturing of the Puritans. To the horror and surprise of the poet it was hissed off the stage. That seemed to him the catastrophe, not only of his social, but his literary aspirations. He feelingly laments, in a preface to a library edition of it, that, 'for all he had ever written he had never received 'the least benefit or advantage, but on the contrary, had felt 'sometimes the effect of malice or misfortune. He himself 'ascribed the misfortune to an incongruous and predetermined 'consent of all parties against him. He was condemned,' he

writes, 'by a faction before hearing; of profaneness, for attacking hypocrisy; of disloyalty, for excusing disorder; by Royalists for showing up a few who had joined the party, and this in spite of his sufferings for ten years.' Besides the reasons grounded on some unexplained jealousy of the poet's fame (for his own character does not seem to have been of a sort likely to expose him to such assaults), it appears probable that the doom of the play was owing to the fact that it was an anachronism. It impliedly sought praise for the roystering qualities on which the cavaliers had, as a party, once prided themselves; and held up the Puritan sobriety and love of constitutional liberty, as the sentiments of canting rogues, putting personal loyalty in the place of all the virtues. But now already all sensible royalists were beginning to get disgusted with these qualities of their old associates, especially as backed by a tendency in those who held them, to promote despotism, and to make a boast of laughing at all religion.

The poet, though he had always been personally moderate, and averse to the extreme practice and doctrine of the cavaliers, had not been prepared any more than Clarendon, to discover that the radicalism of the beginning of the troubles was become the liberal conservatism of the conclusion of them. He had written *bonâ fide* according to the sentiments which he had always heard, and did not comprehend the ramifications of the court and country parties. This party spirit was merely personal. It seems probable that if he had been free to study the matter for himself, and then to take sides, he would have been against the cabal and such principles. He had assumed, without investigation, the folly of all but simple royalism, thinking only of the late troubles. As it was, he was thoroughly disheartened by his reception, though the play was subsequently, when a new cavalier party was reviving, acted with applause. Perhaps he was even conscious of having sinned against his conscience, by stretching his dislike to fanaticism and austerity to the appearance of a boon-companion's love for debauchery and riotousness, to please the courtiers; anyhow he discovered that what suited the atmosphere of Bruges or of Prince Rupert's camp, was out of place in the vicinity of St. Stephen's and the City of London. We are told by the sneering Dennis that Dryden expressed his surprise at Cowley's not bearing the news of the fall of his drama, when conveyed to him by himself and Sprat straight from the theatre, with anything like the philosophy to be expected from so great a man; as though, bitterly exclaims Johnson (who himself had experienced the same sensation once), they had a right to anticipate haughty tranquillity at such a reception of a piece produced in the hope of popular applause.

More vividly than ever had recurred to the poet his intermittent longings for leisure to realize the old and earnest poetic plans of rearing woods and flowers, and search out the secrets of nature. He seems to have been unwilling to quit all hopes of advancement from the court, while unwilling to reside longer in town. With the view of adopting an intermediate course he had already, very soon after the Restoration, when his hopes of the Savoy were not yet blighted, taken up his abode successively for a short time at Deptford, where he had the pleasure of being the neighbour of the sympathetic Evelyn at Saye's Court, and at Battersea, then dignified by several noble mansions; more especially by the splendid inheritance of the S. John's. But these were only temporary residences, and afforded no scope for putting in execution regular schemes of rural retirement, till at last a glimpse of prosperity made his plan feasible. Yet even now it was not from the direct bounty of the King, whom and whose cause he had served so long and so faithfully, however calmly and without enthusiasm, but his preferment was due to the solicitations and influence of Buckingham, and Jermyn, Earl of S. Albans, his constant friends. Through them he was pensioned in the year signalized by the catastrophe of his comedy, with a lease for life of the Queen Mother's dower lands in the manor of Chertsey, on terms so favourable as, with prudent management, to secure him 300*l.* a year net income.

Aubrey gives the following pleasant account of the preliminary negotiation, by which the chief merit of the gift is attributed to Villiers, whose memory stands in woeful need of a few such kindly traditions. 'The Duke of Buckingham, hearing that at Chertsey was a good farm of about fifty pounds a year, belonging to the Queen Mother, goes to the Earl of S. Albans to take a lease of it. They answered that it was beneath his Grace to take a lease of them. That was all one, he would have it, paid for it, and had it, and freely and generously gave it to his dear and ingenious friend Mr. Abraham Cowley, for whom purposely he bought it.' Now at last he was free to exhibit the ideal of a poet and man of science, for in all his Utopian schemes he was sufficiently wise not to expect happiness from pursuits perfectly alien to those amid which he had spent his youth and manhood. It seems, however, not to have been till about 1665 that he finally quitted town. Previously he had been in the habit of resorting to London and the Court occasionally, and there indeed the failure of the 'Cutter of Coleman Street' had found him. Now he resolved to reside altogether in the country, though glad to admit the visits of old friends. It is not quite true, as Sprat relates it, that 'his house only

'complained, but never his mind,' or that 'he gave over thoughts of honour and riches when he might have gratified them;' nor, lastly, is it very probable that 'he refused many invitations (at least serious ones) to return to business.' Neither his character nor his talents were at all fitted for doing the work, or pleasing the capricious humours of that capricious Court. But we are ready to give all credence to the Bishop's assertion of his friend's disgust at a Court like Charles's, 'which sort of life, though his 'virtue had made innocuous to him, yet nothing could make it 'quiet.'

It is a pleasant picture which we have of his retirement on the banks of the Thames, with his thoughts not of the past but of the future, a few friends, many books, and a good conscience. That 'unaffected modesty and natural freedom, easy vigour, cheerful passions, and innocent mirth, which had found themselves under constraint in the miserable squabbles of the exiled Stuarts, could now display themselves in a life which admitted the cultivation of all such qualities.' Gardening was one of his staple employments; he writes to Evelyn from Barn Elms, acknowledging himself his reverent disciple, and full of gratitude for a gift of plants and seeds, and of curiosity respecting the success of some which he had already set. During this period the last two books of his didactic poem on plants were composed and published. They testified to the experience which he had gained in the rich soil of those low river meadows. A modest letter to Dr. Busby, chief of all schoolmasters that ever were, accompanying a presentation copy of his Latin poem, has been preserved by Nicholls, the antiquarian. Poetry, which he had never intended, in all his schemes for the future, to abandon, he now made, 'together with himself,' says his friend, 'an anchorite dedicated to drive evil spirits from the human heart.' His solitude continued to be crowded with silent aspirations after fame in literature. Then were produced those serene, delightful essays, which we can well believe to have been 'real characters of his thoughts on the point of his retirement,' though they appear to be fully as much designed to persuade himself as others of the delights of isolation. He had meant, though they were never sufficiently completed to admit of such an end, to dedicate them to his early patron Lord S. Albans, who appears, from what Sprat says, to have felt displeasure at the poet's retirement. Doubtless the 'eminent and celebrated Mr. Cowley was an ornament in those days of Mæcenases even to Jermyn's household, and the lease of the Crown farm may have been intended as a pledge and retainer rather than a reward for the past: prose and verse are happily preserved 'in these compositions.' There are none of those sketches of

society which so charm us in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*; none too of their wit and humour. But gardens with green pastures, and solitude, are described so prettily, and over all is spread such a clear transparent flow of sentiment, as even to have extorted the praises of an author of a far different school, a sort of anticipation of Addison and Steele.

Another large design, which at intervals occupied his attention, was a history of style, which Sprat and Clifford and others of his admirers had persuaded him to undertake. The religious hue of his meditations also led him spontaneously to attempt a general analysis and review of the original principles of the primitive Church, as they might be gathered from its records of the first four or five centuries, and with a view it seems both to satisfy his own mind, and that of his old companions in exile, of the truthfulness of Anglican doctrines, as well as to vindicate their sincerity in professing them, of which opposition to the Parliament and the connexion of many of them with Queen Henrietta had made them objects of suspicion. He probably formed a plan far too vast for his learning or leisure, for it was never prosecuted. In preparation for the history of style, some rough characters of ancient and modern authors were drawn up, but never fitted together. His mind and ambition appear to have been somewhat similar to those of Gray and Coleridge. They all three had the academical development of intellect arising from literary curiosity, uncorrected by the feeling of what is practicable. There is the same largeness of literary aspiration in their plans. The mere records of their schemes read like the catalogue of the labours of a literary society. Gaps for huge out-of-the-way histories are scattered up and down their conceptions like the craters of extinct volcanoes far within a chain of mountains. Great schemes of philosophy were to be constructed to join together sequestered settlements lately reclaimed from the backwoods of metaphysics. Wherever it seemed to them that the student would have to make researches for himself among a dozen works, or infer a principle from a hundred scattered instances, there a necessity appeared to be imposed upon them for composing a book which should contain dissertations on all those points, or give in a few pages the results of scores of chains of inductive reasoning. Cowley was not satisfied that a scholar should learn from Demosthenes and Cicero themselves the secret of their eloquence. In like manner Coleridge designed an epic on Titus's capture of Jerusalem, because it ought to be done; a score of dramas merely to fill up the void in Shakespeare's national scenes illustrative of English history; and for the same reason a gigantic corpus of philosophy or register of every possible dogma

or shade of a dogma which could find birth in a German mind.

These literary cravings were not likely to diminish in the rural retirement of Cowley. But they were powerfully checked by the healthier cares of his farm, and his taste for natural philosophy. This latter was an abiding love, as compatible with his poetry as Akenside's pursuit of medicine, with his not so very dissimilar muse. Yet he did not find all the leisure for these studies which he had expected, though now just in the position relative to London, and especially Gresham College, which he had designed for his philosophical College. But farming was a more anxious pursuit than gardening, and making a living out of a leasehold estate, let at however low a rental, was not the same as having a foundation of 4,000*l.* a year to fall back upon. Sickness also interfered with his plans, though it did not destroy them, or make him miserable. We are told that probably in his disgust at the reception of his comedy, he was in too great haste to quit London.

Hence, he did not select his place of residence with sufficient caution, taking up his abode successively in three villages on the Thames, all more or less unhealthy from damp. Barn Elms, whither he removed from Battersea, was an old manor-house, once belonging, by the gift of King Athelstan, to the canons of S. Paul's; but leased, by compulsion, as was the custom then, by Queen Elizabeth. By her, it was assigned to her sagacious councillor, Francis Walsingham; and there he had the expensive honour of entertaining her and the court. From him it devolved upon the famous Earl of Essex, in right of his wife, Walsingham's daughter, and widow of Sir Philip Sydney. Old mulberry-trees, which love old country seats, still bear witness to the times of Walsingham, but the more modern traces of Cowley have long since disappeared. Rich meadows spread about it, and the river glistens near at hand, overshadowed by tall elms, whence the name. Beneath them was a fashionable promenade, where Pepys loved, on a summer's evening, as he often recounts, to display his newest and gayest plumage to the admiring and admired company. We fancy that Cowley must have often thus caught, not so unwillingly, an echo from the town he professed to have abandoned for ever, and gossip with his old associates on the reversion of the next rich post. 'Barn Elms 'no longer has,' says Lysons, 'the reputation of being damp and 'marshy.' In Cowley's time such appears to have been its state. He was prostrated there by a bad fever, from the effects of which his constitution never entirely recovered, though he soon resumed his old pursuits after it, and put the last touches to his poem on 'Plants.' Thence he removed to Chertsey, still

by the Thames, and in Surrey, but in a healthier situation. The park-house attached to his farm is still shown, with a verse from Pope's 'Windsor Forest,' slightly modified, inscribed over the door:—

'Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue.'

It was just within the town, but surrounded with ample gardens, and skirted by a brook, with St. Anne's precipitous sides rising at a little distance over Fox's flowers and shrubberies. There he determined to make his final stay, and to settle himself and his plans of life for good. He very seldom, if ever, now visited town, but was always glad to receive his old friends, and speedily, it seems, made new ones among his neighbours. One especially, with the *soubriquet* of the 'Dean,' appears to have been a merry companion. The poet's love for society is a practical confutation of any vague notion we might have had of Cowley's being an active admirer of his model Pindar's taste, at least in one respect. Sir John Denham, the poet of Cooper's-hill, had long been his acquaintance.

Many interesting records of a true poet's life should we, no doubt, have discovered in letters passing between himself and his friends, had not Sprat's and Clifford's, for us, ill-timed scruples about the propriety of publishing compositions designed for those only to whom they were addressed, made them suppress the entire correspondence. Whether the letters were destroyed or only secreted, is still a curious question. The aversion to burn what contains precious information, though, in the opinion of the depository, not adapted for publication, makes us hope they may yet be lying concealed among old family archives either of Sprat or Clifford. It might reward the investigations of some antiquarian to endeavour to clear up the problem. It has been the fashion to bewail or ridicule Cowley's resolution to retire from London, as though it had resulted only in disappointment. There is a sort of popular understanding that he became a hermit, or a ploughman, instead of indulging his passion for flowers, and inhabiting a cheerful villa within an easy journey from town. He has, indeed, now so long occupied the poet's reserved niche among the disappointed great, along with emperors reduced to merchants, schoolmasters, or market-gardeners, premiers made into graziers, and court beauties into lady abbesses, that it would be, in fact, rather perplexing to have to find another bard of fame for the vacant post, or a proper station, high enough, yet properly sequestered, from the necessity of finding readers for him, for the late occupant. As 'the melancholy Cowley,' he is always sufficiently before the eye of the literary public to satisfy the requisitions of his celebrity in his own age. He is dismissed with a well-turned phrase, and

people suppose they know all about him, without searching into his actual merit, in order to rank him suitably. It might be otherwise, if the conscience of the student were burdened with a 'celebrated,' a 'most incomparable' Mr. Cowley, and obliged to allow the epithets handed down from a former generation; while, confessedly, altogether ignorant about whom they thus praise on trust. Yet, certainly, we have but slight authority for asserting that he was a disappointed man. There are three trustworthy bodies of evidence as to him, and those three are, Sprat's *Life*, Evelyn's, and Pepys' invaluable *Diaries*. The Bishop says, 'his retirement suited his mind better than his body;' but surely this is scarcely to the purpose. Evelyn and Pepys speak of his fame as pre-eminent; and the former refers to his life with invariable respect, but nothing like pity. In that very doubtful authority, Spencer's amusing colloquies of Pope and his friends, a disappointment in love is mentioned, and consequent inclination to get, 'in each remove, further and further from town.' But neither is that to the point, whether true or not. In his own poems and essays do not appear any records of a feeling, that his cravings after rustic retirement had been premature. All the indications there, and even when he had now quitted the Court, are of a contrary sentiment. The one basis of the epithet, is the application of it to himself in the 'Complaint,' a poem with the one single design of reproaching the government for not rewarding his long fidelity; but certainly with no reference to a country life, on which, at least since the Restoration, he had not yet entered. On this, not to say slight support, with whatever supplementary corroboration it may be supposed to be furnished by the fact of his retirement having followed shortly on the expulsion from the stage of his play, Cowley has been converted into a proverb, and a warning to all who happen to think the charms of a villa in the country exceed those of a house in London, or Paris. One of his then extant letters, on personal matters, viz., that to Sprat in May, 1665, preserved by Peck, having been very appropriately communicated to him by William Cowper, Clerk of the Parliament, and familiar to the readers of any sketch of the poet, has been thought to confirm the report of his dejection in his suburban retreat. We do not see how this can be at all inferred. Surely, the catalogue of ills in this epistle must have been compiled by a very cheerful mind, and the sorrows of the amateur farmer over trespassing cattle, and the rest, appear to have had a remarkably great capacity for disappearing by the side of expectations of a ramble over the healthy slopes of S. Ann's Hill. The register of this accumulation of misfortune appears, we confess, rather to be meant in sport. With Sprat, a

frequent guest, and cheerful country neighbours, he could not have been so very woe-begone.

However this might be, he had not many years for carrying on his rustic schemes. His constitution had been impaired by the fever at Barn Elms, and this was succeeded, on his removal to Chertsey, by another illness of some months' duration. All these warnings he appears to have neglected, and to have continued his usual way of life; being, perhaps, tempted by his new situation and pursuits to increased ardour. We learn that he was in the habit of staying out late with his reapers, in the energy of his amateur farmer's character. Hence, a defluxion of rheum, and a stoppage in the breast and throat. This he refused to treat, spite of his medical training, as though it were no more than a cold. It was thus suffered to increase, till it resisted all medical aid, and resulted in his death, at the age of 49, after a fortnight's illness.

Pope's malignant memory retained a story of the occasion of Cowley's death of a different complexion, but of no particular authority. He declares that, with Sprat, then on a visit to him, he went to visit a convivial neighbour, who would not let them go till evening had come on. The two friends set out, bewildered by the country lanes and the claret, till they irrecoverably lost their way, and were compelled to pass the night in a ditch; whence the poet's cold and mortal disorder. We are told that the parish still talks of the 'drunken Dean Sprat.'

Perhaps this tale may have grown partly out of the *soubriquet* of some noisy friend of Cowley's, the same whom he names to Sprat in the letter to which we have alluded already. Pope, or his informant, would be unaware of this; and having heard that the poet died from complaint brought on by his accidentally having to spend the night in the open air, might suppose, and not so unreasonably, Sprat to have been the 'drunken Dean' (though not appointed to the deanery till 1683), and the poet's associate in intoxication, as well as in straying from the road.

Thus ended the life of the then acknowledged head of England's living poets, though later times have rescinded the verdict. It excited something like sorrow in the Court which had neglected him. The Duke of Buckingham reared his monument in Poet's Corner; Sprat composed his epitaph, and Denham his elegy. Nobles attended on his bier on its passage up the river to the Abbey,—

'Tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along its banks was led.'

And Charles's unaccustomed lips passed on him the well-known eulogium which sounds like a piece of irony, that 'Mr. Cowley

had not left a better man behind him in England.' It is strange to find how quietly his fame and authority had made their way. He had been passed over in the distribution of honours, and abused in the theatres; and yet it was assumed by all, when he was gone, that he had been and was at the head of cotemporary literature. Part of this, to us exaggerated, praise, may be ascribed to his serene, gentle disposition; which, as it prevented him generally from arrogating precedence, saved him from exposure to the first breath of envy. He was rather a centre for literary men to group themselves round than their captain of literature. The same spirit was discernible in his poems. He initiated new metres and novel kinds of rhythm; but still men, while their ear was caught by novelty of sound, heard nothing to excite their conservatism against him as an innovator. His biographer declares that 'his rough verse was his choice, not his fault,' that he affected variety to divert men's minds. It is no great merit in a poet to hunt after variety in this way. It is not to be got by an artificial turn of a verse, any more than the subtlety of a long train of demonstrative reasoning by an Alexandrian. But it helps and explains not merely his subsequent neglect, but also his favour with his cotemporaries, when taken in connexion with his general style. He allowed no affectation, the bishop tells us, in his language; that is to say, 'he neither went before nor came after the use of the age.' He forsook the conversation, but never the language, of the city and court. This was not the way of Milton any more than Shakespeare, though Sidney's it might be. It was not their mode of escaping from affectation. They discovered how to speak in the language of the nation, not of any section of it. *Good society* was not to them the nation as to language any more than as to life and manners. But in Cowley's time, as well from the aristocratic tone even then prevalent, as especially from the puritan assumption of indifference to such things, all the national taste for literature was completely absorbed within the narrow boundary of the court and aristocracy. They might have understood a poet speaking to the whole nation, of which they were a part; but they appreciated him with far greater zest, and he lost no readers or admirers, by addressing himself to their peculiar habits and sentiments in their own every day language. Thus Cowley appears antiquated to us, though not equally so with Waller, because his greatness and want of exclusive sympathy with his party and the court prevented his learning their ways alone. But this antiquated tone, such as it is, explains his popularity then as compared with his neglect now. It is not against this view that the great bards of our own age show no signs of losing their place among the

classics; that such, too, is not the case with Pope, fashionable poet as he is as contrasted with the classics for all ages, and classics such as Shakespeare and Milton. For, let alone the fact that Cowley preserved his place for a century, and that it is for a coming generation to discover whether the Coleridges and Wordsworths and Keatses will, as it is to be hoped they may, keep theirs so long; Cowley and Waller, and even Pope himself, little exclusive as he personally was, wrote, however designedly to attract a special class, yet at a time when there were class distinctions, but no caste isolations. It might be only a section of the people which would take the trouble to examine their writings, but all who did so could comprehend them without serving a tedious apprenticeship to the language of the theatres and Whitehall, and to habits of life and thought unlike their own, and for which they would have had almost to change their very being and individuality. The age from the Restoration to the accession of the Georges, (for Pope belongs to this latter era as a writer,) is one by itself. It was an age of literary tastes and development, but this did not extend, or hardly become a class; it is even termed, and with an appearance of plausibility, the golden age of literature. It might not be the very happiest time for literary men individually;—an epoch of patronage never, we believe, is. They might be liable to be insulted as a sort of miserable parasites, or to lose their personality in that of their benefactors. They might feast, it is true, with a Buckingham, but they were liable to the chance of being beaten, like Dryden, by the hireling gang of a Wilmot. Still it was a proud time for the men of literature as an abstraction, for they then floated above the heads of the nation along with their patrons. Rank and literature lorded it together, and were equally paramount, though it was only known to the band of authors themselves how galling many such a relationship became.

The qualities which made Cowley the fashion have proved a bar to his posthumous fame. He had attributes which must have otherwise secured him permanent favour. He whom Milton, spite of party hostilities, ranked with Spenser and Shakespeare, greatest of English poets, whom Rochester, chief of wits and courtiers, made the pure gold standard to try base poetry by, whom the jealousy of Pope allowed to be a poet in spite of all his faults, attempting to transfer in sign of approbation some of his peculiar traits to the lost Alcander of Rhodes, and whom Dryden revered,—a writer, lastly, whose works ran through ten editions in twenty years, must have had solid claims to admiration. Certainly he has no pathos, and little of the fulness of genius and power of conception fitted for the

wide canvas of an epic, and but an untuneable lyre; but in his verse we find ingenuity in conceiving, depth of thought, and an astonishing earnestness of intellectual fervour, coloured with passion. His variety is inexhaustible. An epic poet, whom his cotemporaries admired, though we cannot, he has naturally attained a high rank in the neighbouring class of solemn didactic bards. Thence he suddenly passes on to almost the splendour of his original Pindar, in narrative. What can be finer in his model than the tale of the infancy of Hercules? Now he soars upwards, high as ever poet went, in those noble elegies on Crashaw, Hervey, Lord Balcarres, and Vandyke; then again flutters off to the brisk vivacity of the 'Chronicle'! What can be more Anacreontic in Anacreon than the song, still a favourite, 'To a Grasshopper,' and that to drinking, ending, 'Come Man of Morals;' or what prettier, strained conceit in Waller, than the verses 'On a Lady tiring herself;' or lastly, what freer or more splendid gush of fancy than the poem 'On the Chair made from Drake's Ship at Deptford'? His translations of congenial passages are elegant and spirited; those from Pindar are often something more. When he met with a suitable material, as an epistle of Horace, he could all but outdo his original. His rendering of the little ode to Pyrrha seems to us superior to Milton's. But perhaps the neutral territory between poetry and philosophy, tinted with cross lights from fancy and reason, is more peculiarly his own. Bacon stands on the one side of the boundary line, Cowley on the other. Each seems to catch a glimpse of a light from the opposite shore, so that the *Novum Organon* appears to suggest the 'Ode to the Royal Society,' which in its verse tries to interpret in poetry thoughts which were verse disembodied in the mind of the great reformer of science. We should not attempt to raise Cowley to an equality with a mind like Wordsworth's. But, while the latter was more of a philosopher himself, the earlier poet had a faculty for enduing with verse grand philosophical ideas not his own discovery, or peculiarly and exceptionally his own. He is not so much a metaphysical or philosophical poet, as Akenside attempted to be, as the poet of science and philosophers. We have already referred to that famous 'Ode to the Royal Society,' which men when they hear seem to recognise, though they never read it—it rings through our literature. In those to Hobbes and Scarborough and Harvey, and the Hymn to Light, there are other lines equally grand, though rarer. They cry shame upon our neglect.

It is good now and then to travel up the stream of Time, to examine our list of celebrities, thus rendering an account of the reasons for their former fame and present obscurity. At first

we see all as through a veil of prejudices from time and circumstances. But gradually those lines and bars, with which our minds, dazzled, as it were, by the novelty of all about us, suffused the scene, dissolve away; and we begin to discover that the beauties which our forefathers saw in it were not wholly imaginary. It would be melancholy indeed to think that they were perfectly blind, for what guarantee should we then have for our correctness of judgment in appreciating the genius of the present day? We should endeavour to learn, while we feel in accordance with our own fashions of thought, to understand why they felt in sympathy with theirs. To perceive, in short, that greatness is an absolute quality, not relative to the fashion of an age; that the great are always great, though not always famous.

We began by wondering why his cotemporaries loved Cowley; we seem to end with wondering why we do not at least admire him. The renown of the leaders of literature is like a fire, smouldering now in Shenstone and such writers, now fitfully flickering in Waller and his compeers, now blazing more distinctly in Dryden and Pope, but never extinguished, always fed by the same fuel, the substratum of national feeling. There may be peculiar and more brilliant fires; but those, as in the case of Shakespeare and Milton, are off the road, beacons and lighthouses for all ages; they have not been kindled by popular feeling in its encampments, and left to the chance attention of passing travellers and temporary fashion.

ART. X.—*Ennianæ Poeseos Reliquiæ*. Recensuit JOANNES VAHLEN. Lipsiæ: sumptibus et formis B. G. Teubneri.

THERE can be no doubt that the greatest loss that Latin poetry has sustained is that of the works of Ennius. One can quite echo old Scaliger's wish: 'Would that we had kept Ennius, and had lost Statius, Silius Italicus, Lucan, *et tous ces garçons-la*!' But it is marvellous what German energy can do. The few fragments which we possess of the great work of Ennius, 'The Annals of the Roman History,' are such as are quoted by the grammarians for the illustration of some remarkable or archaic construction. We have two pièces, one of sixteen, the other of twenty lines; but by far the greater number are single lines or half-lines. Our editor's diligence has collected out of the eighteen books of Annals six hundred and fourteen lines; of these, he professes to place in the right position of the right book four hundred and forty-two; the rest he is compelled to call '*incertæ sedis fragmenta*.' Certainly, so happy a piece of mosaic work we have never before seen: it is perfectly marvellous how, tracing from Livy the subjects which must have occupied Ennius, and helping himself here and there by the very few places in which the grammarians have named the particular book from which their quotation is taken, he contrives to put together a very satisfactory whole. Let us take an example from the Third Book; and we will weave together the remarks of the editor in the Prolegomena with the fragments in the text of the work.

'The third Annal,' says he, 'comprehends the actions of the three last Roman kings, and the destruction of the kingdom. True, this cannot be proved from the fragments themselves, but an equal partition of the whole narration seems to demand it. From the fragments themselves, we may, in a sort of dim way, discover some particulars with respect to Tarquin,—his coming to Rome, and the omen which occurred to him on the way:—

"Olim de cœlo lævum dedit inclytu' signum."
'And "Et densis aquila pinnis obnixa volabat
Vento quem perhibent Graium genus aerata lingua."

'The kingdom offered to him by the people after the death of Ancus:—

"Postquam lumina sis oculis bonus Ancu' reliquit."
'And "Tarquinio dedit imperium simul et sola regni."

'It is probable that in our fifth fragment the confederation of the Latins against Tarquinius was described:—

"Circum sos quæ sunt magnæ gentes opulentæ."

‘ In the sixth fragment, the poet would appear to tell of the complete subjugation of Etruria to Rome :—

“ *Hac noctu filo pendebit Etruria tota.*”

‘ The seventh, I allow, might apply to other battles as well as this :—

“ *Postquam defessi sunt stare et spargere sese
Hastis, ansatis concurrent undique telis.*”

‘ Then we have the funeral of Tarquin :—

“ *Tarquini corpus bona scemina lavit et unxit.*”

‘ And

“ *Prodinunt famuli : tum candida lumina lucent.*”

‘ Then we have two verses in connexion with Servius Tullus :—

“ *Et qui Sextus erat Romæ regnare quadratæ.*”

‘ And, which seems to me to apply to the temple of Diana, built at the instigation of Servius by the Latins, in conjunction with the Romans, at Rome (compare Livy, i. 45) :—

“ *Inde sibi memorat unum superesse laborem.*”

‘ In the next fragment, the poet probably speaks of the character of a rioter who, at the command of Tullia, drove over the dead body of Servius :—

“ *Atque gubernator magnâ contorsit equos vi.*”

‘ The next is probably to be referred to the dream of Tarquin, concerning which we find him in the tragedy of Accius consulting the soothsayers :—

“ *Somnia vera aliquot, verum omnia nænu necesse est.*”

‘ The two last appear to refer to the story of Sextus Tarquinius and Lucretia :—

“ *Coelum suspexit stellis fulgentibus aptum.*”

‘ And

“ *Vosque lares tectum nomen qui funditu’ curant.*”

We have merely given the general meaning of the Prolegomena, leaving out all the quotations from other authors.

Now let the ordinary reader remember that all the absolute facts on which our editor had to go were these :—that the 3, 8, 10, 12, and 15 of the above fragments came from the Third Annal of Ennius ; but what that Annal was about, or in what order the fragments came, or to what circumstance each applied, is a mere discovery of the editor—happily conjectured at first, and worked out with true German diligence. We take the Third Book because it is one of the shortest ; but the same

diligence runs through the whole work. The fragments which we possess of the First Annal are by far the fullest. Here we have seventy-five; containing a hundred and twenty-two lines.

At the conclusion of the Annals we have, in like manner, the fragments which have been preserved from the Tragedies of Ennius, containing about 450 lines: then those from the Comedies, and the other poems, especially that strange one called *Heduphagetica*, on good eating.

On looking through these miserably tantalizing ruins of a great building, we make all allowances for such lines as—

‘Cives Romani tunc facti sunt Campani.’

and

‘Volturnalem Palatinalem Furrinalem.’

and that never-failing source of ridicule—

‘O Tite tute Tati tibi tanta tyranne tulisti.’

but we come every now and then on a passage which shows how beautifully the poet could write. For example:—

‘Olli respondit suavis sonus Egeriai.’

Or, again, that passage in the *Alcmæon*:—

‘Incedunt, incedunt: adsunt adsunt adsunt: me expetunt.

Fer mi auxilium, pestem abige a me: flammiferam hanc vim quæ me
excruciat:

Cæruleo incincti angui incedunt, circumstant cum ardentibu’ tædis.’

Or, again, those noble anapæsts:—

‘O Pater, O Patria, O Priami domu’,

Septum altisono cardine templum!

Vidi ego te, astante ope barbaricâ

Tectis cælatis lacuatis,

Auro ebore instructum regifice.

Hæc omnia vidi inflammari,

Priamo vi vitam evitari

Jovis aram sanguine turpari.’

Or, yet again, those pleasant verses from the *Eumenides*:—

‘Cælum rubescere, arbores frondescere,

Vites lætifera pampinis pubescere,

Rami baccarum ubertate incurvescere,

Segetes largiri fruges, fluere omnia,

Fontes scatere, herbis prata convestirier.’

These last two fragments show how very nearly the earliest Latin poetry had, like its latest, that most glorious development of rhyme. In other respects, too, we are reminded often enough of the Neo-Latin school; for example, by the prevalence of iambic tetrameters, a metre unknown to the Greeks, also so common in Plautus, as here in Ennius:—

‘O magna templa cœlitum, commixta stellis splendidis:’

It was afterwards broken up into two, to form the usual ecclesiastical stanza:—

‘Nox et tenebræ et nubila,
Confusa mundi, et turbida,
Lux intrat; albescit polus:
Christus venit; discedite.’

We may remark that another Ennian use is not unfrequent in the Mozarabic hymn—*sos, sam, sis*, for *eos, se*, or for the possessive pronoun:—

‘In somnis vidit priu’ quam *sam* discere cœpit.’

So in a quasi Sapphic Easter hymn:—

‘Nam videt ore Salvatorem læto
Sum resurgentem.’

We must, however, make one remark more. Among the *Saturarum reliquæ* our editor finds, in the words of Aulus Gellius, the amusing fable of the *Lark and her Young Ones*, which, that author tells us, Ennius related in trochaics, giving the two last. We throw the passage into a note.¹ It is marvellous that

¹ We break the passage up into lines to show how little we have altered it:—

‘cassita in sementes forte congegesserat
tempestiviores; propterea frumentis flavescentibus
pulli etiam tunc involucre erant. Dum igitur ipsa iret cibum
pullis quesitum, monet eos, ut, si quid ibi rei novæ
fieret dicereturve, animadverterent idque uti¹ sibi,
ubi redisset nuntiarent. Dominus postea segetum
illarum filium adolescentem vocat, et: “videsne,” inquit, “hæc ematuruisse,
et manus iam postulare? idcirco die² crastini,
ubi primum diluculabit, fac amicos eas et roges,
veniant operamque mutuam dent et messim hanc nobis adiuvent.”
Hæc ubi ille dixit, et³ discessit. Atque ubi rediit cassita,
pulli⁴ tremibundi, trepiduli, circumstrepere orareque
matrem, ut iam statim properet inque alium locum sese
asportet, “nam dominus,” inquit, “misit, qui amicos roget,
uti luce oriente veniant et metant.”
Mater iubet eos otioso animo esse: “si enim
dominus,”⁵ inquit, “messim ad amicos reicit, crastino seges
non metetur neque necessum est, hodie uti vos auferam.”
“Die,” inquit, postero mater in pabulum volat.
Dominus, quos rogaverat, opperitur. Sol feruit et fit nihil;
it dies, et amici nulli erant. Tum ille rursus⁶ ad filium:
“amici isti magnam partem,” inquit, “cessatores sunt.
Quin potius imus et cognatos
adfinesque nostros oramus, ut adsint cras tempori
ad metendum?” Ibidem hoc pulli pavefacti matri nuntiant.
Mater hortatur ut tum quoque sine metu ac sine cura sint,
cognatos adfinesque nullos ferme tam esse obsequibiles

(1) Why this word, unless it were actually taken from a verse?

(2) Clearly an Ennian phrase.

(3) Notice the poetic force of the *et*: simply because the trochaic demanded it.

(4) A pure Ennian trochaic.

(5) Two trochaics together: and notice the *reicit*, manifestly occasioned by the metre.

(6) Why not *rursus*, except for the metre?

(7) Another trochaic.

Dr. Vahlen should not have seen that Gellius quoted almost literally from the poet. Not only has the whole a trochaic run, but many of the actual lines remain without alteration: in one place two together. We will venture to throw it back into verse. The archaisms and quaint terms of expression are sufficient in themselves to show how literally Gellius was quoting. Most of the lines, it will be seen, only require the slightest touch; some none at all; only three or four need the least violence:—

‘Cassita in sementes forte fortuna congegesserat
Tempestiviores: ideo frumentis flaventibus
Pulli erant tunc etiam involucres. Dum igitur ipsa iret cibum
Eis quæsitum, monet eos ut, si quid ibi rei novæ
Fieret dicereturve, animadverterent id, uti sibi
Ubi redisset, nuntiarent. Dominus segetum postea
Filium vocat; et, “Videsne hæc ematuruisse,” ait,
“Et manus jam postulare? Idcirco crastini die
Ubi primum diluculabit fac amicos eas, rogans
Veniant, operam mutuam dent, messim hanc nobis adjuvent.”
Hæc ubi dixit, et discessit. Atque ubi rediit cassita¹
Pulli tremebundi, trepiduli circumstrepere, orareque
Matrem ut jam confestim properet: inque alium sese locum
Asportet: nam “Dominus,” aiunt, “misit, quæ amicos roget
Ut diluculante luce segetes veniant et metant.
Mater animo jubet eos esse otioso: “fac enim
Dominus,” inquit, “messim ad amicos reicit, crastino seges
Non metetur; neque necessum est hodie uti vos auferam.”
Postera igitur luce, ut ante, in pabulum mater volat:
Quos rogârat, opperitur: fervit sol, et fit nihil.
It dies, et amici nulli. Tum ille rursum ad filium:
“Isti amici magnam partem,” ait, “cessatores sunt mihi:
Quin potissimum rerum imus, et cognatos denuo
Adfinesque oramus nostros, ut cras adsint temporis

ait, ut ad laborem capessendum nihil cunctentur et statim
dicto obediant: “vos modo,” inquit, “advertite,
si modo quid denuo dicetur.” Alia luce orta avis
in pastum profecta est. Cognati et adfines operam quam dare rogati sunt,
supersederunt. Ad postremum igitur dominus filio:
“valeant,” inquit, “amici cum propinquis. Afferes primo¹ luci
falces duas: unam egomet mihi et tu tibi capies alteram
et frumentum nosmet ipsi manibus nostris cras metemus.”
Id* ubi ex pullis dixisse dominum mater audivit,
“tempus,” inquit, “est cedendi et abeundi: fiet nunc dubio procul,
quod futurum dixit. In ipso enim iam vertitur, cuius res
est, non in alio unde petitur.” Atque ita cassita nidum
migravit, seges a domino demessa est.

Hoc erit tibi argumentum sèmpër in promptû situm
Nè quid expectes amicos quòd tute agere possies.

¹ Cassita is given, though without authority, as long. Its use through the whole fable seems to prove that Ennius, who has so many peculiar quantities, made it short.

(1) Manifestly an Ennian phrase.

(2) All but two trochaics.

Ad metendum." Itidem hoc pavefacti pulli matri nuntiant.
Sos hortatur tum quoque ut sint et sine curâ et sine metu :
Cognatos adfines nullos ferme tam esse obsequibiles
Ait, ut ad talem laborem nil cunctentur, et statim
Dicto tam sint obedientes. "Vos modo," ait, "advertite
Si quid denuo dicetur." Aliâ luce oriente, avis
In pastum profecta est. Illi operam, quam dare rogaverat,
Eam supersedere. Ad postremum igitur dominus filio ;
"Valeant," inquit, cum propinquis. Primo luci afferes
Falces binas : unam egomet mihi, tu tibi capies alteram
Et frumentum nosmet nostris manibus cras secabimus."
Ex pullis id ubi dixisse dominum mater audiit :
"Tempus," inquit, "est cedendi : fiet nunc dubio procul
Quod futurum dixit : in ipso enim jam verum est, cuja res
Est, non in alio, unde petitur." Atque ita nidum cassita
Commigravit, atque a domino demum demessa est seges.
Hoc erit tibi argumentum semper in promptu situm :
Ne quid expectes amicos quod tute agere possies.'

NOTICES.

A GOOD deal on the art of speaking and writing, as well as of delivering Sermons, may be learned from a book entitled the 'Speaker at Home' (Bell and Daldy), of which the title gives an inadequate notion of the contents. Preaching and writing are arts; not that any rules will give brains and matter, but the manner of preaching is to be learned, and the English clergy are perhaps the only ecclesiastics who, as a body, think that the maxim of what is worth doing at all is worth doing well need not be applied to sermons. In this work, which we owe to the united labours of Mr. Halcombe and Dr. Stone, and in another and a kindred publication, the 'Art of Extempore Speaking,' translated from the French of M. Beautain, the young preacher will find everything both as to the principles and practice of the homiletic art; and we should be glad to find the Professor of Pastoral Theology in Oxford making this a text-book for that branch of preparation for Holy Orders, in which we stand at a comparison so disadvantageous with every religious body in Christendom.

'Lectures on the Book of Common Prayer,' by Mr. Hercules Dickenson, a Dublin incumbent (Hodges, Smith and Co.), is a common-place compilation, common-place in information, and common-place in tone; but it is remarkable that it is on the whole pitched to so a fair key. Years ago, a chaplain of Archbishop Whately and a Dublin rector would have produced a much worse series of lectures on the Prayer-book. That he has taken the subject at all, and treated it so moderately, is all that we could expect, and, considering the quarter from which it issues, is a great gain.

A second edition of that most delightful and practical work, 'Thoughts during Sickness' (J. H. and J. Parker), calls us away from much which at the present moment is disheartening, and reminds us that, after all, a great work has been done, and while such deeply religious books are in use, assures us that the same work is going on.

In 'The Holy Child Jesus' (Masters) we find a manual of practical devotion, which seems to be well suited to the class for whom it is intended. It is warm, simple, and affectionate, without mere sentimentalism, and in an unpretending way it is fairly and suitably illustrated.

In the 'Oxford Lenten Sermons for 1859' (J. H. and J. Parker), we have the form and type of what a real revival should be. It is remarkable enough that in the present Irish revivals, we never hear of means except those of the most meagre and attenuated kind. Now it is an undeniable fact that sin displays itself in many aspects and shapes, and takes its form from every variety of character, age, and experience: it seems to follow, then, no single or solitary motive or exhortation can, if it proceeds upon either moral or intellectual grounds, suit the various facts of humanity. It is impossible, unless God acts without means, that any single topic or aspect, even of truth, can utterly rouse any existing moral state. A revival of religion, therefore, must be in practice long, varied, tentative,



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